THE LIFE AND ACTS OF THE MOST FAMOUS and valiant Campion, Sir WILLIAM WALLACE

Knicht of Ellerslie, Maintainer of the Libertie of SCOTLAND.

Cicero 2 de finibus.

¶ Laudandus est is, qui mortem oppetit pro Republica, qui doceat chariorem esse patriam nobis quam nosmetipsos.

¶ Et memorem famam, qui bene gesit habet.

EDINBVRGH.

Printed by Andro Hart and are to be sauld at his buith on the North syde of the gait a litle beneath the crosse.

1611.

IN OBITVM CLARISSImi Ducis *Gulielmi Wallace*, quem Edwardus primus Anglorum Rex ſibi proditum ſupplicio Londini affecerat. *Carmen.*

INvida Mors triſti Gulielmum funere Wallam,
Quæ cuncta tollit ſuſtulit.
Et tanto pro cive, cinis: pro finibus vrna eſt:
Friguſque pro lorica obit.
Ille licet terras, loca ſe inferiora, reliquit:
At fata factis ſupprimens,
Parte ſui meliore ſolum, Cœlumque pererrat,
Hoc ſpiritu: illud gloria.
At tibi ſi inſcriptum generoſo pectus honeſto,
Fuiſſet, hoſtis proditi
Artibus Angle tuis, in pœnas parcior iſſes,
Nec oppidatim ſpargeres
Membra viri ſacranda adytis. Sed ſcin quid in iſta
Immanitate viceris?
Vt Vallæ in cunctas oras ſpargantur & horas,
Laudes; tuumque dedecus.

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The ſiege of S. Iohnſtoun.
Hovv Wallace vvas betraiſit by ſir Iohn Menteith, and had in England, and martyred there.
Of the dreame of the Monk of Burie, and other things follovving the death of Wallace.

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THE ACTES AND DEEDS OF THE MOST FAMOUS and valiant Champion, Sir William Wallace, Knight of Ellerslie.

The first Booke. Chap I.

OUr Antecessours whom we should of reade,
And hold in minde their fame and worthie déede:
We let overslide through very slouthfulnesse,
And calls vs ever to other busines:
On vaine gaming is set our whole intent,
Quhilk hes bene séene into these times by went.
Our next neighbours that came of Brutus blood,
They oftentimes to Scots wisht little good.
Though now of late God turnd their minde and will,
That great kindnesse they have shewne vs until.
The hearts of people the Lord hes in his hand,
He may them rule and guide at his command.
And though all leids would have this land in thrall,
Oppone his power God can against them all:
As we have séene in our forebeares before,
But of these Parables as now I speake no more.
We read of one right famous of renowne,
Of worthie blood that raigned in this Regioun:
And henceforth now I will my purpose hold,
Of William Wallace as ye have heard told:
His forefathers quha likes to understand,
Of olde linage, and true blood of Scotland.
Sir Rannald Crawfurde right Shirriffe of Air,
So in his time he had a daughter fair:

The Aucht Booke.

How Wallace put Corſpatrik out of Scotland.
How Corſpatrik brocht in Scotland Biſhop Beeke, and Robert the Bruce, and how Wallace gaue them battell, &c.
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And hold in minde their fame and worthie déde:
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Quhilk hes bene séne into these times by went.
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They oftentimes to Scots wisht little good.
Though now of late God turnd their minde and will,
That great kindnesse they haue shewne vs vntill.
The hearts of people the Lord hes in his hand,
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Of William Wallace as ye haue heard told:
His forefathers quha likes to vnderstand,
Of olde linage, and true blood of Scotland.
Sir Rannald Crawfurde right Shirriffe of Air,
So in his time he had a daughter fair:

To young sir Rannald Schirreffe of that towne,
Was sister fair of good fame and renowne:
Malcome Wallace her got in mariage,
That Ellerslie then had in heritage,
Auchenbothie, and many other place,
The second Dy he was to good Wallace:
The quhilk Wallace full hardely had wrought,
When Walter heire of Wallace to him sought.
Who likes to heare more knowledge in that part,
Goe read the lyne of the first Stewart.
Now Malcome Wallace got with his Ladie bright,
Malcome Wallace a good and gentle Knight:
And William to, as Chronickles beares on hand,
Who after was reskewer of Scotland,
When it was lost with treason and falsnesse,
Querset with foes, it fred through Gods grace.
King Alexander our worthie King forlorne,
By euenture his life lost at Kinghorne:
Thrée yeares still the Realme stood desolate,
Wherethrough there rose a full grœuous debate.
Our Prince Dauid, Earle of Huntingtowne,
Thrée daughters had of great fame and renowne:
Of the quhilk thrée came Bruce, Ballioll, and Haisting,
Two of these thrée desyred to be King.
The Ballioll claimed of the first grée lineally,
And Bruce the first Male of the grée by.
To Edward sone vnto England they send,
Of this great strife they thought he should make end:
Follie it was (indœde it happened so)
Succour to sœke of their old mortall foe.
Edward Lang-shankes had now begunne his weare,
Vpon Gascoigne into an awfull feare:
The lands quhilk he claimed stood in sik case,
He thoght full sone to make it haill conquese.
To Northame Kirk he came withoutten mair,
The Counsell then of Scotland met him thair.
Full subtillie he charged them in bandowne,

As their ouer-Lord to hold of him the Crowne,
Bishop Robert in his time right worthy,
Of Glasgow Lord, said, that we do deny.
Any ouer-Lord, but the great God aboue,
The King was wrath and home he did remoue.
Yet Iohn Ballioll followed on him so fast,
To hold of him he granted at the last:
And contrare right a King he made him thair
Wherethrough Scotland repented it full sair.
To the Ballioll our Lords would not consent,
Edward forthwith set downe a Parliament.
He called Ballioll to answere for Scotland,
The wise Lords sone caused him breake that band,
An Abbot past and gaue ouer his alleageance:
King Edward then toke it in great greuance.
His host he raised and came to wark on Twead,
But for to fight as then he had great dread.
To Corspatrik of Dumbar sone he send,
His counsell askt, for he the countrie kend.
When he was broght in presence of the King,
By subtle band they packed vp this thing.

The battaill of Barwick. Chap. II

EArle Patrik then to Barwick can persew,
Receiued he was and trusted very trew:
The King followed with his men of renowne,
After mid-night at rest was all the towne:
Corspatrik rose, the keyes well he knew,
Let bridges downe, and portculzies they drew.
Edward entered, and causd slay hastelie
Of men and women eight thousand and fiftie:
And childzen to, by this false euenture,
Of true Scots escaped no creature.
A captaine there this false King hes made,
Toward Dumbar without resting they rade.

The battaile of Dumbar. Chap. III

QUhair gathered was great power of Scotland,
Againſt Edward in battell for to ſtand:
The thrée Earles was entered in that place,
Of Mar, Mentcith, and Athole vpon cace.
In the Caſtell the Earle gart hold them in,
That to their men without they could not win:
Nor yet to them ſupplying for no me,
The battels then together fall they go.
Of true Scots ouerſet with ſubtiltie.
Earle Patrik then quhen the fighting was felleſt,
To our foe turned and harming did vs maiſt.
Is none in world that ſkaithes may do mair,
Then weill truſted in borne familiar.
Our men are ſlaine without redemption,
Through theſe deeds whole tint was this Region.

How King *Edward* and *Corſpatrik* came to *Scone*, and deposed *Iohn Balliol*, and had with them the heires of *Scotland*. Chap. IIII.

KIng Edward paſt and Corſpatrik to Scone,
And there he gat homage of Scotland ſone:
For none was left the Realme for to defend,
For Iohn Ballioll then to Montroſe they ſend:
And him depryued for ay of his Kingrik,
Then Edward himſelfe was called an Royall rik.
The Crowne he toke vpon the ſelf: ſame ſtane
That Gathelus ſent with his ſoune from Spaine:
When Iber Scot firſt into Scotland came,
That Canmore King, ſyne Fergus had to name:
Brought it to Scone, and gart it ſtabill thair,
Quhair Kings were crowned eight hunder yeares & mair:
Before the time that King Edward it fand,
Theſe Iewels he gart turſe into England,
In London ſet in witnes of that thing,
By conqueis then of Scotland made him King.
Quhair that ſtone ſtands Scotland ſhould maiſter be,

God

God choose the time for Margarets heires to see.
Eight score they led of greatest that they fand,
And heires with them, and Bruce out of Scotland.
That office then he képed but short tyme,
I may not now put all the déds in tyme.
On Chronicles why should I tary lang?
To Wallace againe now briefly will I gang.
Scotland was lost when he was but a childe,
All ouerset with our enemies wilde.
His Father Malcome in the Lennox fled,
His eldest sonne thither with him he led.
His Mother fled with him from Ellerslie,
To Gowrie past and dwelt in Kilspindie.
The Knight his Father thither hes them sent,
Unto his Uncle with ane good intent.
In Gowrie dwelt, and had their lining thair,
An aged man quhilk receiued them fair,
Then to Dundie Wallace to schole they send,
Quhill he of wit full worthelie was kend.
Thus he continued in his tender age,
In armes syne did many vallalage.
When Saxon blood in this Region could reigne,
Marking the will of that vnrighteous King.
Many great wrong they wrought in this Regioun,
Destroyde our Lords, and brake their buildings downe.
Both wiues and widowes they tooke at their owne will,
Nunnes and Maidens whom they liked to spill.
King Herods part they playde here in Scotland,
Of yong children that they before them fand.
The Bishoprickes that was greatest of baill,
They tooke in hand of their Archbishops haill.
Not for the Pope they wold no Kirks forbeir,
Wot gripped all through violence of weir.
Glasgow they gaue as at their waill was kend,
To diocy of Durhame to ane commend.
Small benefices then they wold not perse w,
But for this thing full many other they slew.

Hanged Barrons and wrought full mekilleare,
It was well knowne within the barnes of Aire,
There eighteine score was put to fellon dead,
But God aboue hes sent vs some remede.
It is remembred farder in the taile,
I will follow vpon my purpose haill.
William Wallace ere he was man of armes,
Great pittie thought that Scotland toke sik harmes,
Mekill dolour it did him in his minde,
For he was wise right worthie wight and kinde.
In Gowrie dwelt still with this worthie man,
As he increast and with abandon than,
Into his heart he had full mekill caire,
He saw the Sytheron multiple mair and mair.
And to himselfe oft would he make his mone,
Of his gud kin they had slane many one.
Yet he was then semly, strong and bold,
And he of age was seuenténe winters olde:
Weapons he bare either gud sword or knife.
For he with them hapned full oft to striue.
Where he found one out of anothers presence,
After to Scots they did no more offence:
To cut his throate, or stick him suddainlie,
He cared not, found he them anerlie:
Sundrie wanted but none knew by what way,
For as to him there could no man ought say:
Litle of speach, was courteous and bening,
Sad of countenance he was both olde and ying.

How Wallace slew young Selbie the Constables Sonne of Dundie. Chap. V

VPon a day to Dundie he was send,
Of cruelnesse full little they him kend,
The Constable was a felloun man of weir,
And vnto Scots he did full mekill deir.
Selbie he hecht despiteous and outrage,
His sonne he had neare twentie yeares of age.

Into

Into the towne he vsed euery day,
Three men or foure thereto with him to play.
An hielie schrew, wanton in his intent,
Wallace he saw, and toward him he went.
Seemlie he was, right big and well beséne.
Into a wæde of goodlie gaining gréne:
He called on him, and said thou Scot abide,
What deuil (said he) thée graithed in so good wæd,
An horse mantle it was thy kind to weare,
A Scots whittle vnder thy belt to beare:
Rouch rulzions vpon thine harlots séte,
Giue me thy knife, what doth thy geare so méte,
To him he went his knife to take him fra,
Fast by the collar Wallace can him ta:
Under his hand his knife he braided out,
For all his men that sembled him about:
But helpe himselfe he knew of no remæde,
Without reskew he sticked him to dead.
The Squyer fell, of him there was na maire,
His men followed on Wallace wounder fair,
The preasse was thick and cummered them full fast,
Wallace was spédie and greatly als agast.
The blodie knife was drawen in his hand,
He spared none that he before him fand.
The house he knew his Eme had ludged in,
Whether he fled, further he might not win.
The goodwife there within the closse saw he,
And helpe (he cryed) for him that died on trée:
The yong captaine hes fallen with me at strife,
In at the doore he went with this good wife.
A russed gowne of her owne she him gaue,
Aboue his wæde that couered all the laue:
A sudled courtch ouer head and neck let fall,
A worne white hat she braised on with all,
For they should not long tarie at that Inne,
Gaue him a rock and then sat downe to spinne.
The Sutheron sought where Wallace was but dread,

They

They knew not well at quhat gait he in zeid.
In that same house they sought him buselie,
But he sat still and span right cunninglie.
As of his time he had not learned lang,
They left him so, and forth their gate can gang:
With heauie cheare, and sorrowfull in thoght,
No wit of him as then get could they noght.
The Englishmen all then in barret bowne,
Bade fyre all Scots that were into that towne,
Yet this good wife held Wallace vntill night,
Made him good cheare, and put him out of sight.
Throughout a darke gate she guided him full fast,
In couert went, syne by the water past.
Forbure the gate for watches that was there,
His mother was into a great despare.
When she him saw she thanked Heauens King,
And said deare sonne, so long where hast thou beine?
He told his Mother of that suddaine cace,
Then wéped she, and said full oft alace,
Or that thou cease thou will be slaine withall.
Mother, he said, God rewler is of all.
Unsufferable are the people of England,
Part of their yre me thinke we should gainstand.
His Eme he knew that he the squyar slew,
For dread thereof in great languor he drew.
This passed ouer, quhill diuers dayes were gane,
The goodman dred that Wallace should be tane:
For Sutheron are full subtle euery man,
A great dittay for Scots ordained they than:
Be the law dayes in Dundie set an Air:
Then Wallace would no longer soiorne thair.
His Mother grathed him in a Pilgrims weid,
Himselfe disagysed, syne gladlie with hir zeid.
A short sword vnder his weid bare he,
In all the land full many foes had he.
Both on their fote with them more toke they noght,
Who speired, she said, to S. Margaret they soght.

Who

Who ſerued her full great friendſhip they fand,
With Sutheron folke, for ſhe was of England.
Beſide Lundores the ferry ouer they paſſt,
Then through the Ochel ſped they wonder faſt.
Into Dumfermling they lodged all that night,
Vpon the morne when that the day was light,
With gentle-wemen hapned them to paſſe,
Of England borne in Linlithgow winning was:
The Captaines wife in Pilgrimage had bene,
When ſhe them met and had young Wallace ſene:
Gud cheare they maid for he was wonder fair,
Not large of tongue, well taught and debonare.
Forth talking thus of matters that was wrought,
While South ouer Forth with her ſonne ſhe them brought.
Into Linlithgow they would not tarie lang,
Their leaue they toke, to Dunipace they gang,
There dwelt his Eme a man of great riches,
That mightie perſon hecht to name Wallace,
Made them gud cheare, and was a full gud man,
Welcomed them fair and to them told he than,
Did him to wit the land was all on ſteir,
Treated them well, and ſaid my ſonne ſo deare,
Thy Mother and thou right heare with me ſhall bide,
While better be, for chance that may betide.
Wallace anſwered, and ſaid weſtermore we will,
Our kin is ſlaine, and that me likes ill,
And other many worthie in that airt,
Liue I, will God we ſhal vs wreake on part.
The perſon ſighed, and ſaid my ſonne ſo frē,
I cannot know how that redreſſe may be,
What ſhould I ſpeake of fruſtrare at this tide:
For gift of gud he would not with him bide,
His Mother and he to Ellerſlie they went,
Vpon the morne ſhe for her brether ſent:
In Corsbie dwelt and was Shirreffe of Aire,
His Father was dead that liued long time there,
Her eldeſt Sonne that mekill was of maine,

Her husband als at Lochmabane was slane.
Sir Malcome Wallace his name was but leis,
His hoch sennons were cutted in that preis:
On knées he foght feill Englishmen he slew,
To him then soght mo fighters then anew.
On either side with speares bare him downe,
There sticked they that good knight of renowne,
Unto my tale I left at Ellerslie,
Sir Rannald came vnto his sister fre,
Welcomed them and asked of their intent,
She prayed that he to Lord Persie would went,
She irked of warre, she could no farther flée,
To purchase peace: in rest that she might be.
Sir Rannald had the Persies protection,
As for all part to take remission:
Then he causde write to his sister that tide,
In that respect Wallace would not abyde.
His Mother he left she wéped with hart full sair,
His leaue he toke, then from his Eme can fair,
Young he was and to Sutheron right sauage,
Greate roome they had despite and ehe outrage,
Sir Rannald durst not well hold Wallace thair,
For great perrill he knew appearing war,
For they had whole the strengths of this land,
What they would do, durst none against them stand,
Shirreffe he was and bled them among,
Full sore he drede that Wallace should take wrong
For he and they could neuer well accord,
He got a blow though he was lad or Lord,
That prokered him any lightlifulnesse,
But they repared ouer mekill to that place,
As English Clarks in prophecie it fand.
How one Wallace should put them from Scotland
Sir Rannald knew well a more quyet stéde,
Where William might be better from their féde:
With his Uncle Wallace of Richartoun,
Sir Richart heght that good knight of renoun,

Thele

These lands whole then was his heritage,
But blinde he was so happened through courage
By Englishmen that did vs mekill deare,
In his rising he worthie was in warre:
Through hurt of paines, and minishing of blode
Yet he was wise and of his counsell good,
In Februare Wallace was to him send,
Into Aprile he bowned from him to wend,
But good seruice he did him with pleasance,
As in that space was worthie to aduance.

How Wallace past to the water of Irwin to take fishe Chap. VI

SOon on a time he desyred to play,
Into aprile the thrée and twentie daye
To Irwin water fish to take he went,
Sik fantasie fell into his intent:
To leid his net a childe with him there yeid,
But he ere none was in a fellon dreade
His sword he left so did he neuer againe,
It did him good, although he suffered paine.
Of that labour as then he was not slée,
Happie he was, toke fishe aboundantlie.
Ere of the day ten houres could ouer passe,
Ryding their came neere by where Wallace was
The Lord Persie that was Captaine then of Air,
From him he turned and could to Glasgow fair.
Part of the court had Wallace labour séene,
To him their raid flue clade in garment gréene,
S. Martines fish, said Scot now we would haue,
Wallace againe them mékly answeir gaue,
It were reason me thinke ye should haue part,
Waith should be delt in all place, with fré hart.
He bad his boy giue them of his waithing,
The Sutheron said, as now of thy dealing,
We wil not take, thou would giue vs ouer small,
He lighted downe, and from his boy toke all,

Wallace said than, gentlemen if that ye be,
Leaue vs some part we pray for charitie:
An aged knight serues our Ladie this day,
God friend leaue part and take not all away:
Thou shalt haue leaue to fish and take thé mair,
All these surelie shall in our flitting faire:
We serue a Lord these fishe shall to him gang,
Wallace answering said thou art in the wrang:
Whom thou'lt thou Scot in faith thou seruest a blaw.
To him he ran, and out a sword can draw,
Wallace was woe he had no weapons thair,
But a Poultflaffe, quhilk in his hand he bare,
Wallace with it fast on the cheeke him tooke,
With so good will while off his feete he shooke,
The sword flew fra him a foote broade on the land,
Wallace was glade and caught it soone in hand,
And with the sword an ackwart stroke him gaue,
Under the heade his craig in sunder draue,
Be that the rest lighted about Wallace,
He had no helpe but only Gods grace:
On either side full fast on him they dang.
Great perrill was if they had lasted lang:
Upon the heade in greate yre he stroke one,
The shearing sword cut to the coller bone:
Another he hit on the arme hastilie,
While hand and sword both on the land can ly,
The other two fled to their horse againe,
He kicked him that last was on the plaine,
Thré slew he there, two fled with all their might,
After their Lord but he was out of sight,
Taking the mure, ere he and they could twin,
To him they raid anone ere they would blin,
And cryde abyde, your men are martyrd downe,
Right cruelly into this false regioun:
Fiue of your men here at the water baide
Fith you to bring, though it no profite made.
We are escaped, but in field slane are thré,

The

The Lord asked, how many may there be.
We saw but one that hes ouercome vs all,
Then leugh the Lord, and said shame on you fall,
Since one you all hes put to confusion,
Who moues it most, the deuill in hell him drown,
This day for me in faith he beis not sought,
When Wallace thus the worthie worke had wrought:
Their horse he take, and geir that was best thair,
Gaue ouer the craft and went to fish na mair.
Went to his Eme, and told him of the déede,
And he for woe neare swelt out of his wéede:
And said sonne these tythings sits me sore,
If they be knowne thou may get skaith therefore.
Uncle he said, no longer will I byde,
These Sutheron horse let sée if I can ryde.
Then but a childe in seruice for to make,
His Emes sonne with him he would not take,
This good Knight said déere Cousing I pray thée
When thou wants good, come fetch enough from mée,
Siluer and gold he causde one to him giue,
Wallace then knéeled, and lowlie take his leaue.

THE SECOND BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace slew the Churle with his owne staffe in Aire. Chap. I

YOung Wallace then fulfilled of hie courage,
In prysse of armes, desyrous of vassalage.
Thy vassalage may neuer be forlorne,
Thy déede is knowne though all the world had sworne.
For thy whole minde, labor and businesse,
Was set in warre, and verie righteousnesse.
And full great losse of thy deare worthie kin,
The rancor more remaines thy minde within.

It was his life and moſt part of his fode,
To ſée them ſhed the birning Sutheron blode,
To Ochterhouſe withoutten moze he raid,
And but a ſhoꝛt time in peace there he baide,
There was one Wallace that welcomed him well
Though Engliſhmen thereof had little ſæle.
Both meate and dꝛinke at his will had he there,
In Langlan wood when that he made repare:
The gentle man full oft was his reſet,
With ſtuffe of houſe full oft he can him bet.
So he deſyꝛed the towne of Aire to ſée,
His childe with him as then no moe toke he,
Ay next the wood Wallace canſde leaue his hoꝛſe,
Then on his fote went to the market croſſe,
The Perſie was in the Caſtell of Aire,
With Engliſhmen, great number and repare:
And all the towne rewling on their owne wiſe,
To many Scots they did full great ſuppꝛyſe.
All but abaſing Wallace among them zeid,
The rage of youth made him to haue no dꝛéde,
A churle they had that great burthenes did bare,
Excédingly he would lift mekill mair,
Then any thꝛée that they among them fand,
And als by this one ſpoꝛt he toke in hand:
He bare a ſting into a buſteous pole,
On his bꝛoade backe of any would it thole,
But foꝛ a grote as faſt as he might dꝛaw,
When Wallace heard ſpeake of that mirrie ſaw:
Then he deſired at that market to be,
Foꝛ one ſtroke he bad him grots thꝛée.
The churle granted, of that pꝛoffer was faine,
To pay that ſiluer Wallace was full bane:
Wallace that ſting toke vp into his hand,
Full ſturdelie beforꝛe him could he ſtand:
Wallace with that vpon his backe him gane,
While his rig bone all into ſunder dꝛane:
The churle was dead, of him I ſpeake na mair,

The Engliſhmen aſſembled on Wallace their:
Feill on the field of folks fighting faſt,
He vnabaiſed, and not greatly agaſt:
Vpon the head one with the ſting hit he,
While bone and braine he made in peeces flie:
Anather he ſtroke on the baiſnet of ſteill.
The tre there raue, and ſtruſhed euerie deale,
His tre was loſt the Engliſhman was dead,
For his craig bone was broken in that ſtead.
He drew a ſword that helped him in neede,
Throughout the thickeſt of the preaſe he yede,
And at his horſe full faine he would haue bene,
Two greues him moſt that cruel were and kene,
Wallace returned as man of mekill maine,
And at one ſtroke the formeſt hes he ſlaine,
A full ſore ſtroke the other got that tyde,
With his good ſword he made him there abide,
In at the Corſlet brymly he him bare,
The grounden ſword out throngh his bodie ſhare
Fiue ſlew he there ere he paſt from the towin,
He got his horſe, to Langlane made him bown.
And keped the childe and leit him not abide,
Eſcaped thus he can to Langlane ride.
Some followed him on horſe and vpon foote,
To take Wallace as then it was no bute.
The trés was thicke that keped him full well,
But there to byde he could neuer a deale:
God ordinance that effeired for his eſtate,
His cuſtome was at all times aire and laite,
The Squyar Wallace in Ochterhouſe that was,
Both bed and meate for him he made to paſſe,
As for that time that he remained thair,
Wut ſore he longed to ſée the towne of Aire.
Thither he paſt vpon a market day,
Would God as then that he had bidden away:
His Emes ſeruant for to buy fiſh is ſent,
Sir Rannald Crawfurd the Shirreffe then was kend,

How Wallace slew Lord Persies stewart, and was prisoned in Aire. Chap. II

When he had tane sik good as he had boght,
The Persies stewart right sadly to him soght:
And said thou Scot, to whom buyes thou this thing?
To the Shirreffe he said by heauens King,
My Lord shall haue it, syne goe fetch thée maire,
Wallace by chance was neare-by going thair,
He went to him, and said deare friend I pray thée,
The Shirreffes seruant that thou would let him bee.
A lordlie man the stewart was of blode,
And thought Wallace him charged in termes rude:
Goe hence thou Scot, the mekill deuill thée spéde,
At thy Shirreffes bid thou wænes vs for to léde.
An Hunting staffe into his hand he bare,
Therewith he smote on Williame Wallace there.
But with his tré little sunzie he made,
Fall by the coller him caught withoutten bade,
A full great knife fast to his heart-stroke he,
Then from him dead shot him right suddainlie:
Cater sensyne I trow he was na mair,
The Englishmen assembled on Wallace thair.
Foure score were set in armour birneit boun,
On mercat day for Scots to kéepe the towne,
Wallace boldlie he drew a sword of warre,
Into the byrne the formest couth he deare,
Out through the bodie stricked him to the dead,
And sundrie moe ere he past from that stead,
An ackward stroke another tooke he there,
Upon his knée the bone in sunder share.
The third he stroke on a puissant of mailzie,
His craig in two no wédes might auailzie,
Thus Wallace faired as wood as a Lyon,
Then Englishmen that were on bargan boun,

ng

Wallace

Wallace was harneſt on his bodie well,
At him they ſought with ſharpe ſwo;ds of ſteale:
And from his ſtrength enuironed him about,
Out thro;gh the p;eaſe on a ſide he b;ake out:
Vnto a wall that ſtod by the ſea ſide:
Fo; well o; woe there muſt he nede abide,
Part of their ſpeares in pieces there he ſhare,
Then from the Caſtell other helpe came mair,
Out ouer the dyke they glaide on either ſide,
B;oke downe the wall, no ſuccour, was that tyde,
Then Wallace knew of no wæne but to die,
To win his death among them thus went he.
Other part in great y;e hewing fall,
His birneſt b;and it burſted at the laſt:
B;ake in the hilts, away the blade it flew,
He wiſt no wæne but furth his knife he d;ew.
The firſt he ſlew quhilk him in hand hes hint,
And other two he ſticked with his dint,
The remanent to him with ſpeares hes ſought
Bare him to ground no further might he nought
The Lo;ds bad that they ſhould not him ſla,
To pyne him mo;e they charged him to ta:
Into their Innes althogh that he had ſwo;ne,
Out of the gate by fo;ce they haue him bo;ne,
Thus god Wallace with Engliſhmen was taine,
In fault of helpe, fo; he was his allaine:
He could not ceaſe, his courage ſo him bare,
Friuole Fortune hes b;ought him in the ſnare,
Theſe falſe gods full of vnrighteouſneſſe,
And falſe Iuno full of deceitfulneſſe,
Theſe fained gods Wallace neuer yet knew,
Great righteouſneſſe ay him to mercie d;ew.
His kin might not get him fo; no kin thing,
Might they haue payed the ranſon of a King.
The mo;e they bade the mo;e it was in daine,
Of their beſt men that day ſeuen hes he ſlane.
They cauſde ſet him into a p;iſon fell,

Of

Of this torment great pittie was to tell:
Euill meate and drink they cauſde vnto him giue
Great maruell was if he might long there liue.
And eke thereto he was in priſon law;
While they thocht tyme on him to hold the Law,
Leaue I him thus into this painfull ſtead;
While God aboue doe ſend him ſome remede.
The plaine complaint and pitteous lamenting,
The wofull weeping that was for his taking:
The tormenting of euery creature,
Alas, they ſaid how ſhall our life indure?
The flowre of youth into his tender age,
Fortune of armes hes left him in thirlage.
Liuing this day a chiftane haue we none.
Durſt take in hand, but yong Wallace allone,
The Land is loſt, he is caught in the ſnare,
The Aperſe of Scotland is in great care.

How Wallace was priſoned in in Air and eſcaped. Cap III

BArreld herring and water they him gaue,
Where he was ſet into that vglie Caue:
Sik fode for him was feble to commend,
Then ſaid he thus gud God now me receiue,
My pitteous ſpirite and ſoule ouer all the laue:
My carefull life I may not now defend,
Quer few Sutheron vnto the death I drew,
And that I rew indede, and verie trew:
For ſone I will out of this world wend,
Gif I ſhould now in priſon make an end.
Eternall God why ſhould I thus wise die,
Sen my beleife all whole remaines on thee?
And thy owne hand full worthelie hes wrought,
But thou remede, no life they ordaine me:
My only Sauiour that died on the tree,
From hels priſon with thy blud hes me bought,
Why wilt thou giue thy handy worke for nought?
And many other in great paine that I ſe,

For

For of my life nothing else I roght,
O warved sword of temper neuer trew,
Thy frushing blade in prison sone me threw,
And Englishmen ouer little harmes hes taine,
Of vs they haue vndone moe then anew:
My faithfull Father despitefullie they slew,
My brother als, and good men many one,
This is the date shall vs ouercome eachone.
Of this Kingrik, deare God when shal thou rew?
Since my power thus sudainlie is gone.
All worthie Scots Almightie God you lede,
Since I no more in worthip may you spede:
In prison here me worthes to mischeue.
Now fillie Scotland that of helpe hes great nede,
Thy Nation stands into a fellon dread:
Of worldlinesse right thus I take my leaue,
Of other paines God let you neuer preue:
Though I for wo out of my wit should weyd,
None other gift I may now to you giue.
Adew Wallace vmquhyle was strong and sture
Thou must of nede in prison now indure:
Thy worthie kin may not the saue forgeld:
Ladies weepes that was both myld and mure,
In furious paine thy Mother that thee bure,
For thou to her was dearer then the gold,
Her most desire was to thee vnder moulde,
In worldlinesse who should any assure
For thou wert formed forcy on the fold.
Complaine ye powre thus as your seedull telles,
Complaine to heauen with words that neuer failles,
Complaine your boyce to the great God aboue,
Complaine for him that sits in sytfull celles:
Complaine his paine that thus in dollour dwelles:
In langour lyes for losing of their loue,
His furious paine was fellon for to to proue,
Complaine also ye birds as blyth as belles,
Some happie chance may fall for your behoue.

Com

Complaine ye Lords complaine ye Ladies bright,
Complaine for him that worthie was and wight.
Of Saxons sonnes that suffered mekill deare,
Complaine for him that is in prison dight,
And for no cause Scotland bot for thy right:
Complaine also ye worthie men of warre,
Complaine for him that was your asper speare,
Few Englishmen yet to the death he dight,
Complaine for him your triumph had to beare.
Cellinus his Maker Jauelour was now,
In Englishmen alas, why should we trow,
Our worthie kin are pyned on this wise:
Sik rule but right is little till allow,
Me thinks we should in barret make them bow,
At our power, and so we doe full syse,
From their danger God make vs for to rise,
That well hes wrought before these tymes now,
For they mark ay to wait vs with suppryse.
What should I more of Wallace torments tell?
The Flure he tooke into that prison fell:
Neare to the death lykely he was to draw,
They charged the Jauelour there he should not dwell,
But bring him forth soone of that dglie Cell:
In iudgement where that he should thole the law
Thys man went downe and suddenly he saw,
And to his sight death had him snapped snell,
Syne said to them he hes payde that he aw.
When they presumed he should be verie dead,
They cauld seruants withoutten longer pleade:
With short aduise vnto the wall him bare,
They cuist him ouer out of that bailfull stead,
Of him they trowed there should be no remede,
In a draffe midding where he remained there
His first Nurice of the new towne of Aire,
To him she came quhilk was full will of reid,
And purchast leaue away with him to faire,
Into great yre they granted her to goe,

The

She tooke him vp withoutten words mo:
And on a cart vnséemly they him cast,
Out ouer the water they led him with great woe,
To her owne house withoutten any ho,
She warmed water, and als her seruants fast,
His bodie washt while filth off him was past:
His heart was wight and flightered to and fro,
And his two eyes at last cast vp also.
His foster-mother him loued attour the laue,
Got milke to warme, his life if she might saue,
With all her cure great kindnesse could him kyth,
Her daughter had of twelfe oulks a knaue,
Her childes papes in Wallace mouth it gaue:
The womans milke comforted him full swith,
Then in a bed they broght him for to lith,
And couertlie they kéept him in that caue,
Him for to saue how secretly they might,
In their chamber they képed him that tyde,
She causde graith vp a buird in the house syde,
With tapestrie cloathes honoured with great slight,
And that the voyce in euerie land should light,
That he were dead throughout the land so wide,
In presence ay she wéped vnder sight,
But goodlie meates she graithed either night,
And so befell into that selfe same tide,
While furthermore that Wallace worthed wight,
Thomas Rymour withoutten faill was than,
With the Minister quhilk was a worthis man:
He vsed oft to that religious place,
The people déemed of mekill wit he can,
And so he did althogh they blesse or ban:
Quhilk hapned suith in many diuerse place:
I can not say by wrong or righteousnesse,
In rule of warre whether he tint or wan,
It may be deemde by diuision of grace.
That man that day at the market had béene,
Of Wallace knew this carefull case so kéene:

His Maister asked what tythings that he saw,
His man answered of little heard I méne,
The Maister said that hes bene seldome séene
Where Scots and English assembled on a row,
Was neuer yet so farre as I could know,
But either a Scot would dos a Sutheron téne,
Or he to him, as auenture might saw.
Wallace ye know was taine into that stead,
Out ouer the wall I saw them cast him deade,
Out of their prison famisht for fault of fode.
The maister said with heart heauie as leid:
Sik deede to them me thinke should soster feid:
For he was wight and comde of gentle blode.
Thomas answered, these tythings are not gode:
If that be suith my selfe shall neuer eate breade,
For all my wit héere shortlie I conclude.
A woman then of the new towne of Air,
To him she went when he was fallen there,
And on her knées right lowlie them besought,
To purchase leaue she might hence with him faire,
In lightlines they granted to her there,
And ouer the water into her house him brought,
To burie him as godlie as she might,
Then Thomas said yet shall I liue na mair,
If that be true by God that all hes wrought,
The Maister heard what Thomas said in plaine,
He charged his man to speid him fast againe:
To sée the house and warely to espy,
What word he heard among them buselie.
The man went out at bidding was all baine,
To the new towne to passe he did his paine,
To that ilke house and went in suddenly,
About he blinked vnto the buird him by,
The woman rose, in heart she was not faine,
Who lyes here he did demand in plaine.
Wallace, she said ful worthie that hes béene,
Then wéped she that pitteous was to séene,

The man thereto great credence gaue he noght,
Toward the buird he bowned as he beſt thoght.
On knées ſhe fell and cryed for Jeſus ſhéne,
Let ſlander be and from your thought it ſléme.
The man anſwered by him that all hes wroght,
I would his weilfaire, and cuiſt into his thoght:
Might I on life once ſée him with mine eine
He ſhould be ſafe thocht England wold him léme.
She led him vp to Wallace by the gréis
He ſpoke with him, then faſt againe can preaſe:
With glade bodword their mirths to amend,
And came againe and tould them whole to end:
He tould to them the firſt tythings was lies.
Then Thomas ſaid, forſuith ere he deceis,
Many thouſand in field ſhall take an end,
From this Region he ſhall the Sutheron ſend:
And Scotland thrise he ſhall bring to a peace,
Into this Realme greate God ſhall ſend him grace.
All worthie men that hes good wit to waill,
Beware that ye do not mildéme my taill:
Perchance ye ſay to Bruce was none ſik like,
He was as good where déds were to aſſaill,
As of his hands and bolder of battell:
But Bruce was knowne right air of this Kingrik,
For he had right we call no man him like,
But Wallace thrise this Kingrik conqueiſt haill
In England far ſoght battell on that rike.

The battell of Lowdone hill. Chap. IIII

I will returne to my purpoſe againe,
When Wallace was releaued of his paine:
The Countrie déemde all whole that he was dead,
His deareſt kin knew not of his remédie:
While whole he was likelie to goe and ride,
Into that place he would no longer byde.
His true képer he ſent to Ellerſlie,
After him there he durſt not let her bé,

Her daughter als, her ſeruands and her childe,
He made them paſſe vnto his mother milde,
When they were gone, no weapons there he ſaw,
To helpe him with what auenture might faw,
A rouſtie ſword in a neuke he ſaw ſtand,
Withoutten belt, boſe, buckler or yet brand,
Long time before it had bene in that ſtead,
An aged man it left when he was deade,
He drew the blade and fand it wald well byte,
Though it was foule he toke it with him tyte,
God helpe his man for thou ſhall goe with me,
Whill better come, will God ſone may that be.
To ſir Rannald as then he would not faire,
Into that paſſage for Sutheron made repare,
At Richartoun full faine he would haue bene,
To get him horſe and part of armour ſchéne.
Then afterward as he bowned to fair,
Thrée Engliſhmen he met ryding to Aire,
At their voyage in Glaſgow fwith had béene.
One Longcaſtell that cruell was and kéene:
A bolde Squyar, with him gud yemen two,
Wallace drew by and would haue let them go,
To him they ride, and ſaid deſpiteouſlie,
Thou Scot abyde, I trow thou be a ſpy,
Or elſe a théefe from preſence would thée hyde:
Then Wallace ſaid with ſober words that tyde,
Sir I am ſeik for Gods loue let me go.
Longcaſtell ſaid, forſuith it beis not ſo:
A fellon fréeke thou ſemeéſt in thy fair,
While men thée know thou ſhalt with me to Air
Hint out his ſword that was of noble hew,
Wallace with that at his lighting him threw,
Upon the craig with his ſword hes him taine,
Through braine & lyre in ſunder broke the bane,
Be he was fallen the two was lighted downe,
To benge his deade on Wallace made them boun
The one of them vpon the heade he gaue,

The rouſtie blade vnto the craig him clane,
The other fled and durſt no longer byde,
With a rude ſtep Wallace could after glyde,
Out through the ribbes a ſicker ſtrake gaue he,
While leuer and lungs men might at once ſé:
The horſe he toke both weapons and armour,
Then thanked God with glade heart in that houre.
Siluer they had, all with him hes he taine,
Him to ſupport for ſpending had he nane.
Into great haiſt he rade to Richarton,
A glade ſemblie was at his lighting downe,
When Wallace met with ſir Richart that knight,
For him had mourned while feble was his ſight,
His two ſonnes of Wallace was full faine,
They had him loſt, yet God him ſaued againe,
His Eme ſir Rannald to Richarton came faſt,
The woman tauld by Corsbie as ſhe paſt,
How Wallace eſcaped, then on their way yeid,
Sir Rannald yet was in a fellon dréde,
While he him ſaw, in heart he thoght full long,
Then ſuddenly in armes he him throng:
He might not ſpeake bot kiſſed him tenderly,
His troubled ſpirit was in an extaſie.
The glade teares they braſt from his eyes two,
Ere that he ſpoke a long time held him ſo,
And at the laſt right friendfullie ſaid he,
Welcome Neuoy, welcome deare ſonne to me,
Thanked be he that all the world hes wroght,
That fairlie thé out of priſon hes broght,
His mother came and other friends anew,
With full glade wil to ſé theſe tythings trew,
God Robert Boyde that worthie was and wight:
Would not them trow while he them ſaw with ſight.
From ſundrie parts they came to Richarton,
Féle worthie folks that were of great renoun:
Thus leaue I them in mirth gladneſſe and pleaſance,
Thanking greate God of this happie chance.

THE THIRD BOOKE.

IN ioyous July when the flowres are sweit,
Digestabill engendring with the heit:
Baith Flowre, and frute, bullis and bewes braid
Aboundantlie in euerie slonk and laid:
All beistiall thair richt course to indure,
Weill helpit ar be wirking of nature.
On fute ascendant to the heuins hicht,
Conseruit well be the maker of might,
Fische in the flude resortit really,
To mannis fude the world to occupy,
Bot Scotland sa was wasted mony a day,
Throw weir sic skaith, that labour was away,
Mittell worthit skant or Auguist could appeir,
Throw all the land the fude hapnit full deare,
Bot Englishmen that riches wantit name,
Be carriage broght their bittaill in guid wane:
Stuffit houlis with wine and good bernage.
Enioyed this land as their owne heritage,
This Kingrik haill they rewlit at their will,
Bellingers than sic tithings tauld them till,
And tauld the Persie that Wallace linand was,
And fra their prisoun in Air eschapit hes.
They trowit it well that Wallace past that steid,
For Longcastell and his two men were deid.
They waryit the chance that Wallace was so past
In euery pairt they were full greittie agast,
Throw prophetie that they had heard befoir,
Lord Persie said, what nedis wordis moir,
Bot he be fast he shall doe great meruell,
It wer the best for King Edwardis auaill,
Wicht he him get to be his stedfast man.
For gold or land his Conquest micht stand than,
We think be force he may not gottin be,

Wise men forsuith be his eschaip may se,
Thus deme they him in many diuers cace,
We leif them thus and speike of gude Wallace,
In Richartoun he wald na longer byde,
For friends counsell nor ocht that micht betide.
And when they saw that it auailed nocht,
His purpose was to venge him gif he mocht,
On Sutheroun blude that hes his Elders slaine,
They leit him worke his owne will into plaine,
Sir Richard had thre sonnes as I zou tauld,
Adam Richard, and Simon that was bauld.
Adam eldest was growne into courage,
Fordwart, richt fair, and eightene yeres of age,
Large of persoun, richt hardie wise and wight,
Gude King Robert in his time made him knicht
Lang time efter in Bruces weiris abaid,
On Englishmen mony gude iourney maid,
This gude Squyar with Wallace bounit to ryde,
And Robert Boyde quhilk wald na langer byde.
Vnder thirlage of seiges of England,
To the false King he had neuer made band,
Cleland was there neir cousing to Wallace,
Syne baid with him in many perillous place.
And Edward Lictill his sister sonne sa deir,
Full weill grathed into their armour cleir,
With their seruands to Richartoun they raid,
To Mauchline mure, ane schort time their abaid:
For friends them tauld was bundin in thirlage,
That Fenwicke sent was for the Carriage:
Within schort time he will bring it to Air,
Out of Carleill they had resauit it thair.
That pleisit Wallace in hartricht greatumlie,
Wit ze they were an gudely cumpanie,
Towart Lowdoun they bounit them to ryde,
And in ane schaw ane little thair besyde,
They lugit them for it was neir the nicht,
To watch the way als guidlie as they micht.

A good true Scot quhilk hoſtlair houſe held there,
Under Lowdon my Author can declare.
He ſaw them come, he went to them in hy,
Both meat and drinke he brought them priuily:
And to them told the carriage men in plaine,
Their forerydar to Air was paſt againe:
Left them to come with power of great auaill,
They trowed by then they were in Annandaill.
Wallace then ſaid we will not ſoiorne heere,
Nor change no wéde but our each dayes geare:
At Croſſintoun the way was ſpilt that tide.
For that ſame way behoued they to ride.
And from the time that he off priſon fure,
Good ſommer wéd daily on him he bure:
Good light harneſſe from that time vſed he euer,
For ſudden ſtrife, from it he would not ſeuer.
Ane Habergeon vnder his gowne he bair,
A good ſteele cap in his bonnet but mair:
Two gloues of plate with cloth was couered well,
In his doublet a cloſſe coller of ſteell.
His face he képed for it was euer bare,
With his two hands the quhilk full worthie were,
Into his wéde if he came in a thrang,
Was no man then on fote might with him gang.
So growne of ſtrength, of power ſtrong and ſture,
His terrible dints were fearefull to endure.
They truſted more of Wallace him alane,
Then an hundreth of England might be tane,
Theſe worthie Scots made there no tarying,
To Lowdon hill paſt in the day dawing.
Deuiſed the place, and put their horſe away,
And thoght to win or neuer hame to ga.
Two ſcurriours ſent to viſe well the plane,
But they right ſone returned in againe:
To Wallace ſaid that they were comming faſt,
Then to the ground all knéeling at the laſt,
With humble hearts praying with al their might,

To

To God aboue to help them in their right:
They graithed them to harneſſe haſtelie,
Their ſonzied none of that good companie.
Then Wallace ſaid, here was my Father ſlaine,
And my brother which does me mekill paine:
So ſhall my ſelfe, or venged be but dreed,
The traitor is here the cauſer of the deed,
Then hecht they all to bide with heartlie will,
By that the power was taking Lowdon hill.
The Knight Fenwick conuoyed the carriage.
He had on Scots made many ſhrewde voyage.
The Sun was riſen leiming ouer lands light
The Engliſhmen ſaw that they came to the hight,
Neare him they raid and ſone the Scots ſaw,
He told his men and ſaid to them on raw:
Yonder is Wallace that eſcaped our priſoun,
He ſhall againe be drawen through the town.
His head I know might better pleaſe the King.
Then gold or land, or any earthlie thing.
He made his ſeruants bide with the carriage ſtill,
Thoght to demane the Scots at their owne will.
Nineſcore he led in harneſſe birneſt bright,
And fiftie were with Wallace in the right,
Unrebuted the Sutheron were in weir,
And faſt they came full awfull in effeir.
A manner of dyke of ſtones they had made,
Narrowed the dyke wherethrogh the thickeſt rade,
The Scots on foote tooke the gate them before,
The Southeron ſaw, their courage was the more.
In prydefull wze they thought ouer them to ride.
But otherwiſe it hapned in that tide:
On either ſide together faſt they glade,
The Scots on foote great rowme about them made:
With prunzeing ſpeares through plates of fine ſteill,
The Engliſhmen that thought to venge them weill,
On harneſt horſe about them rudely rade,
That with vneaſe vpon their feete they bade,

Wallace the formest in the birne he bare.
The grounden speare throughout his bodie share:
The shaft he shoke it of the frushing tre,
Deuoyded it sone since no better might be:
Drew swords then, both heauie, sharp and lang,
On either side full cruellie they dang.
Fighting at once into that fellon doubt,
Then Englishmen enuironed them about:
Through force they thought out through them for to ride.
The Scots on fote that boldly could abide,
With swords share through halse and habrik gwd,
Upon the fields shot out the Southeron blwd.
From horse and man, through harnesse birnest bene,
A sore assailzie forsuith there might be sene.
They trusted no life but to the latter end,
Of so few folke great nobleneste might be kend.
Together bade defending them so fast,
Durst none disseuer while that the prease be past.
The Englishmen that were right wise in weir,
By force ordained in sunder them to beir.
Their chefe Captaine als fierce as any boare,
Through matalent and very proper care:
On a great horse into his glittering geare,
Out ouer casts a fellon asper speare.
The Knight Fenwick that cruell was and kene,
Of Wallace Father he at the death had bene:
And of his brother that doughtie was and deare,
When Wallace saw that false Knight was so neare:
His courage grew in yre as a Lyon,
To him he ran and frickes feill bare downe:
As he rade by an ackwart strake him ta,
Both thigh and arson in sunder made he ga:
From the cursour he fell on the far side,
With a sharp sword he stroke him in that tide.
Ere he was dead a great prease came so fast,
Ouer him to ground they bare Boyde at the last,
Wallace was nere and turned in againe,

Him to reskew while he rose of the paine:
Wightlie did him weare while he a sword hes taine,
Throughout the stowre these two in feire are gaine.
The remanent vpon them followed fast,
In their passage feill Southeron made agast.
Adam Wallace the heire of Richartoun,
Stroke one Bewmont a Squyar of renowne,
On the pesant with his sword birnest bare,
The birnest blade his halse in sunder share.
The Englishmen saw their Chiftane was slaine.
Boldly abode as men of mekill maine:
Rich horse ramping rushed fréeks vnder féet,
The Scots on foot made many lose the swéet.
Wight men lighted themselfe for to defend,
Where Wallace came their déede was litle kend.
The Southeron part forfrushed were that tide,
That in that stowre they might not long abide.
Wallace indéede he wroght right worthelie,
The Squyar Boyde, and all their Cheualrie.
The Englishmen tooke plaine part for to flée,
Little and Cleland made of their enemies die.
On horse some part to strengths can them found,
To succour them with many working wound.
An hundreth dead in field was leaued thair,
And thrée Yeomen of Wallace dead but mair:
Two was of Kyle, and one of Cunninghame,
With Robert Boyde to Wallace came from hame,
Fourescore escaped from field on Sutheron side,
The Scots in place that boldly could abyde.
Spulzeing the field of gold and other geare,
Harnesse and horse quhilk they néeded in warre.
The English knaues they made the carriage lead,
To Clyds forrest while they were out of dread:
And band them fast with widdies sad and sair,
On bowing trées then hanged they them thair.
He spared none that able was for weir,
But women and Priests he made them ay forbeir,

When this was done to dinner ſone they went,
Of ſtuffe and wine that God had to them ſent.
Menſ coꝛe of hoꝛſe they wan that carriage bare,
With victuall and wine as mekill as they might fair
And other ſtuffe that they off Carlile led,
The Southeron part out of the field they fled.
With ſoꝛrow ſought to the Caſtel of Air,
Beſoꝛe the Loꝛd and told him of that fair:
What goꝺ they left, and who in field were ſlaine,
Thꝛough wight Wallace that was of mekill maine.
And how he had made all his ſeruants hang,
The Perſie ſaid, if that Squyar laſt lang.
Out of this land he ſhall exyle vs cléne,
So deſpitefull was neuer in woꝛld ſéne.
In our pꝛiſon héere laſt when that he was,
Ouer ſleuthfullie our képer let him pas.
Then this our hold I finde well may not be,
We muſt make bꝛing our victuall by the ſea.
But loſe our men it helps vs right noght,
Our kin may ban that euer we hither ſoght.
Leaue I them now blaming their ſoꝛie chance,
And moꝛe to ſpeake of Scotſmens gouernance.
When Wallace had well vanqueſt into plaine,
The falſe tyꝛant that had his Father ſlaine:
His bꝛother als which was a doughtie Knight,
Other goꝺ men beſoꝛe to death had dight.
He cauſde pꝛouide and parted their victuall,
With ſtuffe and hoꝛſe that was of great anaill.
To friends about right pꝛiuilie they ſend,
The remanent full gladlie there they ſpend.
In Clyds woꝺ they ſoiꝛned there thꝛée dayes,
No Sutheron was that durſt perſue theſe wayes:
But he tholed death that came in their danger,
The woꝛd of Wallace walked far and neer.
Wallace was knowne on life liuing againe,
Thaugh Engliſhmen thereof had mekill paine.
The Loꝛd Perſie to Glaſgow could he fair,

With

With wise Lords and held a counsell thair.
When they were met mo then ten thousand,
No Chiftane was that time durst take in hand
To lead a Range, on Wallace to assaile,
Asked about quhat was their best counsaile.
Sir Aimer Wallange that false traitor & strong.
In Bothwell dwelt, and then was them among:
He said, my Lords, my counsell will I gine,
But doe ye not from skaith ye may not liue:
Ye must take peace without more tarying,
As for a time we must send to the King.
The Persie said of our trewes he will none
An awfull Chiftane truely he is one:
He will doe more in faith ere that he blin,
Southeron to slay he thinkes it is no sin.
Sir Aimer said, trewes it behoues you take,
While afterward for him prouision make:
I know he will do mekill for his kin,
Gentrice and trueth ay restes him within.

How the Englishmen tooke peace with Wallace. Chap. II.

HIs Uncle sir Rannald may make the band,
Gif he will not, recognise all his land,
Unto the time that he this worke haue wrought,
Sir Rannald was sone to their counsel brought:
They charged him to make Wallace at peace,
Or he should passe to London ere he cease,
To King Edward and bide in his prison,
While they aske to haue peace for his ranson.
Sir Rannald said, Lords ye know right well,
At my counsell he will not doe a deale:
His worthie kin despitfullie ye slew:
In prison then neare to the death him drew,
He is at large and will not doe for me,
Though ye therefore should now mak me to die,
Sir Aimer said, these Lords counsell send,

Ye

Pe to the King to make a finall end:
Of his conqueſt,forſuith he will it haue,
Wallace nor thou may not this Countrie ſaue.
Might Edward King get him for gold or land
To be his man,then might he kéepe Scotland.
The Lord bade ceaſe,thou failleſt to that knight,
Far more in trueth then it is any right.
The wrong conqueſt our King deſyreth ay,
On him and vs it ſhall be ſéne one day.
Wallace hes right,both force,and fair forteun,
Pe heard how he eſcaped our Priſoun.
Thus ſaid that Lord,& prayed ſir Rannald fair,
To make this peace thou Shirreffe art of Air.
As for a time we may aduiſed be:
Under my ſeale I ſhall be bound to thée,
The Engliſhmen that they ſhall doe him noght,
Nor to no Scots but it be on them ſoght,
Sir Rannald knew he might them not gainſtand,
Of Lord Perſie he hes receiued that band.
Perſie was true, and ay of greate auaill,
Sober in peace and cruell in battell.
Sir Rannald him bowned on the morne but bade
Wallace to ſéke in Clyds Forreſt rade:
So him he fand bouning to his dinner,
When they haue ſéne this good Knight comming néere,
Well he him knew, and told them what he was.
Maruel he had what made him hither pas.
Made him good cheare of meats good and fine,
King Edwards ſelfe could get no better wine,
Then they had there bernage and benniſon,
Of beſtiall into great fuſion.
Then after meate he ſhew them of this déede,
How he had béene into ſo mekill dréede.
Neuoy he ſaid, worke parte of my counſell,
Take peace a while, and for the more auaill:
But thou doe ſo forſuith thou hes greate ſin,
For they are ſet to vndoe all thy kin.

Then

Then Wallace said to good men him about,
I will no peace for all this fellon doubt:
But if it please better to you then me,
The Squyar Boyde him answered soberly
I giue you counsell ere this good knight be slaine,
Take peace a while although it do vs paine,
So said Adam, the heyre of Richarton,
And Cleland als to their opinion.
With their consent Wallace this peace hes tane,
As his Eme wrought while ten moneths were gane,
Their leaue they toke with sad comfort in plaine,
Fand God to brogh they should mete whole againe,
Boyd and Cleland, past to their places hame,
Adam Wallace to Richarton by name,
Forth with sir Rannald can William Wallace ryde,
In his houshold in Corsbie for to byde,
This peace was cryed in August moneth mylde,
These Gods of battel furious and wylde,
Mars and Iuno euer doth their businesse,
Causers of warre, ay worker of wickednesse,
And Venus als quhilk goddes is of loue,
And olde Saturne his course for to approue,
These foure shawes of diuers complexion,
Battell, debate, enuy, and destruction,
I cannot deeme of their melancholie,
But Wallace could not well in Corsbie ly,
Him had rather in trauell for to be,
Right sore he longed the towne of Air to se.

How Wallace slew the Buckler player in the towne of Aire, Chap, III.

SIr Rannald past from home vpon a day,
Fiftene he toke and to the towne went they:
Couered his face that no man might him know,
No thing he cared how few enemies him saw.
In sober weede disagysed well were they,
An Englishman on the gate saw he play,

At

At the ſcrimmage a buckler on his hand,
Wallace neare by in fellowſhip could ſtand.
Lightlie he ſaid, Scot dareſt thou not prieue.
Wallace ſaid yea, ſo thou dare giue me leaue,
Smite on ſaid he, I defy thy Nation:
Wallace therewith hes taine him on the crowne,
Throughe bucler, brand, and throughe the harnes alſo:
Unto the ſhoulders the ſharpe ſworde made he go.
Lightly returned to his owne men againe,
The women cryed our buckler player is ſlaine,
The man was deade what nédes words mair,
Feill men of armes about him ſembled thair,
Eightſcore at once vpon ſirténe they ſet:
But Wallace ſone with the formeſt hes met,
With yre and will on the heade hes him taine,
Throughe the bright helme in ſunder brift the bone,
Another breathlie on the breaſt he bare.
His birneſt blade throughout the bodie ſhare,
Great rome he made, his men was fighting faſt,
And many a grome they made full ſore agaſt,
For they were wight and well vſed in weir,
Of Engliſhmen right boldly downe they beare:
On their enemies great martyrdome they made.
Their hardie chiftane ſo well among them glade,
What Engliſhmen that bade into his gate,
Lontrare Scotland made neuer more debate.
Feill freiks on fold were felled vnder fóte,
Of Southeron blood lay ſticked on the ſtréte,
New power came from the Caſtell that tide,
Then Wallace fled, and drew toward a ſide,
With right good will he would eſchew ſuppryſe,
For he in warre was worthie wight and wiſe.
Harnes and heids in ſunder he wode he faſt,
By force out throughe the thickeſt preaſe he paſt,
Wallace returned behind his men againe,
At the reſkew fóle Sutheron hes he ſlaine.
His men all then he out of perrell brought,

Fron

From their enemies with all the power he might,
Unto their horse they went but more abade,
For danger then to Langlane wood they rade.
Twentie and nine they left into that stead,
Of Southeron men that brittined were to dead,
The remanent againe turned that tyde,
For in this wood they durst not him abyde.
Toward the towne they drew with all their maine,
Cursing the peace they toke before in plaine.
The Lord Persie in his heart was greatlie grieued,
His men suppressed againe to him relieued.
And keill were dead into their armour cleare,
Three of his kin that were to him full deare.
When he heard tell of their great grieuance,
Their selfe was cause of this mischeuous chance.
Mourning he made, though few Scots it kend,
An Herald then to sir Rannald he send:
And to him told of their full sudden cace,
And charged him to take souerance of Wallace:
He should him hold from market towne and fair,
Where he might best be out of their repair,
The Southeron knew that it was wight Wallace,
That them ouerset into that sudden cace.
Their trewes for this they wold not breake a deale,
When Wallace had this chance eschewed well,
Upon a night from Langlane home he rade,
In chamber sone their residence they made.
Upon the morne when that the day was light,
With Wallace forth went sir Rannald the Knight:
Shew him the writ that Lord Persie had sent,
Deare sonne he said this is my whole intent,
That thou wold grant while that these trews wer worne,
No skaith to do to any in England borne:
But where I passe daily thou byde with me,
Wallace answered, good sir that may not be.
Right loath I were deare Uncle you to grieue,
I shall doe nought while time I take my leaue,

An

And warne you als or that I fra you passe:
His Eme and he on this accorded was.
Wallace with him made his continuance,
Ilk wicht was blyth for to do him pleasance.
In Corsbie thus he rekked them amang.
Thair seuintein dayes suppois he thoght it lang,
Thocht they him pleisit as an primate or king,
Into his minde remainit another thing,
He saw his enemies maisters in this region,
Wicht not him please thocht he were King with crown.
Thus leif I him with his deare friendes still,
Of Englishmen now speik some part I will.

THE FOVRTH BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace wanne the Peele of Gargunnoke. Chap. I.

In September that humble moneth swett,
When bypast was of Sommer the heate
Wittail and frute are rypit in abundance,
As God ordanit to mans sustenance.
Sagittarius with his asper bow.
Be ilk Signe the veritie to know,
The changing cours quhilk makes great difference.
And leifis had lost there collour of pleasance:
All worldlie thing hes nocht bot ane season,
Baith herb and frute man fra the hicht cum doun.
In this ilk time ane great counsell was set,
In Glasgow toun where mony maisters met,
Of Inglis Lords, to statute this countrie,
And chargit they all Schirreffes there to be:
Sir Rannald Crawfurd behouit that time be thair,
For he throw richt was borne Schirreffe of Air,
His deare Nevoy with him that time he tuik,
William Wallace as witnes beiris the buik.

For

For he na time suld farre be fra his sicht,
He luiffit him with heart and all his might.
They graithed them without langer abaid,
Wallace sum pairt befoir the court out raid,
Quirtuke the childe Sir Rannalds foum suld leid,
Withhim twa men that worthie were indeid.
Softlie they raid quhile they the court suld knaw,
Sa suddainlie that time himselfe he saw:
The Persies sowme in quhilk great riches was,
The hors was tyrit and might na farder passe,
Fyue men were chargit to keip it well that tyde,
Twa was on fute, and thrie on horse can ryde.
The Wallerman at their seruant can speir,
Quha aw this sowme the trueth to me ze leir,
The man answerit withoutten words mair,
My Lord he said it is the Schirreffes of Air,
Sen his it is this horse shall with me gang,
To serue our Lord or else I thinke great wrong.
Thoch an subiect indeid would passe his Lord,
It is not leisum be na richteous record:
They cutted be brace and let the harnesse fall,
Wallace was neir quhen he sic robberie saw,
He spake to them with manlie countenance,
In fair forme he said but variance,
Ze do vs wrong and it in time of peace,
Of sic robberie it were good time to cease,
The Sutheron schrew in yre answerit him to,
It sall be wrocht as thou may se vs do:
Thou gets na mendis quhat neids words mair.
Sadly aduysed, Wallace remembrit their,
Of the promeis he made his Eme before,
Resloun him rewled as then he did no more,
Bot past away to meit his Eme againe,
Seand this reake was moued with greate paine,
The horse yet tooke they for auenture might fall,
Wand on their sowme, syne furth the way can call.
Their tyrit sowmar they left their on the plane,

Wallace

Wallace returned toward the Court againe,
On the mure side sone with his Eme he met,
And told how they the way had for him set,
And were not I was bound in my leageance,
We parted not thus for all the gold in France,
The horse they reft quhilk should your harnesse beare.
Sir Rannald said that is but little deare.
We may get horse and other thing in plaine:
If men be lost we get them neuer againe,
Wallace then said als wisely God me saue,
Of this greate misse a mends shall I haue,
And neither let for peace nor yet pleasance,
With witnesse heare I giue vp my leageance.
For cowardly ye are like to lose the right,
Sone after then your owne death will be dight,
In wraith thairwith suddenly from him he went:
Sir Rannald was wise and kest in his intent,
And said I will bide at the Meirns this night,
So Englishmen of vs shall déme no vnright.
If any be dead before vs vpon case:
Then we in Law may bide the righteousnesse.
His lodging toke at the Meirns still he bade,
Full great mourning for his Neuoy he made.
But all for nought what might it him auaill:
As into warre he wrought not his counsell.
Wallace rade forth with his two Yemen past,
The sowmar man he followed wonder fast.
By east Cathcart he ouer hied them againe,
Then knew they well that it was he in plaine:
By horse and wéde had argued them before,
And fiue to them returned withoutten more.
Wallace to ground from his Coursour can glyde,
An birnest brand he braided out that tide:
The Waster-man with so good will stroke he,
Both hat and head in sunder made he flée.
Another fast vpon the face he gaue,
To dead on ground but mercie sone him draue.

The

The third he hat with great yre in that steid,
Fey on the field, he hes him left for deid.
Wallace slew thre, be that his zemen wicht,
The vther twa derfly to death had dight.
Syne spuilzeit they the Harnesse or they wend,
Of siluer and gold they gat aneugh to spend.
Jewels they toke the best was chosen thair,
Gude horse and geir, syne on their way can fair,
Then Wallace said at sum strength wald I be,
Ouer Clyde that time was ane gud brig of tre,
Thither they pall in all their gudelie micht,
The day was gane and cummin was the nicht.
They durst not weill neir still be Glasgow byde,
In the Lennox he toke purpose to ryde.
And sa he did syne ludged thair that night:
As they best micht, quhill that the day was light,
To ane Millillarie he went and soiournit thair,
With trew Scottis that his neir friends were.
The counsell met richt gladelie on the morne,
Bot seill tithings were brocht Persie beforne,
His men was slane his treasure als was reft,
With feill Scots and them na Jewels left,
They deimit about of that derfe doubtfull cace,
The Sutheroun said forsuith it is Wallace.
The Schirreffes Court was cummand to the toun,
And he was ane for Scot of maist renoun.
They gart seik Schir Rannald in that rage,
Bot he was still then at his harbarage.
Sum wyse men said thairof na thing he kend,
The men were slane here at the tounes end,
Schir Rannald come be nyne houris of the day,
Befoir the Persie and his men brocht were they,
They followit him of fellonnie that was wrocht,
The allyse of this to him couth say richt nocht,
They deimit abont there of that fellon race,
Befoir the Judge thair he denyit Wallace,
And sa he micht, he wilt not where he was,

From this counsell my purpose is to passe.

OF Wallace to speik in wilderneſſe so wyde,
The Lord God be his gouernour and gyde,
Still at that place four dayes he soiourned haill,
When tithings come to him fra that counsell.
Then statute they in ilk steid of the Weſt,
In thay bounds Wallace should haue no reſt.
His deir Uncle ane great aith gart him sweir,
That he but leif no friendſhip should him beare,
And many vther full wa was that day,
And Robert Boyd stall eff the toun away,
And Cleland als befoir with him had bene,
They had far leuer se him with their eine,
Leuand on lyfe as they knew him befoir,
Than of pure gold ane Millioun and moir.
Boyd weipit sair and said our Lord is gane,
Amang his fais is set all him allane,
Than Cleland said fals Fortoun changes faſt,
Great God sen we with him had euer past.
Edward Littill to Annandaill is went,
And wait richt nocht of this new Judgement,
Adam Wallace baid still in Richartoun,
Sa fell it thus with Wallace of renoun.
He with his power pairtit maruelouſlie,
Be fortoun of chance ouerturnis doubillie.
Thair pitteous mane as then could not be bet,
Thay wiſt na wit quhair that they suld him get.
He left the place quhair he in ludging lay,
To Erle Malcome he went vpon ane day,
The Lennox haill he held into his hand,
To King Edward then had he not made band,
The land was strait and maiſterfull to win.
Gude men of armes that time was it within,
The Lord was traiſt, the men sicker and trew,
With waik power they durſt him not perſewe,
Richt glade he was of Wallace cumpanie,

Wel-

Welcommit him fair with worthip reuerentlie,
At his owne will desyrit gif he wald,
To byde thair still Maister of his houshald,
Of all his men he should haill chiftane be,
Wallace answerit it were eneuch for me.
I can not byde, my minde is set in plaine,
Wrokin to be, or ellis to die in pane.
Our west countrie, thair statute is sa strang,
Into the North my purpose is to gang.
Stevin of Ireland into the Lennox was,
With wicht Wallace he ordainit him to pas.
And vthers als that borne was of Argyle,
Wallace still their maid residence ane quhile,
Quhill men it wist and semblit soone him till.
He chargit nane but at their owne gude will,
Thocht they were strangers yet could he not them dreid,
Bot resauit them all in his weirs to leid,
Sum pairt of them was then of Ireland borne,
That Mackfadzeane had exylit out before.
King Edwardis man he was sworne of Ireland,
Of richt law birth suppois he tuke on hand.
To Wallace their come ane that hecht Fawdoun,
Of Melancholik and euill complexioun,
Yeanie of stature, and dour of countenance,
Sorrowfull was ay, in dreid, without pleasance.
Wallace resauit quhat men wald cum him till,
The bodily aith they made him with gude will,
Before the Erle all in ane concord,
And him resauit as their Captaine and Lord.
His speciall men that come with him fra hame,
The ane hecht Gray, the vther Keirlie be name,
In his seruice come first in all their mane,
To Lowdoun Hill quhair that Fenwick was slaine,
He them commandit ay nirt him to persew,
For he them kend right hardie wise and true.
His leif he tuke richt on ane fair maner,
The gude Erle than he bad him giftis seir,

Wallace wald nane, but gaue of his feill ſpis,
To pwre and rich on ane gudely wyis
Humble he was hardie wyſe and frè,
And of riches he held na propertie,
Of honour and worthip he was ane mirrour kend,
As he of gold had aboundantlie to ſpend:
Upon his fais he wan it worthilie,
Thus Wallace paſt and his gude Chiualrie:
Sertie he had of likelie men at wage,
Throw the Lennox he ledthem with courage.
About Lekkie he ludged them in ane baill,
Ane ſtrength thair was quhilk they thocht to aſſaill,
On Cargunnok thair bigged was ane Peill,
That ſtuffed was with men and bittaill weill,
Within an dyke, cloſe, chamber, and Hall.
Captaine thairof to name hecht Thirlwall,
They led Wallace quhair that this biggit was,
Thocht to aſſailzie farther or he wald paſſe,
Twa ſpyis he ſend to beſie all the land,
Richt laith he was the thing to take on hand,
The quhilk be force that ſuld gang him againe,
Rather he had throw aventure be ſlane.
Thir men went furth quhen it was large midnight.
About the houſe they ſpyit all at right.
The watchmen heauie was and fallen on ſleip.
The Brig was drawne that the entrie ſuld keip.
The labourers lait rekleſſie went in,
Thir men returnit without noyes or din,
To thair Maiſter, and tauld what they had ſene,
Then graithed he ſoone thir men of armes kene,
Hadlie on fute vnto the houſe they ſecht,
And enterit in for letting had they nocht.
Wicht men aſſayit with all their beſie cure,
Ane lokkit bar was drawne athort the dure,
Bot they might not it breke out of the wall,
Wallace was grieued quhen he ſik tarie ſaw,
Sum pairt annoyed, waithlie to it he went,

By force of hands it raisit out of the sprent.
Thrée ellis of bread als of the wall pullit out,
Then meruellit all his men that was about,
How he did mair then twentie of them might,
Syne with his fute the zet he strake vp right.
Quhill brace and bands he bristit all at anis,
Frayitlie they rais that was within thae wainis.
The Watchman had a felloun staffe of steill,
At Wallace strak, but he keipt him richt weill.
Rudelie fra him he reft it in the thrang,
Dang out his harnis, syne in the dyke him slang.
The remanent be that was on their feit,
Thus Wallace soone can with the Captain meit.
The staffe he had heauie and forged new,
With that Wallace vpon the heid him drew.
Quhill bane and brane all in sunder zeid,
His men enterit that worthie were indeid.
In hands hint and stikkit all the laue,
Wallace commanded they should na weirman saue.
Twentie and twa they stickit in that steid,
Wemen and bairnis quhen that the men was deid,
He gart be tane, and keipt in close full weill,
That they thairout might haue thairof na feill.
The dead bodies they put soone out of sight,
Tuik vp the brig or that the day was light.
In that place baid foure dayes or he wald pas,
Wist nane thairout how that the maner was.
Spuilzeit that steid, and tuke them gainand geir,
Iewellis and gold away with them they beir.
Quhen he thocht time they ishit on the night,
To the nixt wood they went with all their might.
The Captaines Wyfe, Wemen, and children thrée,
Past quhair they wald, for Wallace left them frée.
In that Forrest he lykit not to byde,
They bownit them ouer Forth for to ryde.
The Mosse was strang, to ryde it was na bute,
Wallace was wight and lighted on his fute.

Few horſe they had, littill thairof they roght.
To ſaif their lyues feill ſtrenths oft they ſocht.
Steuin of Ireland was their guyde that night,
Toward Kinkardin, ſyne reſtit thereat right.
In that forreſt quhilk was baith lang and wyde,
Quhilk fra the Poſſe grew to the water ſyde.
Efter the Sonne Wallace walkit about,
Vpon Teth ſyde, quhair he ſaw monie a rout,
Of wylde beiſts, wanerand in wood and plaine,
Sone at ane ſhot ane great Hart hes he ſlaine.
Flew fyre aff flint, and graithit thairat right,
Suddainly thair freſh Mennisoun they dight.
Vittaill they had baith breid and wyne ſa cleir,
With vther ſtuffe aneuch at their Menneir.
This ſtaffe of ſteill he gaue Keirlie to keip,
Syne paſt they ouer the water of Teth ſa deip,
Into Stratherne they enterit ſuddenly.
In couert paſt or Southeron ſhuld them ſpy.
Quhom that they fand of Scotlands aduerſours,
Without reſpect was cum thair fatall hours.
Quhom euer they met was at the Ingliſh fay.
They ſlew all doun withoutten mair delay.
They ſpairit nane that was of Ingliſh blude,
To deith he zeid thocht he was neuer ſa gude.
This was the grace that Wallace to them gaue,
They ſaued nane, knicht, ſquyer, nor zit knaue:
Bot waiſtit all be worthines of weir,
Of that pairtie that micht beir bow or ſpeir.
Sum pairt be ſlicht, ſum pairt be force they ſlew,
Bot Wallace thocht they waiſtit neuer anew.
Siluer they tuke and als gold as they fand,
Vther gude geir full lightlie red fra hand:
Cuttit throatis ſyne in peit pottis them keſt,
Put out of ſight, for that they thoch was beſt.
At the blackfurde as they ſhuld then pas ouer,
Ane Squyar came, and with him beirnis foure.
To Downe ſuld ryde, & weint that they had bene,

All Inglishmen that he befoir had sene.
Mithings to speir he houit them amang,
Wallace chairwith a gude sword out he swang,
Upon his heid he strak with sa great yre,
Throw bane and brane in sunder strak the lyre.
The vther foure in hands sone wer hint,
Derflie to death stickit or they wald stint.
The horse they tuke, and quhat they likit best,
Spulzeit them bair, syne in the bog them kest.
Of this mater na mair tarie they maid,
Bot furth thair way passit without abaid.
Thir weir lyke Scottis all with ane assent,
Sa north ouer Erne out throw the land they went
In Methwen wood their lodging tuke that nicht,
Upon the morne quhen that the day was licht,
Wallace rais vp went to the forrest syde.
Quhair that he saw full wyld beists abyde:
Of wyld and tame walkand aboundantlie,
Then Wallace said, this countrie lykis me,
Weirmen may do with fude that they suld haue,
Bot want they meit they rek not of the laue.
Of daintie fair Wallace tuke neuer keip,
Bot as it come welcome was meit and sleip.
Sumtime he had great sufficience within,
Now want, now haue, now lose now win.
Now licht, now sad, now blyth, and now in baill,
In haist, now hurt, now sorrow, and now haill.
Now weiloand weil, now cald wether, now heit,
Now moist, now drouth, and wauerand wind, now weit.
Sa fairs with him for Scotlands richt full euin,
In fell debait seuin zeirs and moneths seuin.
Quhen he wan peace, and left Scotland in plaine,
The Inglishmen made new conquest againe.
In frustrat termes I wil not tary lang,
Wallace again vnto his men can gang.
And said heir is ane land of great aboundance,
Thankit be God of his hie purveyance.

Seuin of zow feiris, graith ſone and ga with me,
Richt ſair I lang Sanct-Iohnſtoun for to ſe.

How Wallace paſt to Sanct-Iohnſtoun and ſlew the Capitane, and how he wan Kincleuin. Chap. II.

STeuin of Ireland, as God of heauen the ſaid,
Paiſter and leidar I make the of the laid,
Keip weill my men, let nane out of thy ſight,
Quhill I gang hidder ſall cum with all my might,
Byde me ſeuen dayes into this forreſt ſtrang,
Ze may get fude ſuppois I dwell ſa lang:
Sum pairt ye haue and God will ſend you mair,
Thus turned he and to the towne can faire,
The Mair keipit the port of the village,
Wallace knew weill and ſend him his meſſage.
The Mair was brocht ſaw him an gudelie man,
Richt reuerentlie he hes reſſauit them than,
At him he ſpeirit all Scottis if that ye be,
Wallace ſaid zea, and it is peace trow we.
I grant he ſaid that likes vs wonder weill,
Trew men of peace man ay ſum friendſchip feill.
Quhat is your name I pray you tell me it,
William Malcome ſoone he ſaid, ſen ze wald wit.
In Etrick Forreſt hes my winning bene,
Thair was I borne amang the ſhawes ſchene.
Now I deſyre this Northland for to ſe,
Quhair I might finde better dwelling for me.
The Mair ſaid Sir I ſpeir it for nane ill:
Bot fell tithings oft tymis is brocht vs till
Of ane Wallace that borne was in the Weſt,
Our Kings men he halds at great vnreſt,
Martyre them doun great pittie is to ſe,
Out of the trewes forſuith I trow he be.
Wallace ſaid then we heir ſpeik of that man,
Tithings to you of him tell I nocht can.
For him he gart then an Innes graithit be,
Quhair nane ſuld cum bot his awin men and he,

The

The Stewart Keirlie brocht them in fusion,
Gude thing aneugh the best was in the toun,
Als Englishmen to drinking would him call,
And commonly he delt not there withall.
In their presence he spendit reasonablie,
Zit for himselfe he payit aboundantlie.
On Scots men he spendit mekill gude,
Nane with his will upon the Sutheron blude,
Sone he consauit in his wit priuatlie,
Into that toun wha was of maist pairtie.
Sir Iames Butteller ane aiged cruell Knicht,
Keipit Kincleuin, ane Caskell wonder wight.
His sonne Sir Iohn that dwelt into the toun,
Under-Captaine to Sir Gerard Heroun,
The Wemen als he delyit at the last,
And sa on ane his ene began to cast.
In the Southgait a felloun ferlie fair,
Wallace to her maid priuatlie repair.
Sa fell it thus, fra the toun or he past,
At ane accord they happinit at the last,
Wallace with hir in secreit maid him glaid
Sutheroun wist not that he sic pleasance had.
Oft on the nicht he wald say to him sell,
This is far war nor any paine of hell,
That thus with wrong thir Deuils bruiks our land,
And I with force may not againſt them stand.
To take this toun my power is too small,
Great perrill als of my life may befall.
Set it on Fyre it will vndoe my sell.
Or lose my men there is no mair to tell,
The zettis are closit, the Dykis ar deip withall,
Thocht I wold swome, forsuith they can nocht all,
This mater heir thairfor, I will let slyde,
For at this time I may no longer byde,
Als men him tauld the Captaine was to pas,
Hame to Kincleuin, quhairof richt glaid he was.
His leif he tuike at Heires of the toun,

To

To Methwen wod right gladelie made them boun.
His horne he hint and blythlie bounit to blaw,
His men him heard, and thair sone can they draw,
Richt blyth he was for they were haill and feir,
Mony at him for t ithings wald not speir
He them commandit for to mak readie fast,
In gude array out of the wod they past,
Toward Kincleuin they bounit them that tyde,
Syne in the baill that neir was them beside,
Fall vpon Tay his buschment can he draw,
In ane Derne wod he stellit them on raw:
Set Scurriours out the countrie to espy,
Bot sone or none thair come forerydars by,
The watch turned to sé what was his will.
He them commanded in couert hald them still.
And we shaill furth the house will knawledge haue,
And that may sone be warning to the laue.
All force in weir dois nocht but greuance,
Wallace was few but happie was his chance,
Wald him feill syse his aduersars to win.
We that the court of Englishmen come in,
Fourescore and ten weill graithed in their geir,
Harneist on hors as likelie men of weir.
Wallace saw weill that number was na ma,
He thanked God and syne the field can ta,
The Inglish marueiled greatlie quhat they suld be,
Bot fra they saw they made them for melle,
In rest they kest schairp speires in that tyde,
In ouir they thocht out ouir the Scottis to ryde,
Wallace and his went cruellie them againe
At the first rusche feill Sutheroun were slane.
Wallace strake nane with his gud speir of steill.
Throw out the coist that schaft fruschit ilk deill,
Ane burneist brand in haist then hint he out,
Thryse vpon swte he thrang throw all the rout,
Stern horse they stickit suld men of armes beir,
Fey vnder fute was fulzeit men of weir,

Butteller

Butteller lichtit him ſelfe for to defend,
With men of armes quhilk wer full worthie kend.
On ather ſyde feill freiks were fechtand faſt,
The Captaine baid thocht he was ſore agaſt.
Pairt of the Scottis throw worthineſſe they flew,
Wallace was wa, and toward him he drew.
His men then dred the Butteller bauld and kene,
On him he focht, with wyle and proper tene.
Upon the head he ſtroke in matalent,
The burneiſt blaid throughout his baſnet went,
Baith baine and braine he brittit throw his weid,
Thus Wallace hand delyuerit them that dreid.
Yit feill on fold was fechtand fellonlie.
Steuin of Ireland, and all the chiualrie,
Into that ſtoure did worthelie and weill.
And Keirlie als with his gude ſtaffe of ſteill.
The Inglithmen fra their chiftane was ſlane,
They left the feild and fled in all thair mane,
Thrée ſcoir wer ſlaine, or they wald leif that ſteid,
The fleand folk they wiſt of na remeid,
Bot take the houſe they fled in all their micht,
The Scottis followed that worthie were and wicht,
Few men of fence was left that place to keip:
Wemen and prieſts vpon the wall can weip,
For weill they weinit the Flears was thair Lord,
To take them in they made them readie for it,
Leit doun the Brig keſt vp the zettes wyde.
The frayit folk entrit that durſt not byde,
Gude Wallace ener he followed them ſo faſt,
Quhill in the houſe he entret at the laſt.
The Zet he wore while commin was the rout,
Of Inglith and Scottis he held na man thairout.
The Inglithmen that winnit in that ſteid,
Withoutin grace they brittinit them to deid.
The Captains wife wemen and Prieſts twa,
And young childer forſuith they ſauit na ma.
Beld them in cloiſe after this ſuddan cace,

Or Southerou men suld siege them in that place
Quik vp the Brig, and zettis closed fast,
The deid bodies out of sight they gart cast.
Within the house and outwith that were deid,
Fyue of his awin to burie he gart leid.
In that Castell seuin dayes still baid he,
And euerie night they spulzeit buselie.
To Shortwood shawis led wine & vittall bright,
And houshold geir, baith gold and siluer bright.
Wemen and they quhome to he grantit grace,
Quhen he thocht time, they put out of the place.
Quhen they had tane quhat lykit them to haue,
Strak down the zet, and set on fire the laue.
Out of windois the stancheours all they drew,
Full great ynwark into the water threw.
Buirdin dozres and lokkis in their fyre,
All wark of tre they brunt into the fyre.
Spilt that they might, brak brig and bulwarke downe,
To Shortwood shawis in haist they made them bowne,
Chused ane strenth, quhair they their lodging maid,
In gude effeir ane quhyle still thair he baid.
Zit in the towne of this na wit had they,
The countrie folke quhen it was light of day,
Great reik saw ryse and to Kincleuin they socht,
Bot wals and stane, mair good thair fand they nocht.
The Captaines Wyfe to Sainct-Iohnstoun she zeid,
And to sir Gerard tald this felloun deid.
Als to her sonne quhat hapned was be race,
Then deimit they all that it was wight Wallace.
Befoir tyme thair he spyit had the towne,
Then chargit they all they should be ready bown,
Harneist on horse into thair armour cleir,
To seik Wallace they went all furth in feir.
Ane thousand men weill garneist for the weir,
Toward the Wood right awfull in effeir.

Shortwood shawis. Chap. III.

To

TO Schortwood schaw and set it all about,
With fiue staillis that stalwart were and stout:
The sart they maide ane selloun rainge to leid,
Quhair Wallace was full worthie ay indeid.
The strength he tuke and bade them hald it still,
On euerie syde assailzie quha sa will.
Schir Iohn Butteller into that Forrest went.
With twa hundreth sair musit in his intent:
His fathers death to venge him gif he mocht,
To Wallace soone with men of Armes he socht.
Ane Cleuch thair was whereof a strength they made,
With thortour treis and baldly there abade,
Fra the ane syde they micht ische to the plaine,
Syne throw the wood to the strength pas againe,
Twentie he had that noble archers were,
Agains seuin scoir of Inglish bowmen sair,
Three scoir of speirs neir hand them baid full richt,
Gif Scottis ithed to help them at thair micht.
On Wallace set ane bicker bauld and kene,
Ane bow he bair was big and weill besene,
And arrowes als baith lang and schairp with aw,
Na man thair was that Wallace bow micht drawe.
Richt stark he was and in full souer geir,
Baldlie he shot amang thay men of weir.
Ane angill heid vnto the huiks he drew,
Syne at ane schot the formest sone he slew,
Inglish Archers that hardie were and wight,
Agains the Scottis bickerit with all their might,
Thair awfull schot was felloun for to byde,
Of Wallace men they woundit sell that tide,
Few of them was sicker of archerie,
Better they were and they gote euen partie,
In field to byde outher with sword or speir,
Wallace persaued his men tok mekill deir,
He gart them change and stand not in that steid,
He keit alwayes to saif them from the deid,
Full great trauell vpon himselfe tuke he.

Of Sutheroun Archears feill men gart he die,
Of Longcastell Schyir bowmen wer in that place,
Ane sair Archear ay wayted on Wallace,
At ane opin quhair he vsit to repair,
At him he drew ane sicker shot and sair,
Under the chin throw ane collour of steill,
On the left side and hurt his halse sum deill.
Astoneist he was but not greitlie agast,
Wallace him saw and followed him full fast,
And in the turning with gude will hes him tane,
Upon the craig in sunder brake the bane,
Than feill of them na friendship with him fand,
Fyftene that day he schot deid with his hand.
Be that his arrowes waistit were and gane,
The Inglish Archears forsuith they wanted nane,
Outwith they were thair power to renew,
On euer ilk syde they could to them persew,
Williame Lorane come with his bousteous staill,
Out of Gowrie on Wallace to assaill,
Nevoy he was as it is knowne plaine,
To the Butteller before that they had slane,
To venge his Eme he come with all his micht,
Thrée hundreth led of men in armes bright.
To leid the range on fute he maid him ford,
Wallace to God his conscience couth remord:
Syne comfort them with manly countenance.
Ze se he said gude Schirs thair ordinance.
Heir is na choise but either do or die,
We haue the right the happier may it be.
That we shall chaip be grace out of this land,
The Lorane by that was readie at his hand.
By this it was after noone of the day,
Feill men of wit to counsell soone zeid they.
The Sutheron kest sharplie on euerie side,
And saw the wood was neither lang nor wide,
Lightlie they said he should it hold so lang,
Fiue hundreth made on fute through it to gang.

Sad

Sad men at armes that eager wer of will,
About the Scottis with mony shout full shill.
With bow and speir, and swords stif of steill.
On ather syde na freindship couth they feill.
Wallace in yre an buirlie brand can draw,
Quhair feill Southeron wer semblit on ane raw,
To send his men with his deir worthie hand,
The folk wer fey that he befoir him fand.
Throw the thikkest of the great preis he past,
Upon his enemies helwand wonder fast.
Agains his dint na weidis micht auaill,
Quhom sa he hit was deid withoutten faill:
Of the feirsest full braithlie dang he doun,
Befoir the Scottis that wer of great renoun,
To hald the strenth they preisit with all their micht,
Than Inglishmen that worthie wer and wicht,
Sir John Butteller releuit in againe,
Sinderit the Scots and did them mekill paine.
The Lorane als that cruell was and kene,
Ane fair assay forsuith their micht be sene.
Then at the strenth they might na langer byde,
The range sa strang come vpon ather syde.
In the thickest wood they maid their fell defence,
Agains their fais sa full of violence.
Richt feill Southeron leiuit their life in wed,
To ane new strenth Wallace and his men fled.
On his aduersars they made full fell debait,
To help them self nane ither succour they wait.
The Southeron als wer sunderit than in twin,
Bot they againe togidder sone can win,
Full subtillie thair ordinance they maid,
The range againe they bownit but mair abaid.
The Scottis was hurt and pairt of them was slaine,
Then Wallace said, we labour all in baine.
To slay Commons it helps vs richt nocht,
Bot their Chiftaines that hes them hidder brocht,
Richt we wirk swa that ane of them were slaine,

Sa fair affay they cuid not get againe.
Be this the Oist approachand was full neir,
Thus they them held full manlie vpon steir.
Quhen Wallace saw the Sutheron was at hand,
Him thocht na time langer for to stand.
Richt manfullie he graithit hes his geir,
Sadlie he went againſt thae men of weir:
Throughout the stour full fast fechtand he socht,
With Gods grace to benge him gif he mocht.
Vpon the Buttellar awfullie strak he,
Saifgaird he gat vnder a bowand tré.
The branche in twa he strak abone his heid,
Als to the ground he fellit him in that steid.
The haill power vpon him come sa fast,
That they be force reskewed him at the last.
Lorane was wae, and thidder fast can draw,
Wallace returnit sa suddenlie him saw:
Out at ane syde full fast to him he zeid,
He gat na girth for all his bur neist weid:
With yre him strak on his gorget of steill,
The trenchand blade it pearsed euery deill.
Through plate and stuffe micht not againſt it stand,
Derflie to death he left him on the land.
Him haue they lost, thoch Southeron had it sworne,
For his craig-bane was all in sunder thorne.
The worthie Scottis did nobillie that day,
About Wallace quhill he was won away.
He tuke the strength againſt thair fais will,
Aboundantlie in dargans baid them still.
The sexty sone rais the baid Lorane was deid,
Shir Gerard Heroun tranoynted to that steid,
And all the Oist assembled him about,
At the North syde then Wallace thrist out,
With his gude men, and bownit them to ga,
Thankand great God that they wer parted sa.
Seuin of his men that day to death was dicht,
To Cargill wood they went that samin nicht.

In

In the field left of the Sutheroun ser scoir,
And Lorane als that murning was the moir,
The range in haist they raised soone agane,
Bot quhen they saw their trauell was in vane,
When it was past full mekill mane they maid,
To rype the wood baith baill sonke and slaid.
For Buttellers gold Wallace toke eair befoir,
Bot they fand nocht wald they seik euer moir,
His horse they gate bot nocht els of his geir,
With dulefull mane returnit thir men of weir,
To Sanct-Iohnstoun with sorrow and greit care,
Of Wallace furth me lykis to speike na maire.
The second nicht the Scottis couth them draw.
Richt priuatlie againe to Schortwood schaw:
Tuik vp their gude quhilk was put out of sight,
Cleithing and stuffe baith gold and siluer bright,
Vpon thair feit for horse was tane them fra,
Or the Sunne rais to Methwen wood can ga,
The twa dayes ouer thair ludging still they maid,
On the third nicht they mouit but mair abaid.

How Wallace was sauld to the Englischmen, be his Lemman. Chap, IIII.

TO Elchok Park full suddainlie they went,
Thair in that strength to byde was his intent.
Then Wallace said he wald ga to the toune,
Arrayit him weill into ane Prests goune,
In Sanct-Iohnstoun disguysed can he fair,
To this woman the quhilk we spake of air.
Of his presence scho richt reioysed was,
And ay in dreid how he away suld pas,
He soiourned thair fra none was of the day,
Quhill neir the nicht or that he went his way,
He trystit hir quhen he suld cum agane,
On the third day then was she wonder faine,
Zit he was sene with enemies as he zeid,
To Schir Gerard they tauld of all his deid:

And to Buttellar that wald haue wrokin bene,
Then they gart take that woman fair and schene,
Accused her sair of reset into that place,
Full oft scho swore that scho knew not Wallace,
Then Buttellar said we wait weill it was he,
And but thou tell in baill fyre thou shall de.
Gif thou will help to bring yon Rebald doun,
We shall the make ane Ladie of renoun.
They gaif to hir baith gold and siluer bricht,
And said scho suld be wedded with ane knight,
Quhom scho desyrit that was but mariage.
Thus temptit they hir throw counsell and greit wage,
That scho them tauld what night he wald be thair,
Then they were glaid, for they desyrit na mair,
Of all Scotland bot Wallace at thair will,
Thus ordaynd they that pointment to fulfill,
Feill men of Armes they graithed haistelie,
To keip the Zettis wicht Wallace to espy.
At the set tryst, he entred in the toun,
Wittand nathing of all this false treasloun.
To hir Chalmer he went but mair abaid,
Scho welcummit him and full greit pleasance made.
Quhat that they wrocht I can nocht graithly say,
Richt vnperfite I am of Venus play,
Bot haistelie he graithed him to gang,
Than scho him tuik and speirit gif he thocht lang,
Scho askit him that night with hir to byde,
Swne he said nay for chance that may betyde.
My men are left at mistrewle all for mé,
I may not sleip this night quhile I them sé,
Then weipit scho and said full oft allace,
That I was maid wa worth the cursit cace,
Now haue I loist the best man liuand is,
O febill mynde to do sa foull ane mis,
O warpit wit wicked and variance,
That me hes brocht in this mischeuous chance,
Alace scho said in warld that I was wrocht,

Gif

Gif all this pane on my ſelfe might be brocht,
Ihaue ſeruit to be burnt in ane gleid.
Quhen Wallace ſaw ſcho neir fra wit couth weid,
In his armes he caucht hir ſoberlie,
Quha hes done ocht he ſaid, deir hart haue I,
Na I, quod ſcho, hes falſlelie wrocht this trane,
I haue zou ſauld richt now ze ſhall be ſlane,
Scho tauld to him hir treſſoun to ane end.
As I haue ſaid what neids mair legend?
At hir he ſpeirit gif ſcho forthocht it ſair,
Zea Schir ſcho ſaid, and ſall do euer mair,
My waryit weird in warld I man fulfill,
To mend this mis I wald birne on ane hill,
He comfort her and bade her haue na dreid,
I will he ſaid haue ſumpairt of thy weid,
Her gowne on him he tuik and Courches als.
Will God I ſall eſchaip this treſſoun fals.
I thé forgiue withouttin words maire,
He kiſſit hir ſyne tuke his leif to fair,
His buirly brand helpit him oft in neid,
Richt priuatlie hid it vnder that weid,
To the South zet the gaineſt way he drew,
Quhair that he fand of armed men anew,
To them he tauld diſſimulat in countenance,
To the Chalmer quhair he was in perchance.
Speid faſt he ſaid Wallace is lokkit in,
For him they ſocht without noyes or din.
To that ſame houſe about they can him call,
Out at the zet then Wallace gat full faſt,
Richt glad in hart quhen that he was without,
Richt faſt he zeid ane ſture pace and ane ſtout,
Twa men beheld and ſaid we will ga ſee,
Ane ſtalwart quéne forſuith yon ſeemes to be.
They followit him throw the South inche they twa,
Quhen Wallace ſaw with them there came na ma,
Agane he turnit and hes the formeſt ſlane,
The vther fled, than Wallace with great mane,

Vpon the heid with his ſword hes him tane,
Left them baith deid ſyne to the ſtrength is gane.
His men he gat right glaid when they him ſaw,
To thair defence in haiſt he gart them drawe,
Deuoydit him ſone out of the Womans weid.
Thus chaipit he out of this felloun dreid.

THE FIFTH BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace eſcaped out of S. Iohnſtoun and paſt to Elchok Park: And how he ſlew Fawdoun. Chap. I.

THe dark Regioun appearit wonder faſt,
In November, quhen October was paſt,
The dayes fall throw richt courſe worthit ſhort,
To baneiſt men that is na greit comfort.
With thair power ſeir place worthes gang,
Heauie they think quhen that the nicht is lang
Thus Wallace ſaw the nichtis Meſſingeir,
Phœbus had loiſt his fyrie brandis cleir,
Out of the wod they durſt not turne that tyde,
For aduerſars that in thair way wald byde.
Wallace then tauld anew were on his hand,
The Engliſhmen were off the toun cummand.
The dwre they brake quhair they trowit Wallace was,
When they him miſſit they bownit hyne to paſſe.
In this great noyes the woman gat away,
Bot to quhat ſteid I can not graithlie ſay,
The Sutheroun ſocht richt ſadlie for that ſteid,
Throw the ſouth inche and fand there twa men deid,
They knew be that Wallace was in the ſtrenth,
About the Parke they ſet on breid and lenth,
With ſax hundreth weill grathed in their armes,
All likelie men to wreke them of their harmes.
Ane hundreth men chairged in armes ſtrang,
To keip ane hound that they had them amang,

In

In Gilderland thair was that bratchet bred,
Sicker of sent to follow them that fled.
Scho was sa dist in Esk and Liddisdaill,
Quhill scho had blude na fleing micht auaill.
Then said they all Wallace micht not away,
He suld be thairs for ocht that he do may.
The Dill they left in diuers parts that tyde,
Schir Gerard Heroun in the staill can byde,
Schir Iohn Butteller the rainge he tuik him till,
With thre hundreth quhilk wer of hardie will.
Into the wood vpon Wallace they zeid,
The worthie Scots that were in mekill dreid,
Socht to ane place for to haue ithed out,
And saw the staill enuyroned them about,
Agane they went with hiddeous straiks and strang.
Great noyis and din was raised them amang.
Thair cruell deith richt marueilous to ken,
Quhair fourtie matched agains thre hundreth men.
Wallace sa weill vpon him tuik that tyde,
Throw the great preis ane way he made ful wyde,
Helpand the Scottis with his deir worthie hand,
Feill fae men he left fey vpon the land.
Zit Wallace loist fyftene in that steid,
And fourtie men of Sutheroun that were deid,
The Buttelleris folke sa krushit were in deid,
The hardie Scottis to the strengths throw they zeid
Upon Tay side thay haistit them full fast,
In will they were the water to haue past,
Better him thocht in perrill for to be,
Upon the land then wilfullie to se,
His men to drowne quhair reskew micht be nane.
Agane in vre to the field are they gane,
Butteller be then had put his men in array,,
On them he set with hardie awfull assay,
On ather side with weapons stiffe of steill:
Wallace agane na friendship leit them feill,
Bot do or die they wist na mair succour.

Thus fend they lang into that ſtalwart ſtour.
The Scottis Chiftane was young and in ane rage,
Wſit in weir and fechtes with courage.
He ſaw his men of Sutheroun take ſic wrang,
Thame to reuenge all dreidles he did gang.
For monie of thame war bleidand wonder ſair,
He couth not ſe no help appearand thair,
Bot gif thair chiftane were put out of thair gait,
The byrne Butteller ſa baldlie made debate,
Throw the greit preis richt faſt to him he ſocht,
His awfull deid auenge it gif he mocht.
Vnder ane aik with men about him ſet,
Wallace micht not ane graith ſtrake on him get,
Zit fled he them ane full rude ſtep he maid,
The Scottis went out na langer there they baid,
Steuin of Ireland that hardie was and wight,
To help Wallace he did full preis and might:
With true Keirlie doughtie in monie deid,
Vpon the ground feill Sutheroun they gart bleid,
Sartie was ſlaine of Engliſhmen in that place,
And nyne of Scottis war tint into that cace.
Buttellaris men were ſa deſtroyit that tyde,
Into the ſtour thay wald na langer byde,
To get ſupplie he went into the ſtaill,
Thus loiſt he thair ane hundreth of great auaill.
As they were beſt arayand Buttellaris rout.
Betwirt parties than Wallace iſched out,
Sartene with him they graithed them to ga,
Of all his men he had leuit na ma,
The Engliſhmen hes miſſit him in hy,
The hound they tuike and followit him haſtily,
At the Gaskwood faſt faine they would haue bene,
Bot this ſleuth-hound that cruell was and kene,
On Wallace, fute he followit him wonder faſt.
Quhill in thair ſight they approachit at the laſt.
Thair horſe was wicht and ſoiourned weill lang,
To the nixt wood twa myle they had to gang.
Of vpwart eird they zeid with all their micht,

God houp thay had for it was neir the nicht,
Fawdoun he tyrit and said he might not gang,
Wallace was wa to leif him in that thrang,
He bad him ga and said the strenth was neir,
Bot he thairfoir wald not the faster steir,
Wallace in Ire on the craig can him ta,
With his gude sword and strake the heid him fra,
Dreidles to ground he dusbit to the deid,
Fra him he lap and left him in that steid.
Sum demis it to euill and some to gude,
Bot I say here into thir termes rude,
Better it was he did as thinkes me,
First to the hound it may great stopping be.
Als Fawdoun was haldin at greit suspition,
For he was haldin of bruckill complerioun,
Richt stark he was and had bot littill gane,
Thus Wallace will had he bene left allane,
And he were false to enemies wald he ga,
Gif he were true the Sutheroun wald him sla,
Micht he do ocht bot tine him as it was,
Fra this questioun now shortly will I passe,
Deme as ze list ze that can best and may,
Bot I rehearse as my authour dois say,
Sternis as than began for to appeare.
The Englishmen were command wonder neir,
Fyue hundreth haill were in their Cheualry,
To the nirt strenth then Wallace can him hy.
Steuin of Ireland vnwittand of Wallace,
And guide Keirly baid still neir hand that place,
At the Mure syde into ane scroggie staid,
Be eist Dwplin quhair thay this tary maid,
Fawdoun was left besyde them on the land,
The power come and suddanely him fand.
For thair sluith-hound the graith way to him zeid,
Of other tred as than shoe tuik na heid,
The sluith stopped at Fawdoun still the stude,
Na farther wald fra tyme shoe fand the bluds.

The Inglishmen demit, for other they could not tell,
Bot that the Scottis had lochin amang them sell.
Richt wa they were forlosit was their sent.
Wallaces twa men among the Dist in went,
Dissemblit well that na man should them ken,
Richt in effeir as they were Inglishmen,
Keirlie beheld vnto the bauld Heroun,
Vpon Fawdoun as he was wikand doun,
Ane subtill straike vpwart him tuike that tide,
Vnder the cloke the grunden sword can glyde,
Vp the guid mailzie baith craig and halse bane,
In sunder strake thus endit that Chistane,
To ground he fell, feill folke about him throng,
Tressoun thay cryit ane tratour vs among,
Kerelie with that slaid out at the hoft side,
His fellow Stevin thocht it na time to byde,
The fray was great, and fast away they zeid,
Baith towart Erne thus chaiped they that dzeid.
Butteller was wa of weiping might not stint,
Thus reckliste this guid knight haue they tint.
Thay demit all that it was Wallace men,
Or eis himselfe thocht thay sald not him ken,
Ye is richt neir, we sall him haif but faill,
The febill wood may little him anaill.
Fourtie thair past againe to Sanct-Iohnstoun,
With deid corps to burying maid them boun,
Pairtit thair men and diuers wayes zeid
Ane greit power at Duplyn still there bade.
To Danrich the Butteller past but let,
At sundry parts the gate was vnbeset,
To keip the wood quhile it was day they thocht,
As Wallace thus in the thick Forrest he socht.
For his twa men in minde he hade greate paine,
Ye will not weill if they were tane or slaine.
Or chaiped haill be ony leopardie,
Threttene were left with him na ma had he,
In Gaskhall there thair lodging haue they tane,

Fyue

Fyre they gat sone bot meit than they had nane,
Twa scheip they tuke besyde them in ane sald,
Ordanit their supper into that sæmelie hald,
Graithit in haist, sum meit to them was dicht,
Sa hard they blow rude hornes vpon hight:
Twa sent he furth to sie quhat it might be,
Thay baid richt lang, bot na tithings gat he,
Bot bousteous noyes, sa brimelie blatwand fast.
Sa vther twa into the wod furth past.
Nane come againe, bot bousteouslie can blaw,
Into great ire he sent thame furth on raw,
Quhen that alla ne Wallace was lenit thair,
The awfull blast aboundit mekill mair.
Than trowit he weill thay had his lodging sene,
His sword he drew of nobill mettall kene,
Syne furth he went quhair that he heard the horne,
Without the dur Fawdoun was him before,
As to his sicht, his heid into his hand,
Ane crose he made quhen that he saw him stand,
At Wallace in the heid he swakkit thair,
And he in haist sone hint it be the hair,
Syne out agane at him he couth it cast,
Into his hairt he was greatlie agast,
Richt weill he trowit it was na spreit of man,
It was ane deuill that sic malice began.
He will na availe, thair langer to abyde,
Vp through the hall this wicht Wallace can glyde,
To ane close staire, the buirds raif in twaine,
Fyftene fute long he lap furth of that In,
Vp the water then suddenly can he fair,
Agane he blenkit, what appearance was thair,
Him thocht he saw Fawdoun that vglie syre,
Vpon the house and all the laif in fyre,
Ane great knife trie he had into his hand,
Wallace as than na langer he wald stand.
Of his guid men full greit maruell had he,
Haw that they were tint throw his fantasie.

Trust

Truſtand richt weill all this was ſuith indeid,
Suppois that it be na point of the creid.
Power thay had with Lucifer that fell,
The time that he pairtit from heauin to hell,
Be ſik miſchiefe gif his men micht be loſt.
Drounit or ſlaine amangis the Inglis oſt,
Or quhat it was in likenes of Fawdoun,
Quhilk brocht his men to ſik confuſion.
Or gif the man endit in euill intent,
Sum wickit ſpreit agane for him were ſent,
I can nocht ſpeik of ſik diuinitie,
To Clarks I will let all ſic matters be,
Bot of Wallace on furth I will zou tell,
Quhen he was went out of this danger fell,
Zit glaid he was that he had chaipit ſa,
Bot for his men greit murning can he ma.
Flait be him ſelfe to the maker abuif,
Quhy he ſufferit his ſaull ſic materis pruif,
He wiſt not weill gif it was Gods will,
Richt or wrang his Fortune to fulfill,
Had it pleaſit God he trowit it micht not be,
He ſould him ſet in ſik perpleritie,
Bot greit curage in his minde euer draif,
Of Engliſhmen thinkand ane mends to haif.
As he was thus walkand be him allane,
Upon Erne ſyde makand ane piteous mane,
Sir Iohn Buttellar to watch the furds richt
Out fra his men of Wallace had ane ſicht.
The miſt was went and to the mountains gane,
To him he raid quhair that he made his mane,
On lowd he ſpeirit quhat art thou walks this gait,
Ane true man ſir thocht my voyage be lait,
Erands I pas fra Down vnto my Lord,
Sir Iohn Pſewart the richt wha will record,
In Down is now new cummit fra the King,
Than Buttellar ſaid this is an ſelcouth thing,
Thow leid he ſaid, thow hes bene with Wallace,

I ſall thé knaw or thou come from this place,
To him he ſtart the Curſer wonder wight.
Drew out ane ſword ſyne made him for to light,
Aboue the knée gude Wallace hes him tane,
Throw thie and braine in ſunder ſtrake the bane,
Perfly to ground the knight fell on the land,
Wallace the horſe ſone ſeaſed in his hand,
Ane ackwart ſtraik ſyne tuik him in that ſteid,
His craig in twa this was the Buttellaris deid,
Ane Engliſhman ſaw thair chiftane was ſlane,
Ane ſpeir in reſt he keſt with all his mane,
On Wallace draife fra the horſe him to beir,
Warlie he wroght as worthie man of weir,
The ſpeir he wan withouttin mair abaid,
On hors he lap, and throw ane grit rout raid,
To Dalrich than, he knew the furd full weill,
Befoir him come feill ſtuffit into ſteill.
Ye ſtrake the firſt but baid in the blaſoune,
Quhill horſe and man all fleit the water doune.
Ane other ſone doun fra the horſe he bair,
Strampit to ground, and drownit withoutin mair,
The third he hit on the harnes of ſteill
Throw out the coiſt the ſpeir it raifilk deill,
The greit power efter him then can ryde,
Ye ſaw na wiſdome thair langer to abyde,
His birneſt brand, braithly in hand he bair,
Quhom he hit right thay followit him na mair.
To ſtuffe the chace feill freiks followit faſt,
Bot Wallace maid the gayeſt ay agaſt,
The mure he tuike, and throw thair power raid,
The horſe was gude bot zit he had greit dreid,
For failzeing thame or he wan to ane ſtrength,
The chaiſe was grit ſtailit on breid and length,
Throw ſtrang dainger thay had him ay in ſight,
At the blackfurd thair Wallace doune can light,
The horſe ſtuffit the way was deip and lang,
Ane large lang quhyle wightlie on fute can gang,

Or he was horſit ryders about him keſt.
He ſaw full weill lang ſa he micht not leſt,
Sad men in deid vpon him can renew.
Without recouery tuentie that nicht he ſlew,
The fierſeſt ay rudely rebutit he,
Keipit his hors and richt wiſely can flé.
Quhill that he come the mirkeſt mure amang,
His hors gaikouir and wald na farder gang.
Wallace on fute tuik him with guid intent,
The hors he ſlew or that he farther went.
That Inglilmen of him ſould haue na guid,
And left on fote, for weill he vnderſtuid:
For Southeron men of him ſuld haue na ſicht,
In hich hadder he paſſ with all his micht.
Throgh thir darke mure then fra them hes he ſocht,
Bot ſuddainly thair come into his thocht,
Great power did walk at Striuiling Brig of tré,
Sicking he ſaid, na paſſage is for me,
For ſalt of fude and I haue faſtit lang,
On weir men now me thinks no time to gang.
At Cambuskinneth I ſall the water till,
Let God abuif do with me quhat he will.
Into this land na langer may I byde,
Marie he maid ſum part on Forthis ſyde.
Tuike of his weid and graithed him but mair,
His ſword he band that wonder ſharpelie ſhair,
Among his geir on his ſhoulders aloft.
Thus in he went to greit God prayand oft,
Of his gude grace his caus to take on hand,
Quer the water he ſwame to the ſouth land,
Arrayit him weill, the ſeſoun was richt cald,
For Piſces was into his dayes auld.
Quir thort he cuiſt to the Torwod he zeid,
Ane widow dwelt quhilk helpit him in neid.
Hidder he come or day began to daw,
To ane windowe and priuilie can caw,
Thay ſpeirit his name, bot tell them wald he nocht,

Quhill

Quhill she her selfe neir to his language socht.
Fra time she knew that it was wicht Wallace,
Reioyst sho was, and thankit God of grace,
Mournand he said, as men now haue I nane,
Sho speirit sone, gif he was his allane.
Sho askit sone quhair that his men should be,
Fair Dame he said ga get sum meit for me.
I haue fasted sen zesterday at morne,
I dreid full sair that my men be forlorne.
Great pairt of them I saw to the death brocht,
Sho gat him meit in all the haist sho mocht.
Ane Woman he callit and als with hir a Chyld,
And bade them pas againe thae wayes wyld,
To the Gask-hall tithings for to speir,
Gif pairt was left of his men into feir.
And sho suld find an hors sone in hir gait,
He bade them sée gif that place stude in stait.
Thairof to heir he had full great despyte,
Becaus he thocht it was all into fyre.
They passit out withonttin tarie mair.
Him for to rest Wallace remained thair.
Refreshit he was with meit and drink and heit,
Quhilk caused him throw naturall cours to sleip.
Quhair he suld sleip at the woman he speirit,
The Widow had thrée sonnes that were leirit.
First twa of them sho sent to keip Wallace,
He gart the third ga sone to Dunipace,
And tell his Eme that he was happnit thair,
The Parsoun come to sée of his weilfair.
Wallace to sleip was laid in the Wod-syde,
The twa zong men without him neir couth byde.
The Parsoun come neir-hand, the maner saw,
They beckenit him to quhat steid he suld draw.
The Rone was thick that Wallace sleipit in,
About he zeid and maid bot littill din.
Sa at the last of him he had ane sicht,
Full priuatlie quhair that his bed was dicht.

He

He him beheld syne said vnto him sell,
Weir is meruell quha lykis it for to tell.
This is ane persoun by worthines of hand,
Trowis to stop the power of Ingland.
Now fals Fortoun the miswirker of all,
Be euenture hes giuen him ane fall.
That he is left without supply of ma,
Ane eruell wife with wapouns micht him sla.
Wallace him heard, with that the sleip ouerpall:
Fiersle he raise, and said to him als fast,
Thou lies fals Preist, wer thou ane fae to me,
I wald not dreid sik vther ten as thé.
I haue had mair sen zesterday at morne,
Than sic sartie wer assemblit me beforne.
His Eme him tuik, & went furth with Wallace,
He tald to him all his maist painfull cace.
This nicht he said, I was left mine alane,
In fell debait with enemies mony ane.
God at his will hes ay my lyfe to keip,
Ouer Forth I swamme, that awfull is and deip.
Quhat I haue had in weir befoir this day,
Preloun and paine to this nicht is but play.
Sa bet I am with straikis sad and sair,
The shill water then brunt me mekill mair.
Efter great blude throgh heit & cald was wrocht,
That of my life almaist nathing I rocht.
I mein far mair the tinsell of my men,
Nor for my selfe micht I suffer sik ten.
The Person said, deir sonne thou may see weill,
Langer to strine it helpis nocht a deill.
Thy men ar lost and nane will with thé rise,
For Goddis sake make as I sall deuise.
Tak an lordship quhairon that thou may liue,
King Edward will great landis to thé giue.
Uncle he said, of sik wordis na mair,
This is nathing bot eiking of my cair,
I lyke better to sé the Southeroun die,

Then

Then gold or land that they can giue to mee,
Traist thou richt well of weir I shall not ceis,
Untill the tyme I bring Scotland to peace,
Or die thairfoir the plaine to vnderstand,
Sa come Keirlie, and gude Stevin of Ireland.
The Widowes sone to Wallace he them brocht,
Fra they him saw of na sadnes they rocht.
For perfite ioy they weipit with their eine,
To ground they fell and thankit heuins King,
Als he was glade for reskew of them twa,
Of their feires liuand were left na ma,
They tauld him that Schir Gerard was deid,
How they had weill eschaipit off that steid.
Throw the Ochell they had gane all that night,
To Airth Ferrie quhen that the day was licht,
How ane trew Scot throw kindnes of Wallace,
Brocht them sone ouer syne kend them to that place,
Als Keirlie wist gif Wallace leuand war.
Neir Dunnipace that he suld finde him thair.
The Persoun gart gude purueyance for them dicht,
Into the Torwood they ludged all that nicht,
Quhill the Woman that Wallace North had send,
Returnit agane and tauld him to ane end,
Quhat Inglishmen in the way she fand deid,
Feill was fallen fey in mony sundrie steid,
The horse scho saw that Wallace had bereft,,
And the Gask-hall standand as it was left,
Withouttin harme, nor steirit of it ane stane,
Bot of his men gude tithings gat scho nane,
Thairfoir he greuit greitlie in that tyde,
In the Forrest he wald na langer abyde,
The widow him gaue pairt of siluer bricht,
Twa of hir Sonnes that worthie were and wicht.
The third scho left becaus he laikit age,
In weir as than micht not win vassalage,
The Persoun then gat them gude Hors and geir,
Bot wa he was his minde was sa in weir.

Thair

Thus tuik he leif without langer abaid,
To Dundaf mure the samin nicht he raid.
Sir Iohn the Graham quhilk lord was of that land,
Ane aged Knicht had made nane vther band:
Bot purchest peace in rest he might byde still,
Tribute he payit full sair agains his will.
Ane sonne he had baith wise, worthie, and wicht,
Alexander the feirce at Berwik maid him Knicht:
Quhair shawin was of battell to haue bene,
Betuix the Scottis, and the bald Persie kene.
This young sir Iohn richt nobill was in weir,
On ane braid sword his Father gart him sweir.
Ye suld be trew to Wallace in all thing,
And he to him quhill life in them micht ring.
Thrie nichts thair Wallace was out of dreid,
Restit him weill sa hes he meikill neid.
On the ferd day he wald na langer byde,
Sir Iohn the Grahame bownit with him to ryde
And he said nay, as then it suld not be,
Ane plaine pairt yet I will not tak on me.
I haue tint men throw my ouir rekles deid,
Ane brint Chyld als mair sair the fyre suld dreid.
Friends sumpairt I haue in Cliddisdaill,
I will ga se quhat they may me auaill.
Sir Iohn answerit, I will your counsell do,
Quhen ze think time send priuatlie me to.
Then sall I cum with my power in haist,
Ye him betaucht vnto the halie Gaist.
Sanct Iohn to borgh thay suld meit haill & sound
Out of Dundaf he and his four couth found.
In Bothwell mure that nicht remainit he,
With ane Crawfurde that ludgeit him priuilie,
Upon the morne to the Gilbank he went,
Reskauit he was of monie with glaid intent.
For his deir Eme young Auchinlek dwelt thair,
Brother he was to the Shirreff of Air.
Quhen ald sir Rannald to his deid was dicht,

Then

Then Auchinleck weddit that ladie bricht,
And Children gat, as ſtories beiris record,
Of Leſmahago for he held of that Lord,
Bot he was ſlaine that pittie was the mair,
With Perſeis men into the toun of Air,
His Sone dwelt ſtill than nyntene zeir of age,
And bruik it haill his Fathers heritage,
Tribute he payit for all his lands braid,
To Lord Perſee as his brother had made,
I leif Wallace with his deir uncle ſtill,
Of Inglithmen zit ſum thing ſpeik I will,
Ane Meſſinger ſone throw the cuntrie zeid,
To Lord Perſie, and tauld this felloun deid,
Kincleuin was brynt brokin and caſtin doun,
The Captain deid of it and Sanct Iohnſtoun
The Lorane als in Schortwood ſchawes ſchene,
Into the land greit ſorrow hes bene ſene,
Throw wicht Wallace that all this deid hes done,
The toun he ſpyit and that forthocht vs ſone,
Butteliar is ſlaine with douchtie men and deir,
In aſper ſpeich the Perſee that can ſpeir,
Quhat word of him I pray the graithlie tell,
My Lord he ſaid richt this the cace befell,
We knaw for trueth he was left him alane,
And as he fled he ſlew full monie ane
The horſe we fand that him that gate couth beir,
Bot of himſelfe na vther word we heir,
At Striniling, brig we wait he paſſit nocht,
To deith in Forth he may for vs be brocht,
Lord Perſee ſaid now ſuithlie that wer ſin,
Sa gude of hand he is this warld within,
Had he tane peace, and bene our Kings man
This haill empire he micht haue conqueiſt than,
Greit harme it is our knights that are deid,
We man gar ſe for vthers in thair ſteid,
I trow not zit that Wallace loſſit be,
Our Clarks ſayis he ſhall gar monie die

The Meſſinger ſayis all that full ſuith hes bene,
Monie hundreth that cruell was and kene,
Sen he began ar ioiſit without remeid:
The Perſie ſaid forſuith he is not deid.
The cruikis of Forth he knawis wonder weill,
He is on lyue that ſall our Nationn feill,
Quhen he is ſtreſſit that can he ſwime at will,
Greit ſtrenth he hes baith wit and grace thairtill,
Ane meſſinger the Lord chairgit to wend,
And his command in writ he with him ſend,
Sir Iohn Pſewart greit Schirref than he maid.
Of Sanct-Iohnſtoun and all the lands braid.
Into Kincleuin there dwelt nane ſyne againe,
Thair was thair nocht bot brokin wallis in plaine,
Leif I them thus reuland the lands thair,
And ſpeike I will of Wallace gude weilfair,
He ſend Keirly vnto Rannald that nicht,
To Boyd and Blair that worthie were and wicht,
And Adam als his Couſing gude Wallace,
To thame declarit he all his painfull cace,
Of this eſchaip out of that cumpanie,
Richt wonder glaid wer thir gude Chiualrie,
Fra time they knew that Wallace liuand was,
Gude diligence they made to him to pas.
Maiſter Iohne Blair, was ane of that meſſage,
Ane worthie Clarke baith wiſe and als richt ſage,
Leirnit he was befoir in Pareis toun,
Amang Maiſters in ſcience of gude renonn,
Wallace and he at hame in ſchule had bene,
Sone efterwards as veritie was ſeene,
He was the man that principall vndertoke,
That firſt compylit in dyte the Latine Booke,
Of Wallace life richt famous of renoun,
And Thomas Gray Perſoun of Libertoun,
With him they were and put in Hiſtoriall,
Oft ane or baith mekill of his trauell,
And thairfoir heir I make of them mentioun,

Maiſter

Maister Iohn Blair to Wallace maid him boun.
To se his health his comfort was the mair,
As they full oft togidder wer befoir.
Siluer and gold they gaue him for to spend,
Sa did he thame frelie when God it send,
Of gud weilfair as than he wantit nane,
Englishmen will he was left him allane,
Quhair he suld be was nane of thame couth say,
Drownit or slaine, or else eschaipit away.
Thairfoir of him they tuke bot lyttill heid,
Theyknew him not the les he was in dreid.
All trew Scottis greit fauour to him gaue,
Quhat gude they had he neidit not to crane,
The peace lastit that Sir Rannald had tane.
Thay thrie monethis it suld not be out gane,
Haill Christmas than Wallace remainit thair,
In Lanerk oft to sport he maid repair,
Quhen that he went to Gilbank fra the toun,
Gif he fand men was of that nationn.
To Scotland they did neuer greuance mair,
Sum stikkit thay sum throats in sunder schair,
Feill wer fund deid bot nane wist wha it was,
Quhom he handlit he leit na farder passe,
Thair Hesilrig dwelt that curlit knight to waill,
Schirref he was of all thay lands haill,
Of felloun outrage despitefull in his deid,
Monie of him thairfoir had mekill dreid,
Meruell he thocht wha durst his people slae,
Without the toun he gart greit number ga,
Quhen Wallace saw that thay were ma than he,
Than did he nocht bot saluist courteously,
Als his four men bure tham so quyet lie,
Na Sutheroun culd deme thame onhonestlie,
In Lanerk ane gentill woman thair,
Ane Maidin myld as my buike will declair,
Auchtene yeir auld and sitill mair of aige,
Als bayne scho was to pairt of heritage,

Hir father was of worſhip and renoun,
And Hew Braidfute he hecht of Lammintoun,
As feill was than into the cuntrie cald,
Befoir tyme thay gentlemen war of ald,
Bot this gude man and als his wyfe was deid.
The maidin will then of nane ither remeid,
Bot ſtill ſcho dwelt on tribute in the toun,
And purchaſt had King Edwards protectioun,
Hernandis with her of friends at her wil,
Thus leifit ſcho without deſyre of ill.
Ane quyet hous as ſcho might hald in weir,
For Heſsilrig had done her meikill deir.
Slane her brother quhilk eldeſt was and Air.
All ſufferit ſcho and richt lawlie hir bair,
Amiabilll, ſa bening ware and wiſe,
Courtes and ſweit fulfillit of al gentrice.
Weill rulit of toung, richt haill of countenance,
Of vertewis ſcho was worthie to auance,
Humill hir led and purchaſt ane guid name,
Of alkin wicht ſcho keipit her fra blame,
Trew richteous folk ane greit fauour her lent,
Upon ane day to the Kirk as ſcho went,
Wallace her ſaw as he his eine can caſt,
The prent of luſe him prunzeit at the laſt.
Sa aſperlie throw bewtie of that bricht,
With greit vneis in preſence byde he micht,
He knew full weill the kinrent of hir blude,
And how ſho was in honeſt vſe and gude.
Quhile wald he think to loue her ouer the laue,
Ane vther quhile he thocht on his diſſaue.
How that his men war brocht to confuſion,
Throw his laſt luſe, he had in Sanct-Iohnſtoun.
Then wald he thinke to liue and let ouer ſyde,
Bot that thocht lang in minde could not abyde,
He tald Keirly of his new luſt and baill,
Syne asked he him of his true counſaill.
Paiſſer he ſaid als farre as I can ſeill,

Of lyklines it may be wonder weill,
Sen ſa ze luſe, take her in mariage.
Gudelie ſcho is, and als hes heritage.
Suppois that ze in luiſing feill ane mis,
Great God forbid it ſuld ſa be with this.
To marie thus I can not zit attend,
I wald of weir firſt ſee an finall end.
I will na mair allane to my luſe gang,
Tak tent to me for dreid I ſuffer wrang,
To proffer luſe this ſone I wald not preif,
Bicht I leaue off in weir I think to leif,
Quhat is this luſe, nothing but fulishnes.
It may reif me both wit and ſteidfaſtnes,
Than ſaid he thus this will not graithly be,
Amouris and weirs attaines to reigne in me,
Richt ſuith it is, ſtude I in blis of loue,
Quhair deids war I ſuld the better proue,
Bot weill I wait quhair greit eirneſt is in thocht.
It lattis weir that in wiſe men is wrocht,
Les gif it be, bot anerlie till ane deid,
Than he that thinks of luſe for to ſpeid,
He may do weill haue he fortune and grace
Bot this ſtands all into ane vther cace,
Ane greit kinrik with feill fais ouerſet,
Richt hard it is ane mends for to get,
Atainis of them and keip the obſeruance,
Quhilk belangs to luſe and all his friuoll chance,
Exempill I haue that me forthinks ſair,
I trow to God it ſhall be ſa na mair.
The trueth I knaw of this and hir linage,
I knew nocht her, thairfoir I loſſit ane gage,
To Keirly he thus arguit in this kinde,
Bot greit deſire remaining in his minde,
For to behald that fræſie of faſſoun,
Ane quhile he left and come not in the toun:
On other thing he maid his wit to vaike,
Preuand if he micht of that labour ſlaike,

Quhen Keirlie ſaw he ſuffererit paine for thy,
Weir ſchir he ſaid ze liue in ſluggardy,
Ga ſé your loue and ze ſall get comfort,
At his counſaill he walkit for to ſport,
Unto the kirk quhair ſcho maid reſidence,
Scho knew him weill bot as for eloquence,
Scho durſt not weill in preſence to him kyth,
Full ſair ſcho dred that Sutheroun ſuld hir myth,
For Hiſsilrig had ane mater new begun,
And hir deſyrit in mariage to his Sonne,
With hir maidin this Wallace ſcho beſocht,
To dine with hir and priuilie ſcho him brocht,
Throw ane gardein ſcho had gart wirk of new,
Sa Engliſhmen nocht of thair meiting knew,
Than killit he this Pay with gladnes and pleſance,
Sone hir beſocht richt hartlie of acquaintance,
Scho anſwerit him with humble wordis and wiſe,
Mar my acquaintance worthie for to pryſe,
Ze ſall it haue as God me ſane in ſauld,
Bot Engliſhmen garis our power faill,
Throw violence of thame and thair bairnage,
That hes weilneir deſtroyit our lynage,
Quhen Wallace hard hir compleine piteouſlie,
Greiuit in hairt he was richt greitumlie.
Baith Ire and loue him ſet into ane rage,
Bot nocht for thy he ſoberit in curage,
Of this mater he tauld as I ſaid air,
To that guidlie how loue conſtrainit him ſair,
Scho anſwerit him richt reaſonably againe,
And ſaid I ſhall to your ſeruice be bane,
With all pleaſance in honeſt cauſes haill,
And I truſt nocht ze wald ſet to aſſaill,
For your worſchip to do me diſhonour,
And I ane Mayd and ſtands in mony ſtour,
Fra Engliſhmen to ſaue my womanheid,
And coiſt hes maid to keip me fra thair feid,
With my guid will I will na lemman be,

To na man bozne, thair foir me think ſould ze,
Deſyre me nocht bot into gudelines,
Perchance ze think I war to law percace,
Foz to pretend to be zour richteous wife,
Into your ſeruice I wald vſe all my life,
Heir I beſeik foz zour wozſhip in armes,
Ze charge me not with na vngodly harmes,
Bot me defend foz wozſhip of zour blude,
Quhen Wallace weill hir true taill vnderſtude,
As in a pairt him thocht it was reaſoun,
Of hir deſire thairfoir to concluſioun,
He thankit hir and ſaid gif it might be,
Thzow Goddis will that our Kinrik be fre,
I wald zou wed with all heartlie pleaſance.
Bot at this time I may not take ſic chance,
And foz this cauſe no vther now I craue,
Ane man in weir may not all pleaſance haue,
Of thair talke then can I tell zou na mair,
To my purpoſe quhat band that thay maid thair,
Conclude thay this and to the denner went,
The ſair greuance remainit in his intent,
Loſe of his men and luſtie paine of loue,
His leiſe he tuike at that time to remoue.

How Wallace paſt to Lochmabane, and how thay cuttit his hors tailis, & how he ſchaue the blude latter. Chap. II.

SYNE to Gilbank he paſt oz it was nicht,
Upon the mozne with his foure men him dicht,
To the Corheid without reſting he raid,
Quhair his Neuoy Thom Haliday him abaid.
And Edward Lytill als his Cuſing deir,
Quhilk was ſa blyth, quhen he wiſt him ſa neir,
Thankand great God he ſend him ſaue againe,
Foz mony dzeamit he was in Stratherne ſlaine,
Gude cheir thay maid all out thay dayes thzé,
Than Wallace ſaid that he deſyzit to ſé,
Lochmabane toun, and Engliſhmen that were thair,

On the feird day thay bounit thame to fair.
Hertene he was of gudely Chevalrie,
In the Knokwood he liuet all but thrie,
Thomas Haliday went with them to the towne,
Edward Littill and Keirly made them bowne,
To ane Millar Thomas Haliday led them richt,
And gaue command their denner should be dicht,
To heare ane Pes in gude intent they zeid,
Of Inglish men they trowit there was no dreid,
Ane Cliffurde come was Emis Sonne to the Lord,
And thrie with him, in trueth for to record,
To their Innis sone after Wallace past,
Quha aucht thay horse in greit hathing he askt.
The guid wyfe said for to haue pleasit him best,
Thrie gentill men are cum out of the west,
Quha deuill them made sa gayly for to ryde,
In faith with me ane wed thair man abyde,
Thir lewde Scottis hes leirnit littil gude,
To all their hors are schent for fault of blude,
Into greit scorne withouttin words mair,
The tailes all of thay thrie hors thay shair,
The gude wyfe cryit and piteously can greit,
Sa Wallace come and culd the Captane meit,
Ane woman tauld him thay had his horse schent.
For proper ire he grew in matalent,
He followit fast and said gude friends abyde,
Hernice to take for thy craft in this tyde.
Parchell thou art without command of me,
Rewarde agane me thinke I sould pay thee.
Sen I of lait new come out of the west,
In this countrie ane barbour of the best,
To cut and schaif and that ane wonder guid,
Now thou sall feill how I dle to late blude.
With his gude sword the captaine hes he tane,
Quhill horse again he marschelit neuer ane,
Ane vther sone vpon the heid strake he,
Quhill chaftes and cheiks vpon the gate can flé,

We that his men the other thrée had ſlane,
Thair hoꝛſe thay tuike and graithed them full bane,
Out of the toune foꝛ denner they had nane,
The wife he payit, that made ſo piteous mane,
Than Ingliſhmen, fra that Thirſtane was deid,
To Wallace ſocht fra mony ſundrie ſteid.
From the Caſtel come cruell men and kene,
Quhen Wallace hes thair ſudane ſemblie ſene,
Towart ſome ſtrenth he bounit him to ryde,
Foꝛ than him thocht it was na tyme to byde,
His hoꝛſe bled ſaft that gart him dꝛeiding hane,
Of his gꝏd men he wald haue had the lane,
To the Knockwood withouttin mair thay raid,
Bot into it na ſoiourning he made.
That wood as than was nouther thick noꝛ ſtrang,
His men he gat ſyne lichtit he to gang,
Towart ane hight and led their hoꝛſe ane quhyle,
The Engliſhmen war than within ane myle.
On freſche hoꝛſe rydand full haſtilie
Seuin ſcoir as than was in that cumpany.
The Scottis lap on quhen they that power ſaw,
Towart the ſouth thame thocht it beſt to dꝛaw.
Than Wallace ſaid it was na wit in weir,
With our power to byde them bargan heir,
Zon are gude men thairfoir I reid that we,
Innermair ſeik quhile God ſend vs ſupplie,
Haliday ſaid we ſall do ȝour counſaill,
Bot ſair I dꝛeid that thir hurt hoꝛſe will faill,
The Engliſhmen in birneiſt armour cleir,
Be than to them appꝛoched wonder neir,
Hoꝛſit Archers ſhot and wald not ſpair,
Of Wallace men they woundit to full ſair,
In Ire he grew when that he ſaw them bleid,
Him ſelfe he turnit and on them ſone he ȝeid.
Sextene with him that woꝛthie was in weir,
Of the foꝛmeſt richt ſcharplie doun thay beir,
At that returne fyftene in feild was ſlane,

The

The laue they fled vnto thair power againe,
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualrie,
Thomas Haliday in weir was full bisie,
Ane bulhment saw that cruell was and kene,
Twa hundreth haill of weill grathit Englishmen.
Unkill he said our power is to smaw,
Fra this plaine feild I counsaill you to draw,
To few we ar agains sone felloun staill,
Wallace returnit full sone at his counsaill,
At the Corheid full faine they wald haue bene,
Bot Englishmen hes weill thair purpose sene
In plaine battell them followit hardelie,
In danger thus they held them awfullie,
Hew of Moreland Wallace followit fast,
He had before maid manie Scot agast,
Haldin he was of weir the worthiest man.
In north England with thame was liuand than,
In his armour weill forgit of fine steill,
Ane nobill cursour buir him baith fast and weill,
Wallace returnit beside ane buirdie tik,
And on him set ane felloun sicker straik.
Baith coller baine and shoulder blaid in twa,
Throw the mid coast the gude sword gart he ga,
His speir he wan and als his cursour bricht,
Syne left his awne for lossit was his might.
For laik of blude he might na farther gang,
Wallace on hors the Sutheroun men amang,
His men relieuet that doughtie war in deid,
Him to reskew out of that felloun dreid.
Cruell straiks forsuith thair micht be sene,
On ather side till blude ran on the grene,
Richt perillous the semblie was to see,
Hardlie and hait continuit the maillee,
Shawand reskew of Scottis and English als,
Sum caruit bane in sunder and sum the hals,
Sum hurt, sum hint, sum dung vnto the deid,
The hardie Scottis sa steirit in that steid,

With

With Haliday on fute that baldlie abaid,
Amang Sutheroun ane full greit rowme they maid,
Wallace on hors hynt him ane nobill speir,
Out throw thame raid as guid Chiftane in weir,
Thrie slew he thair or that his speir was gane,
Thus his guid sword in hand hes he tane,
Dang on derflie with straikis sad and sair,
Quhom that he hit, greuit the Scottis na mair.
Fra Sutheroun men be naturall reasoun knew,
How with ane straike ay ane man he slew,
Than maruillit thay he was sa mekill of mane,
For thair best man in that kinde he had slaine,
That his greit strength again helpit him nocht,
Nor nane vther in contrair Wallace socht,
Than said thay all liue he in strenth vntane,
This haill Kinrik, he will win him allane,
Thay left thair field, and to thair power fled,
And tauld thair Lord how euill the formest sped,
Quhilk Graystok hecht was new cum in the land,
Thairfoir he trowit nane durst against him stand,
Wounder him thocht when he saw that sicht,
Quhy his gude men for sa few tuke the flicht.
At that returne in field twentie were tynt,
And Moreland als thairfore he wald not stynt,
Bot followit fast with thrie hundreth but dreid,
And swore he suld be vengit of that deid,
The Scottis wan horse becaus their awin did faill,
In fleing syne cheisit the maist availl.
Out of the feild thus wicht Wallace is gane,
Of his gude men he had not loisit ane,
Fyue woundit war but lichtlie forth thay raid,
Wallace ane space behind thame ay abaid,
And Haliday prouit weill in mony place,
And Silfer Sone he was to gude Wallace,
Warlie thay raid and held thair hors on synd,
For they trowit weill the Sutheroun wald assayne,
With hail power at anis vpon them set,

Bot Wallace kest thair purpose for to let,
To brek thair ray he visite them full fast,
Than Englishmen sa greitlie was agast,
That nane of thame durst rush out of the staill,
All in array, togither held them haill,
The Sutheroun saw how that abandounly,
Wallace abaid neir hand their Chevalry,
Be Morlands hors thay knew him wonder weill,
Past to thair Lord and tauld him euer ilk deill.
Lo Sir they said forsuith this same is he,
That with his hands garris sa manie die.
Haue his horse grace vpon his feit to byde,
He doutis not throw fyue thousand for to ryde,
We reid ze ceise and follow him na mair,
For dreid that we repent it syne sull sair,
He blamit thame and said men may weill se,
Cowarts ze are that for sa few wald flée,
For thair counsail zit leif wald he them nocht,
Into greit ire he on thame sadlie socht,
Wailling ane place quhair they micht bargane make,
Wallace was wa vpon him for to take,
And he sa few to byde them on ane plaine,
At Quenisbery he wald haue bene full faine.
Vpon himselfe he tuik full greit trauell,
To fend his men gif that micht him auaill
Ane sword in hand richt manlike him to weir,
Ay waitand fast gif he micht get ane speir,
Now heir now thair befoir thame to and fra,
His hors gaue ouer and micht na farther ga.
Richt at the skirt of Quenisbery befell,
Bot vpon grace as my authour will tell,
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthie was and wight,
To the Corheid come on the other night,
Threttie with him of nobill men at wage,
The first daughter he had in mariage,
Of Haliday, was Neuoy to Wallace,
Tythings to speir Sir Iohn passit off the place.

With

With men to ſpeik quhair thay ane tryſt had ſet,
Richt neir the ſteid quhair Scottis and Englis met.
Ane Kirkpatrik that cruell was and kene,
In Eskdaill wood that halfe ane zeir had bene,
With Englithmen he could not weill accord,
Of Torchorwald he Barroun was and Lord,
Of kin he was to Wallace mother deir,
On Crawfurd ſyde that mekill had to ſteir,
Twentie he had of worthie men and wicht,
Be than Wallace approachit to their ſicht,
Sir Iohn the Grahame when he the counter ſaw,
On thame he rade and ſtude but littill aw,
His gude father he knew richt wonder weill,
Beſt doune his ſpeir and ſunzeit not a deill,
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir,
Fyftie in front atains doun they beir.
Throw the thickeſt of thé hundreth he raid,
On Sutheroun ſyde full greit ſlauchter they made,
Thame to reſkew that was in felloun thrang,
Wallacè on fute the great power amang.
Gude rowme he gat throw help of Goddis grace,
The Southeron fled and left them in that place.
Horſis they wan to ſtuffe the thare gude ſpeid,
Wallace and his that douchtie wer in deid.
Grayſtock tuke ſicht on ſterne horſe and on ſtout,
Ane hundreth held togither in ane rout,
Wallace on them full ſadly can perſew,
The fleéing woill of Englithmen he knew,
That ay the beſt wald paſſe with thair chiftane,
Befoir him fand gude Sir Iohn the Grahame,
Ay ſtrykand doun whom euer he micht hy,
Than Wallace ſaid this is bot waiſt foly,
Commons to ſlay quhair Chiftanes gais away,
Your horſs are freſh thairfoir do as I ſay,
Gude men ze haue ar zit in nobill ſtait,
To zon greit rout for Goddis lufe hald zour gait,
Sinder thame ſone we ſhall come at zour hand.

Quhen ſir Iohn had his taile weill vnderſtand,
Of nane vther fra thence forth toke he heid,
To the formeſt he followed weill gude ſpeid.
Kirkpatrik als conſidered their counſell,
Thay chargit thair men ay follow on the ſtaill.
At his command full ſone with them thay met,
Sad ſtraikis and ſair ſadlie vpon them ſet.
His Vncle als he knew richt wonder weill,
Reſt downe his ſpeare and ſonzied not a deill.
Kirkpatrik als with worthie men of weir,
Threttie in front at anes downe thay beir.
Throw the thickeſt ſir Iohn the Grahame raid,
On Southeron ſide ful great ſlaghter they maid.
Gude roume he gat throw help of Goddis grace,
The Southeron fled and left them in that place.
Horſes they wan to ſtuffe the chace gude ſpeid,
Wallace and his that doughtie wer in deid.
Grayſtock fled faſt on ſterne horſe and on ſtout,
An hundreth held togither in a rout.
Wallace on them full ſadlie could perſew,
The fleäing weill of Ingliſhmen he knew:
Wallace on horſe he hint a nobill ſpeir,
And followed faſt as gude Chiftane in weir.
Thrée ſlew he there ere that his ſpeare was gane
Thus his gude ſword in hand hes he tane,
Dang on derflie with ſtraiks ſad and ſair,
Quhom that he hit greäued the Scots na mair.
Fra Southeron men by naturall reaſon knew,
How with a ſtraik euer a man he ſlew.
Vpon the laue fechtand full wonder faſt,
And many grime they maid full ſair agaſt.
The Ingliſmen that buſſe were in weir,
Aſſailzed ſair them from the moſſe to beir,
Richt perellous the ſemblie was to ſée,
Hardlie and het continued the mellie,
Shewing reſkew of Scots and Inglis als,
Some carued bane in ſunder, and ſome the hals.

Sir Iohn the Grahame to Grayſtock faſt he ſocht,
His penſane than it helpit him richt nocht.
Vpon the craig ane graith ſtraik gaue him richt,
The burelie blaid was braid and burneiſt bricht.
In ſunder keruit the mailzeis of fyne ſteill,
Throw braine and bane it ruſhit euerilk deill.
Deid with that dint to the ground down him draue,
Be that Wallace aſſemblit on the laue.
Derflie to death feill freikis there he dicht,
Rais nc uer againe quhom euer he hit richt.
Kirkpatrik come, Tom Haliday and thair men,
Thair douchtie deeds wer nobill for to ken.
At the Knokheid the bald Grayſtock was ſlaine,
And monie men quhilk wer of meikill maine.
To ſaue thair lyues part in the wood they paſſ,
The Scottiſmen thay ran togither faſt.
When Wallace with ſir Iohn the Grahame met,
Right goodlie he with humblene ſſe him gret:
Pardon he asked of the reproſe before,
Into the chace, and ſaid he ſuld na more,
Informatioun mak to him that was ſa gude,
Quhen that ſir Iohn Wallace weill vnderſtude,
Do away he ſaid thairof as now na mair,
Ze did full richt it was for our weilfair.
Wyſer in weir ze ar all out then I,
Father in armes ze are to me for thy.
Kirkpatrik ſyne that was his Couſing deir,
He thankit him richt on ane gude maneir.
Eightſcore were ſlaine or they wald leaue that ſtead,
The fleeing folke they knew of na remeid.
Nocht ane was loſt of all their Cheualrie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame to them come happilie.
The day was done, approchand was the nicht.
At Wallace ſyne they aſkit counſell richt.
He anſwerit thus, I ſpeik bot with your leiue,
Richt laith I wer ony gude man to greiue.

Bot this I ſay in tearmes ſchort for me.
I wald aſſaill gif ze think it may be.
Lochmabane houſe quhilk now is left allane,
For weill I wait that power in it is nane.
Carlauerok als zet Maxwell hes in his hand,
And we had thir they micht be baith ane wand,
Gaigns Sutheroun that now hes our countrie,
Say quhat ze will this is the beſt thinke me,
Schir Iohn the Grahame gaif firſt his gude conſent.
Syne all the lane richt with ane haill intent,
To Lochmabane richt haſtelie they ryde.
Quhen thay come thair not halfe ane myle beſyde,
The nicht was mirk to counſell are they gane,
Of Mone or Starne appeirance was thair nane,
Then Wallace ſaid we think this land at reſt,
Thom Haliday thou knawes the cuntrie beſt,
I heir na noyes of feill folkis heir about,
Thairfoir I trow we are the les in doubt.
Haliday ſaid I will take ane with me,
And ryde befoir the cuntrie for to ſe,
Watſouu he called with me thou make thee boun,
With them thou was ay nichbour in this toun,
I grant I was with them againſt my will,
And my intent was euer to do them ill.
Unto the zet peartlie thae twa furth raid,
The Porter come without langer abaid,
At Iohn Watſoun then tythings cuid he ſpeir,
Oppin he bade the captaine cummis neir,
The zet but mair vnwylely vp he drew.
Thom Haliday ſone be the craig him threw
And with ane knyfe he ſtickit him in that ſteid,
In ane darke hole doun dreidles keſt him deid,
Iohn Watſoun hes hint the keyes in his hand,
The Porter then with Wallace was cummand,
They entrit in befoir them fand na ma,
Except wemen and ſimple ſeruants twa,
In the kitching long ſcudlers had they bene,

Soone they wer slaine, quhen the Lady had sene,
She cryed grace, for him that died on tre.
Then Wallace said, Madame your noise let be:
To women yet we do bot little euill,
And young childzen we like not for to spill.
I wald haue meate, Haliday quhat saist thou:
For sasting folke to dyne gude tyme were now.
Great purueyance was ordained them before,
Baith bread and aile, gude wine and vther store,
To meat they bowned, for they had fasted lang,
Gude men of armes into the close causde gang:
Part sleeing folke on sute they from them glade,
On the Knokheid quhair grit mellie was made:
Ay as they came Iohn Watson let them in,
And done to death withouttin noyse or din.
No man left there that was of England borne,
The Castell weill they besled on the morne.
For Iohnstoun sent a man of gud degre,
Second daughter forsuith wedded had he,
Of Halidayes heir Heuoy to Wallace,
Great captane then they maid him of that place,
They left him there into a gude aray,
Then ished forth vpon the second day.
Women had leaue in England for to fair,
Sir Iohn the Grahame & gude Wallace culd cair,
To the Corheid and ludged them that nicht,
Upon the morne the Sun was at the heicht,
Efter dinner they wald na langer byde,
Thair purpois tuik in Crawfurde muire to ryde.
Sir Iohn the Grahame with Wallace that was wicht,
Tom Haliday againe returned richt.
To the Corhall and there remained but dreid,
Na Southeron will principall quha did this deid.
Kirkpatrik past in Eskdaill woods wyde,
In saiftie there he thocht he suld abyde.
Sir Iohn the Grahame and gude Wallace in feir,
With them fourtie men of armes cleir,

Throw Crawfurd mure as they then tuke thair way,
On Englishmen thair minde remained ay.

How Wallace wan the Castell of Crawfurd, and how he slew the Captain thairof. Chap. III

FRa Crawfurd Iohn the water doun they ryde.
Neir hand the nicht they lichtit vpon Clyde:
Thair purpois tuike into ane quyet haill,
Then Wallace said I wald we might assaill
Crawfurde Castell with sum gude ieopardie,
Schir Iohn the Grahame how say ze best may be?
This gude Knicht said, and the men were without,
To take the hous thair is bot littill dout,
Ane Squyar than rewled that Lordship haill,
Of Cumberland borne, his name was Mortindaill,
Then Wallace said my selfe will passe in feir,
And ane with me of herberie for to speir,
Follow on dreich gif that we misser ocht,
Edward Litill with his Maister fuith socht,
To ane Dissellarie and with ane woman met,
Scho tauld to them that Sutheron thair was set,
And ze be Scottis I counsall zou pas by,
For and they may ze will get enill herberie,
At drinke they are, sa haue they beine richt lang,
Great word thair is of Wallace thame amang,
They trow that he hes found his men againe,
At Lochmabane feill Inglish men are slaine.
The hous is tint that garris them be full wa,
I trow to God that they shall swne tyne ma,
Wallace speirit of Scotland gif scho be,
Scho said him zea, and thinkis zit to se
Sorrow on them throw help of Goddis grace,
He askit hir quha was into the place?
Na men of fence, was left that hous within,
Twentie are heir makand greit noyes and din,
Allace scho said gif that I might anis se,
The worthie Scottis in it maist maister be.

With

With this woman he wald na langer ſtand,
Ane bekin he made, Schir Iohn come at his hand,
Wallace went in and ſaid Benedicite,
The Captain ſpeirit quhat bellamie may thou be?
That cummis ſa grim ſum tythings to vs tell,
Thou art ane Scot, the deuill thy nation quell,
Wallace braid out his ſword withouttin mair,
Into the hzell, the byrne captain he bair.
Throwout the coſt and ſtikkit him to the deid,
Ane vther he hit akwart vpon the heid.
Quhom euer he ſtraik, he bziſkit baine and lyze,
Feill of them deid fell flatlings in the fyze,
Haiſtie payment he made them on the flure,
And Edward Littill keipit weill the dure.
Schir Iohn the Grahame full fane wald haue bene in,
Edward him bade at the caſtell begin,
Foz of thir folke we haue bot littill dzeid,
Schir Iohn the Grahame fall to the caſtell zeid.
Wallace rudelie ſic routs on them gaue
That twentie men derflie ſo deith they dzaue.
Fiftene he ſtrake and fyftene hes he ſlaine,
Edward ſlew fyue quhilk was of meikill mane,
To the Caſtell Wallace had greit deſyze,
Be that Schir Iohn had ſet the hous on fyze,
Nane was thairin that greit defence could ma,
Bot wemen ſair fall weipand into wa,
Without the place ane bald bulwarke was maid,
Wallace zeid ouir withouttin longer baid.
The wemen ſone he ſauit fra the deid,
Waik folk he pat and barnes fra that ſteid,
Of puruеyance he fand littill oz nane,
Befoir that time thair victuall was all gane,
Zit in that place they ludgit all that nicht,
Fra Miſklarie bzocht ſik gude as they micht.
Vpon the mozne houſes they ſpuilzeit fall,
All things they docht out of that place they call,
Treine warke they bzint that was within thae wains,

Wallis brak down that stalwart was of stains.
Syne that they micht, syne wald na langer byde,
Unto Dundaff the samin nicht they ryde.
And ludged there with all mirth and all pleasance,
Thankand great God that lent them sik gude chance.

IN THIS SIXT BOOKE IS DE-

clared the Spousage of Wallace, and how Hesselrig slew Wallace wife in the town of Lanerk, and how he slew Hesselrig for the same cause, and put the Englishmen out of Lanerk. Chap. I.

THen passed wer the Octaues of Februar,
And part of March be richt digestioun.
Appearit then the last moneth of Ver,
The signe of sommer with his sweit seasoun.
Be that Wallace fra Dundaff made him boun,
His leaue he tuke, and to Kilbank can fair.
The rumour rais throw Scotland vp and doun,
With Inglishmen that Wallace liuand were.

Into Apryle quhen cleithit is but wæne,
The abill ground throw working of natour,
And woods hes won their worthie weids of grén
Quhen Nympheus in building of his bour,
With oyle and balme fulfilled of sweit odour,
Canettis in trace as they wer wont to gang,
Walkand their cours in euery casuall hour,
To glaid the Hunters with their merie sang.

In this same time to him approched new,
His lustie paine the quhilk I spak of air,
Be loues cace he thocht for to persew,
In Lanerk toun, and bidder can he fair,
At residence ane quhyle remained thair,
In hir presence as I haue said befoir:

Thocht

Thocht Englishmen greinit at his repair,
Zit he delytit the thing that set him fair,

The fyre of loue him rewlet at sic wyse,
He lyhit weill with that guidlie to be,
Quhylis he wald think of danger for to ryse,
And vther quhylis out of hir presence flie.
To ceis of weir it wer the best for me,
Thus win I nocht bot sadnes on ilk syde,
Sall neuer man this cowartnes in me se,
To weir I will for chance that may betyde.

What is this loue it is bot greit mischance,
That me wald bring fra armes verrely,
I will not change my worship for pleasance,
In weir I think my time to occupy,
Zit her to loue I will not let for thy,
Mair I sall desyre my worship to reserue,
Fra this day furth then euer mair did I,
I feir of weir quhidder I liue or sterue.

Quhat sall I say Wallace was plainly set,
To loue hir best in all the warld sa wyde,
Thinkand he suld of his desyre to get,
And sa befell be concord on ane tyde,
That scho was made at his command to byde,
And this began the stinting of this strife,
The band began with gratly witnes besyde,
Syne authour sayes scho was his wedded wyfe.

Now liue in peace, now liue in gude concord,
Now liue in play, now liue in haill pleasance:
For scho be chance hes baith hir loue and Lord,
He thankis loue that did him sa aduance,
Sa euinly held be fauour the Ballance,
Sen he at will may lap hir in his armes.
Scho thankit God of hir hie happie chance,
For in his time he was the floure of armes.

Fortune him shew hir doubill figurit face,
Feill syse or than he had bene set abuse:
In presoun now, delyuerit now throw grace,
Now at vneis, now at vnrest, and rute.
Now weill at will weild and his pleasant lone,
And thocht himselfe out of aduersitie,
Desyrand ay his manheid for to proue,
In courage set vpon the staiges hie.

The verey trueth I can not graithlie tell,
Into this lyfe how lang that they had bene,
Throw naturall course of generation fell,
Ane chyld was theuit thir twa louers betwéne,
Quhilk gudelie was an Maiden bricht and shéne
So farther furth became time to hir age,
Ane Squyar Shaw that then full weill hes séne,
This lyfe lait man gat hir in mariage.

This vther mayd wedded ane Squyar wicht,
Quhilk was weill knawin cummin of Balliols blude,
And their heires be lyne succéded richt,
To Lamminroun and vther lands gude.
Of this mater the richt quha vnderstude,
Heirof as now I will na mair proceid,
Of my sentence shortlie to conclude,
Of vther thing my purpois is to reid.

Richt gudelie men come of this Ladie zing,
Farther of them as now I speik na mair:
Wat Wallace furth into his weir can ring,
Ye micht not ceis great courage sa him bair.
Southeron to slay for dreid he wald not spair,
And they oft syse feill causes to him wrocht,
Fra that tyme furth quhilk mouit him sa sair,
That neuer in warld out of his mind was brocht,

Now leaue thy mirth, now leaue thy haill pleasance,
Now leaue thy blis, now leaue thy chyldis age,

Now

Now leaue thy zouth, now follow thy hard chance,
Now leaue thy lust, now leaue thy mariage,
Now leaue thy loue, or thou sall tyne ane gage,
Quhilk neuer in eird sall be redemit againe:
Felloun foztoun and all her feirs outrage,
Go liue in weir, go liue in cruell paine.

Fy on foztoun, fy on thy frivoll quheill,
Fy on thy traist for heir it hes no lest:
That sa transfigurit Wallace out of his weill,
Quhen he traistit for to haue lined best.
His plesance heir to him is bot ane jest:
Throw thy feirs cours that hes na hap to ho:
Him thou ouerthrew out of his lykand rest,
Fra greit plesance, in weir, trauell, and wo.

Quhat is Foztoun quha dzawis the dait sa fast,
We wait thair is baith weill and wickit chance.
Bot this fals warld with mony doubill cast,
In it is nocht bot very variance,
It is na thing to Heuinly gouernance:
Than pzay we all to the maker aboue,
Quhilk hes in hand of Iustice the ballance,
That he vs grauntit of his deir lestand loue.

Heirof as now farther I speik na mair,
But to my purpose shortlie will I fair.

TWelue hundzeth zeir thairto nyntie and seuin,
Fra Chzist was bozne the richteous King of Heuin,
William Wallace into gude lyking gais,
In Lanerk toun amang his mozall fais.
The Inglishmen that euer fals hes bene.
With Hesilrig that cruell was and kene.
And Robert Thorne ane felloun subtle Knicht,
Hes found the way be quhat meine best he micht.
How that they suld mak contrair to Wallace,
Be argument as he come vpon race.

On fra the Kirk that was without the toun,
Quhill their power micht be in armes boun.
Sir Iohn the Grahame that worthie was and trew,
To Lanerk toun gude Wallace could persew,
Of his weilfair as he full oft had séne,
Of men he had in cumpanie sylténe.
And Wallace wyne they wer na feiris ma,
Upon the morne vnto the Pas can ga,
Thay and thair men graithed in gudelie gréne,
For the seasoun lik wes full lang hes béne.
Quhen sadlie thay had said their Deuotioun.
Ane argued them as they went throw the toun.
The starkest man that Hessilrig then knew,
And als he had of lichtlie wordis anew.
He saluit them as it were bot in scorne,
Dew gaird, gude day bon senzour, and gude morne,
Quhom scornes thou (quod Wallace) quha leirit thé?
Quhy sir (said he) come ze not ouir the sé?
Pardoun me than for I weind ze had bene,
Ane Ambassade to bring an vncouth Quéne.
Wallace answerit, sic pardoun as we haue,
In vs to giue, thy pairt thou sall not craue,
Sen ze are Scottis zit saluit sall ze be,
Gude euin daucht Lord, Ballanch, Banzenochadie.
Ma Southeron men to them assemblit neir,
Wallace was laith as then to mak ane steir.
Ane maid ane scrip and tit at his lang sword,
Hald still thy hand (quod he) and speik thy word.
With thy lang sword thou makis meikill boast,
Thairof (quod he) thy dame maid litill coast.
Quhat caus hes thou to weir that gudelie gréne?
My maist caus is bot for to make thé téne.
Quhat suld ane Scot do with sa fair ane knyfe,
He said the Priest that last sanglit thy wyfe,
That woman lang hes callit him sa fair,
Quhill that his Chylde worthit to be thy air.
Ye think (quod he) thou dyues me to scorne,

Thy

Thy Dame was faipit or euer thou was borne.
The power then assemblit him about,
Twa hundreth men that stalwart were and stout.
The Scottis saw their power was cummand,
Sir Robert Thorne and Hessilrig at hand.
Great multitude with weapons burnisit bene,
The worthie Scottis quhilk cruell were and kene.
Amang Southeron sic dyntis gaue that tyde,
Quhill blude on breid brissit fra wounds wyde.
Wallace in stoure was cruellie fechtand,
Of ane Southeron he smot aff the richt hand.
And quhen that carle of fechting micht na mair,
With the left hand in yre held an buckler.
Then fra the stump the blude sprang out full fast,
In Wallace face aboundantlie can it cast.
Into great part it marrit him of his sicht,
Sir Iohn the Grahame ane straik hes tane him richt.
With his gude sword vpon the southeron syre,
Werslie to death drawe him into that yre.
The perrell was richt awfull, hard, and strang.
The stour indured merueilous and lang.
The Inglismen zit gatherit wonder fast,
The worthie Scottis the gait left at the last.
Quhen they had slaine and wounded monie ane,
To Wallace Innis the gainest way ar gane.
They passit sone, defended them richt weill,
He and sir Iohn with swordis stiff of steill.
Behind their men quhill they the zet had taine,
The Woman than quhilk was full will of waine.
The perrell saw with felloun nopis and din,
Set vp the Zet and leit them enter in.
Throughe to ane strenth they passit off that steid,
Fyftie Southeron vpon the gait lay deid.
This fair Woman with businesse and micht,
The Inglis men did tarie with ane slicht,
Quhill that Wallace into the wod was past,
Then Cartlane craigs they persewed full fast.

Quhen

When Southeron saw that chapit was Wallace
Againe they turnit, the Woman tuik on cace,
Pat hir to deith I can not tell zow how,
Of sic mater I may not tarie now.
Quhair greit dule is but redeiming againe,
Renewing of it is, and bot eiking of paine.
Ane trew woman had serued her full lang,
Out of the toun the gainest way can gang.
To Wallace tauld how all the deid was done,
The painfull wo socht to his heart full foone,
Wer not for shame he had shot to the ground,
For bitter baill that in his breist was bound.
Sir Iohn the Grahame baith wise, gentle & free,
Great murning made that pitie was to sée.
And als the laue that wer assemblit thair,
For pure sorrow with heart weipit full sair.
Quhen Wallace felt their courage was so small,
He fenzeit him for to comfort them all.
Ceis men he said this is ane buteles bane,
For we cannot cheueis hir lyfe againe.
Uneis ane word he micht bring out for téene,
The bailfull teirs brist braithlie fra his éene.
Sichand he said sall neuer man me sée
Rest into eis quhill this dead wroken be.
The saikles slaghter of hir baith blyth & bricht,
That I avow to the maker of micht,
Of that Natioun I sall neuer forbeir,
Zoung nor auld that abill is to weir.
Priests nor women I thinke not for to slae,
In my default but if they causing mae.
Sir Iohn he said let all this murning be,
And for hir saik thair sall ten thousand die.
Quhair men may weip their courage is the les,
It slaikes yre of wrang they suld redres.
Of thair complaints as now I speik na mair,
Of Auchinlek in Kilbank dwelland thair,
Quhen he heard tell of Wallace vexation,

To Cartlane wod with ten men made him boun,
Wallace he fand ſum pairt within the night,
To Lanerk toun in all haiſt they them dight,
The watche as then of them had littill dreid,
Partit thair men ſyne diuers wayes zeid,
Schir Iohn the Grahame and his gude cumpanie,
To ſchir Robert Thorne full faſt they hy,
Wallace and his to Heſsilrig ſone they paſt,
In ane heigh houſe quhair he was ſleipand faſt.
Struike at the dore with his fute hardely,
Quhill bar and brais in the flure he gart ly,
The Schirek cryit quha makes this great deray,
Wallace he ſaid quhilk thou hes ſocht this day,
The womans deith will God thou ſall deir by,
Heſsilrig thacht it was na time to ly,
Out of that houſe full fane he wald haue bene,
The nicht was mirk zit Wallace hes him ſene,
Feirflie him ſtrake as he come in greit yre,
Upon the heid brittit throw bane and lyre.
The ſcheirand ſword glaid to his ſchoulder bane,
Out ouer the ſtair among them he is gane,
Gude Auchinlek trowit not that he wes deid,
Thryſe with ane knyfe he ſtrake him in that ſteid,
The ſcry about rais rudelie in that ſtreit,
Feill of the laue were fulzeit vnder feit,
Young Heſsilrig and wicht Wallace is met,
Ane ſicker ſtraik William hes on him ſet.
Derflie to deith ouir the ſtair dang him doun,
Monie that nicht they ſlew in Lanerk toun,
Sum greiſſis lap, and ſum ſtikked within,
Effeirit they were with hideous noyes and din,
Sir Iohn the Grahame had ſet the hous in fyre,
Quhair Robert Thorne was brint vp bane and lyre.
Twelf ſcoir they ſlew that war of Ingland borne,
Wemen they leuit and Prieſts on the morne,
To pas thair way of blis and gudis bair,
And ſwore that they again ſuld cum na mair.

Quhen

Quhen Scottis hard thir syne tythings of new,
Out of all pairts to Wallace fast they drew.
Pleneist the toun quhilk was their heritage,
Thus Wallace straue againsthat greit barnage.
Ay he began with strife and stalwart hand,
To cheueis againe, some rowmes in Scotland.
The worthie Scottis that semblit to him thair,
Cheisit him for cheif thair chiftane and leidair,
Aymer Wallange ane felloun tyran Knicht,
In Bothuell dwelt King Edwards man full richt,
Murray was out thocht he was richteous Lord,
Of all that land, as true men will record.
Into Arrane he was dwelland that tyde,
And vther men in this land durst not byde.
Bot this fals knight in Bothuell winnand was,
Ane man he gart sone to King Edward pas.
And tauld him haill of Wallace ordinance,
How he had put his people to mischance,
And plainly was rissen again to King.
Grieuit thairat richt greitly was the King,
Throw all England he gart his doars cry,
Power to get and said he wald plainly,
In Scotland pas that realme to statute new,
Feill men of weir to him richt fast they drew.
The Queine felt weill how that his purpose was,
To him scho went on knés syne can scho as.
He wald desist and not in Scotland gang.
Ze suld haue dreid to worke a felloun wrang,
Crisknit they are, zon is thair heritage,
To reaue thair Croun it is ane greit outrage,
For hir counsell at hame he wald not byde,
His Lords him feit in Scotland for to ryde,
The Scottis man that dwelt with King Edward,
Quhen he heard tell that Wallace tuike tit pairt,
He stall fra thame as priuilie as he may,
In Scotland syne he come vpon ane day,
Seikand Wallace he made him reddie boun.

This

This Scot was borne at Kyle at Richardtoun,
In England coast he knew it wonder weill,
Fra Hull about to Bristow euerie deill.
Fra Carlyle throughout Sandwich that Royal steid,
Fra Dover ouer vnto Saint Bayis heid.
In Picardy and Flanders baith had bene,
All Normandie and France hes he seene,
Ane Pursevant to King Edward in weir,
Wot he could neuer gar him his armes beir.
Of greit stature and sumpairt gray was he,
The Inglishmen callit him bot Grymisbie.
To Wallace come and into Kyle him fand,
He tauld him haill the tythings of England.
They turnit his name fra that time they him knew,
And called him Iop, of ingyne he was trew.
In all his time gude seruice in him fand,
Gaue him to beir the armes of Scotland.
Wallace againe in Clidisdaill sone he raid,
And his power semblit withouttin baid.
He gart command quha wald his peace tak,
Ane frée remit he suld gar to him mak,
For all kin deid that they had done before,
The Persies peace, and sir Rannalds was worne.
Feill to him drew that baldly durst abyde,
Of Wallace kin of mony diuers syde.
Sir Rannald then send him his power haill,
Himselfe durst not be knowne in battaill:
Againe Soutberon, for he had maid ane band,
Lang time befoir to hald of them his land.
Adam Wallace past out of Richardtoun,
And Robert Boyde with gude men of renoun.
Of Cunninghame and Kyle come men of vaill,
To Lanerk socht on hors ane thousand haill.
Sir Iohn the Grahame and his gude Cheualrie,
Sir Iohn of Tynto with men that he micht be.
Gude Auchinlek that Wallace Vncle was,
Monie true Scot with their Chiftane culd pas.

Thrée thousand haill of liklie men of weir,
And feill on fute quhilk wantit hors and geir.
The tyme by this was cummand vpon hand,
The awfull hoist with Edward of England.

The Battell of Bigger.

TO Bigger come with fertie thousand men,
In weir weidis that cruell was to ken.
They plantit their feill tents and pallioums,
Quhair Clarions blew with manie michtie sounds.
Pleneist that place with gude vittaill and wyne,
In Cairtis brocht their purueyance full fyne.
This awfull King gart twa Heralds be brocht.
Gaue them command in all the haist they mocht,
To charge Wallace that he suld cum him till,
Without promeis, and put him in his will.
Becaus I wait he is ane gentle man,
Cum in my grace and I sall saue him than.
Is for his life I will vpon me take,
And after this gif he will seruice make,
He sall haue wage that may him weill suffice,
That Rebald weinis for he hes done suppryse,
To my perpill oft vpon auenture,
Against me that he may lang indure.
To this proffer gainstanding if he be,
Heir I avow he sall be hangit hie.
The young Squyar was brother to sir Hew,
He thocht he wald ga disagyst to persew.
Wallace to sée that tuke sa hie ane part,
Borne sisters sonne he was to King Edward.
Ane coat of armes he tuke on him but baid,
With the Herauld full priuilie furth raid.
To Tinto hill withouttin residence,
Quhair Wallace lay with his folk at defence.
An likly hoist as of sa few they fand,
To him they socht and wald na langer stand.
Gif ze be he that reullis all this thing,

Cre

Credence we haue brocht fra our worthie King.
Than Wallace gart thrée knightis to him call,
Syne red the writ in presence of them all.
To them he said, answer ze sall nocht craue,
Bot word or writ quhilk lykis zou best to haue.
In writ they said it were the lyklest.
Then Wallace thus began to dyte in haist.
¶ Thou revar King thou chargis me throw cace
That I suld cum and put me in thy grace,
Giue I ganestand thou hechtis for to hang me,
I vow to GOD and euer I may tak thée:
Thou sall be hangit ane exampill to ane
To King or reik, als lang as I may liue.
Thou profferis me of thy wages to haue,
I thée defy power and all the laue,
That helps thée heir of thy fals Natioun,
Will GOD thou sal be put fra this Regioun,
Or die therefore contrair thoch thou had swore,
Thou sall vs sée or nyne houris the morne.
Battell to giue, manger of all thy kin,
For fallie thou seiks our Realme within.
This writ he gaue to the Heralds but mair,
Ane gude reward he gart deliuer them thair.
Bot Iop knew weill the Squyar zoung sir Hew,
And tauld Wallace for he was euer trew.
He them commandit that they suld sone him tak
Himselfe began fair accusing to mak.
Squyar he said, sen thou hes fenzeit armes,
On thée sall fall sum part of thir harmes,
Exampill to giue to all thy fals Natioun,
Upon the hill he gart syne set them doun.
Straik off his heid or he wald farther go,
To the Herald said syne withouttin ho.
For thou art fals to armes and mansworne,
Throw thy cheiks thy toung salbe outthorne.
Quhen that was done, than to the third said he,
Armes to Judge thou sall neuer graithlie sée,

He gart ane Smyth with his turkas ticht thair,
Pull out his eyne, syne gaue them leaue to fair,
To zour fals King thy fellow sall thé leid,
With thy answer, turs him his Neuoyes heid.
Thus fair I dreid the King and all his boist,
His dum fellow led him vnto thair Dist.
Quhen King Edward his Heralds thus hes sén,
In proper yre he wore neir wod for téne.
That he wist nocht, in quhat wyse him to wreak,
For sorrow almaist ane word he could not speik,
Ane lang quhyle he stude wythand in ane rage,
On loud he said, this is ane fell outrage,
This deid to Scottis, full fair it sall be becht,
Sa despitefull in warld was neuer wrocht.
Fra this Regioun I think not for to gang,
Quhill tyme that I sall sé that Rebell hang.
I let his thus inspyte and sorrow dwell,
Of the gude Scottis shortlie I will tell.

FOrth fra his men than Wallace raikit richt,
To him he callit sir Iohn Tynto the Knicht.
And leit him wit, to desy he wald ga,
The Inglish Dist, and bade him tell na ma.
Quhat euer they speirit, quhil that he com again,
Wallace disagyst thus bownit ouir ane plaine,
Betuix Culter and Bigger as he past,
He was sone war quhair ane warkman come fast.
Dryuand a meir and pitcheris for to sell,
Gude friend he said in trueth will thou me tell.
With this chaufry quhair passis thou truely
To ony place quha lykis for to by.
It is my craft and I wald sell them faine,
I will them by, sa God in help fra paine.
Quhat pryce let heir, I will haue them ilk ane,
Bot halfe ane mark, for sik pryce haue I tane.
Twentie shillings, Wallace said thou sall haue,
I will haue Meir, pitchers and all the laue.

Thy

Thy gowne and hois in haſte thou put of tyne,
And mak ane change, for I ſall giue thée myne.
And thy auld hude, becaus it is thy reid hair,
The man weind weill he had ſcornit him thair.
Thou tarie noeht, it is ſuith that I ſay,
The man kell off his febill weid of gray,
And Wallace his, ſyne payit ſmuer in hand.
Pas on he ſaid thou art ane bad Perchand.
The gowne and hois in clay that claggit was,
The hudé heklit, and ſyne maid him to pas.
The quhip he tuik and furth the Peir can call,
Attour the bray the vpmaiſt pot gart fall.
Brak on the ground, the man leuch at his fair,
But thou beware, thou tynis of thy chauffair.
The Sun be than was paſſit out of ſicht,
The day was gane, and cummin was the nicht.
Amang the Southeron full buſſlie he paſt,
On ather ſide his éme he can to caſt.
How Lords lay, and had their ludging maid,
The pauillion quhair that the Leopards baid.
Spyand full faſt, quhair his auaill micht be,
He cuid weill wink, and luik vp with an eye,
Sum ſcornit him, ſum gleyd carle cald him thair
Aggréuit they wer of their Heralds miſſair.
Sum ſpeirit of him how he ſald of the beſt,
For fourtie pennies he ſaid quhill they may leſt.
Sum brak ane pairt, ſum prickit at his Eye,
Wallace ſtaid out priuatlie and leit them be.
Vnto his hoiſt againe he paſſit richt,
His men be than had tane Tynto the Knicht.
Sir Iohn the Grame gart bind him wonder faſt,
For he wiſt weill he was with Wallace laſt.
Sum bad birne him, ſum hang him in ane cord,
They ſwore that he deſanit had their Lord.
Wallace be this was enterit them amang,
To him he zeid, and wald not tarie lang.
Syne he gart louſe him of thae bands new,

And said he was baith sober wise and trew,
To supper sone bowdnit but mair abaid,
He tauld to thame what market he had maid.
And how that he the Sutheroun taw full weill,
Sir Iohn the Grahame displeisit was sum deill,
And said to him nocht chiftane-like it was,
Throw wilfulnes in sic perrill to pas.
Wallace answerit, or we win Scotland fre,
Baith ze and I in perrill mair mon be,
And many other the quhilk full worthie is,
Now of ane thing we do sum pairt in mis,
Ane littill heip I wald sane that we had,
With zone men syne luke how we may vs glaid.
The worthie Scots tuik gud rest quhill neir day,
Than rais thay vp, to array sone ordainit thay.
The hill is left and to ane plaine is gane,
Wallace himselfe the vangard first hes tane,
With him was Boyd and Auchinlek but dreid,
With ane thousand of worthie men in weid,
As monie syne in the middill waird put he,
Sir Iohn the Grahame he gart thair leidar be.
With him zoung Adam the Lord of Richartoun,
The third thousand in the reir waird he dicht,
To Walter gaue of Newbigging the knicht,
With him Tinto that douchtie was in deid,
And Dauid Sonne to Sir Walter to leid.
Behind thame neir the fute men gart he be,
And bad thē byde quhill they thair tyme micht se
Ze want wapins and harnes in this tyde,
The first Counter ze may them not abyde.
Wallace gart sone the Chiftanes to him call,
His charge he gaue for chance that micht befall.
To take na heid to geir nor zit pillage,
For thay will flie as wood folke in ane rage,
Win first the men the gude syne ze may haue,
And take na tent of couetise to craue,
Throw couetise men lossis gude and lyfe,

I ȝou command forbeir ſic in our ſtryfe,
Luke ȝe ſaue nane Lord Captaine nor yet knicht,
For worſhip worke and for our Elders richt,
GOD blis vs all that we may in our voyage,
Put thir fals folke out of our heritage,
Than thay inclinit all with ane gude will,
His plaine command they hecht it to fulfill,
On the greit Diſt the parties can furth draw,
Cummand to them out of the South they ſaw,
Thrie hundreth men into thair armour cleir,
The ganeſt way to thame approachet neir,
Wallace ſaid ſone thay ar na Engliſhmen,
For by this Diſt the gats weill they ken,
Thom Haliday thay men he gaydit richt,
From Annandaill he had led them that nicht,
His twa gudeſonnis Iohnſtoun and Rutherfurd
Wallace was blyth fra that he hard that word,
Sa was the laue of that gude Cheualry.
Iardane thair come into thair company,
And Kirkpatrik befoir in Eskdaill was,
Ane wing thay war in Wallace hoſt to pas.
The Inglis watch that nicht had bein on ſteir,
Drew to thair hoſt right as the day can peir.
Wallace knew weill for he befoir had ſeine,
The Kings pauillioun quhair it had buſkit beine
Than with rich hors the Scots vpon them raid,
At the firſt counter ſa greit abaſing maid,
That all the Diſt was ſtoneiſt at that ſicht,
Full monie ane derflie to deith was dicht,
Feill of them as than was out of thair array,
The mair awfull and haſtie was the fray.
The noyes was hudge throw ſtraiks that they dang,
The rumour rais ſa rudelie them amang,
That all the Diſt was than in point to flee:
The wiſe Lords fra thay the perrill ſee,
The felloun fray als raiſit was about,
And how thair King ſtude in ſa mekill dout.

To his pauillion full many thousand socht,
Him to reskew be onie way they mocht.
The Earle of Kent that nicht walking had bene,
With fiue thousand of men in armour kene.
About the King full suddenlie they gang,
And traist him weill the assalze was richt strang.
All Wallace folk in vse of weir was gude,
Into the stour sone lichtit quhair they stude.
Quhom euer thay hit na harnesse micht them stint,
Fra they on fute assemblit with swords dynt.
Of manheid they in hearts full cruell was
They thocht to win, or neuer hyne to pas.
Feill Inglishmen befoir the King they slew,
Sir Iohn the Grahame come with his power new
Amang the haist with the middill ward he raid,
Great martyrdom on Sutheron men they maid.
The reirward then set on sa hardelie,
With newbigging and all the Cheualrie.
Pauilloun raipis they cuttit all in sunder,
Bozne to the ground and monie smozit vnder.
The futemen come the quhilk I spak of air,
On frayit folks with straikis sad and sair.
Thoch they befoir wantit baith hozs and geir,
Aneuch they gat quhat they wald waill to weir.
The Scottis power then all togither were,
The kings pauillion bzymlie down they bair.
The Erle of Kent with ane gude Axe in hand,
Into the stour full stoutlie can he stand.
Befoir the King makand full greit debait,
Quha best did than he had the hiest slate.
The felloun stour sa stalwart was and strang,
Thairto continuit meruelouslie and lang.
Wallace himselfe full sadly could persew,
And at ane straik the chief Chiftane he slew.
The Sutheron folk fled fast and durst not byde,
Hozsit their King and off the field can ryde.
Agains his will he was full laith to flie,

Into

Into that time he thocht nat for to die,
Of his beſt men thre thouſand there was deid,
Or he could find to flé and leaue that ſteid.
Twentie thouſand fled with him in ane ſtaill,
The Scots gat hors and followed the battaill.
Throw Culter hope befoir they wan the hicht,
Feill Southeron folk wer marrit in that micht.
Slaine be the gait as their King fled away,
Baith fair and bricht and richt cleir was the day
The Sun riſen ſchinand outr hill and daill,
Than Wallace keſt quhat was his beſt auaill.
The flé and folke that off the field firſt paſt,
Unto their King again reſemblit faſt.
Fra ather ſide ſa manie aſſemblit thair,
Then Wallace wald let follow them na mair.
Befoir he raid gart his folke turne againe,
Of Inglíſchmen ſeuin thouſand there was ſlaine.
Than Wallace hoiſt againe to Bigger raid,
Quhair Inglíſchmen great purueyance had maid
The Jowalrie as they wer hither led,
Pauillions and all they leauit quhen they fled.
The Scots gat gold gude geir and vther wage.
Releinit they wer that partit that pillage.
To meat they went with great mirth & pleſance,
They ſpared nocht King Edwards purueyance.
With ſolace ſyne ane littill ſleip they ta,
Ane priuat watch he gart amang them ga.
Twa Cuiks fell their liues for to ſaue,
With deid crocis that lay vnput in graue.
Quhen they ſaw weill the Scots wer at reſt,
Out of the field to ſteill they thocht it beſt.
Full law they crep quhill they wer out of ſicht,
Efter the hoiſt ſyne ran in all their micht.
Quhen that the Scots had ſleipit bot a quhyle,
Then rais they vp, for Wallace dreidit gyle.
He ſaid to them the Southeron may perſew,
Againe to vs for they are folk anew.

Quhair Inglishmen prouisioun makes in weir,
It is full hard to do thame mekill deir.
On this plaine feild we will thame not abyde,
To sum gud place my purpois is to ryde.
The purueyance that left was in that steid,
To Roppis Boig he gart seruandis it leid:
With ordinance that Sutheroun brocht in thair,
He with the Disk to Dauid Schaw can fair,
Quhair they remainit ane greit space of the day,
Of Inglishmen zit sum thing I will say,
As king Edward throw Culter hoppis socht,
Quhen he persauit the Scottis followit nocht,
In Iohnes graiue he gart his hoist byde still,
Feill fleand folks assemblit sone him till,
Quhen they wer met the king neir worthit mad,
For his deir kin that he thair lossit had.
His twa Emes into the field was slaine,
His second sonne that mekill was of mane,
His brother Hew was killed thair ful cauld,
The Erle of Kent that cruell was and bauld,
With greit worship teke deid befoir the king,
For him he mournit sa lang as he migt ring,
At this semblie as they in sorrow stand,
The twa Cuiks come sone in at his hand,
And tauld to him how they escaipit wair,
The Scottis all as swine lyis drunkin thair,
Of your wicht wine ze gart vs hither leid,
Full weill ze may be vengit of their deid.
Upon our lyues is suith that we zou tell,
Returne againe ze sall find them your sell,
He blamit thame and said na wit it was,
That he againe for sic ane taill sould passe,
Thair Chiftane is richt maruellous in weir,
Fra sic perrill he can full weil thame beir,
For to seik mair as now I will not ryde,
Our meit is lossit thairfore we mae not byde,
The hardie duke of Longcastell and Lord,

Soueraine

Souerane he said to our counsall concord.
Gif this be trew we haue the mair auaill.
We may them win,and make bot licht trauail.
Wer yon folk deid quha now agains vs stand,
Than neid we nocht for meit to leaue the land.
The king answerit,I will not ryde againe,
As at this time my purpose is in plaine.
The Duke said sir gif ye determined be,
To moue you mair effeirs not to me.
Command power againe with me to wend,
And I of this sall se the finall end.
Ten thousand haill he chargit for to ryde.
Heir in this strenth all nicht I sall you byde.
We may get meit of bestiall in this land,
Gude drink as now we may not bring to hand.
Of Westmureland the lord had met them thair,
On with the Duke he graithed him to fair.
At the first straik with thame he had not bene,
With him he led ane thousand weill beseine,
And Patrick Lord was with ane thousand boun,
Of king Edward he keipit Calice toun,
Thir twelf thousand into the toun can fair,
The twa captains sone met them at Bigger,
With the haill fluke of Roxburgh and Berwick.
Sir Rauf Gray saw that they were Sutheron lyk,
Out of the south approchit to their sicht,
He knew full weill with him it was nocht richt,
Amer Wallange with his power come als,
King Edwards man ane tyrane knicht and fals.
Quhen thay wer met they fand not els thair,
Bot deid crocis and they wer spulzeit bair.
Then marueilit they quhair the Scottis suld be,
Of them about appearance they culd not se,
Bot spyis them tald that came with sir Aymer,
In Dauid schaw thay saw them mak repair.
The feill Southeron sone passit to that place,
The watch was ware and tauld it to Wallace.

He warnit the hoist out of the toun to ryde,
In Roppis bog he purposit to abyde.
Ane lytill shaw vpon the ane syde was,
That men on fute out of the Bog micht pas.
The hors they left into that littill hald,
On fute they thocht the Mos that they suld hald.
The Inglis hoist had weill their passage sene,
And followit fast with cruell men and kene.
Thay trowit that Bog micht make them littill vaill,
Ordwin ouir with rispe, and all the sward was haill.
On them to ryde they ordainit with great Ire,
Of the formest ane thousand in the myre.
Of hors with men are plungit in the deip,
The Scots of thair comming tuke gude keip.
Vpon them set with straiks sad and sair,
Zeid nane away of all that enterit thair.
Licht men on fute vpon them derflie dang,
Feill vnder hors was smoirit in that thrang.
Strampit in Mos, and with rude hors ouirgane,
The worthie Scots the drie land then hes tane,
Vpon the leaue fechtand full wonder fast,
And monie grume they maid full sair agast.
The Inglismen that busie wer in weir,
Assailzeit sair them fra the Mos to beir.
On ather syde botthen it was na bute,
The strenth they held richt awfullie on fute,
To men and hors gaue many grieuous wound,
Feill to the death they stikkit in that stound.
The Pikard Lord assailzeit sharpelie thair,
Vpon the Grahame with straiks sad and sair.
Sir Iohn the Grahame with a stiff sword of steill
His bricht byrneis he peirsit euery deill.
Throw all the stuffe and stikkit him in that steid,
Thus of his dynt the bauld Pikard was deid.
The Inglish hoist tuik plaine purpose to flée,
In their turning the Scots gart many die.
Wallace wald fane at the Wallange haue bene,

Of

Of Westmureland the Lord was them betweyn,
Wallace on him he set ane awfull dynt,
Throw Basnet and scuf, that na steil micht out stint,
Derfly to death he left him in that place,
Swa the false knicht escaipit throw this cace,
Gude Robert Boyde hes with ane Captaine met,
Of Berwik than ane sad straik on him set,
Quirthort the craig; and keruit the Pesane,
Throw all his weid in sunder strake the bane.
Feill horsemen fled fast and durst not abyde,
Rebutit euill vnto thair King they ryde.
The Duke him tauld of all his Journey haill,
His heart for Ire boldnit in bitter baill,
Heichlie he thocht he sould neuer London se.
On Wallace deid quhill he reuengit be,
Or lose his men agane as he did air,
Thus South he socht, with greit sorrow and cair,
Than at the Kirk ane littill tary maid:
Syne throw the land ouir Sulway fast he raid,
The Scots Dirk ane nicht remanit still,
Upon the morne thay spulzeit with gude will.
The deid corps carvit wes to Braidwood with greit cair,
At ane counsall thrée dayes they soiornit thair
At the Forrest Kirk ane meiting ordanit he,
Thay cheisit Wallace Scottis wardane for to be,
Traisting he suld thair painfull sorrowes ceis,
He resauit all that wald come to his peis.
Schir Williame come that Lord of Dowglas was,
Forsuke Edward at Wallace peace can as.
In that thirlage he wald na langer be,
Tribut befoir to England payit he.
In contrair Scottis with thame he neuer raid,
Far better cheir Wallace thairfoir him made.
Thus treitit he and cheriss wounder fair,
Trew Scottis men, that fewtie made him thair,
And gaue greitly feill gudes that he wan,
He warnit it nocht to na gude Scottis man,

Quha

Quha wald rebell and gang contrair the richt,
He puneist sair war he Squyar or knicht,
Thus marueloustie gude Wallace tuke in hand,
Likly he was richt fair and weill farrand.
Manly and stout and thairwith liberal,
Pleasand and wise in all gude generall,
To slay forsuith Sutheron he spairit nocht;
To Scottis men full great profite he wrocht,
Into the South forsuith then passit he,
As him best thocht he reulit that countrie.
Sthirreffis he maid that cruell was and kene,
And Captaines of true wise Scottis men.
Fra Gamylis path the land obeyit him haill,
To Vr watter bath strenth forrest and daill.
Agains him in Galloway hous was nane,
Except Wigtoun biggit of lyme and stane,
That Captaine heard the reull of Wallace,
Away he fey he stall out of that place.
Leauit all waist, and culd in England wend,
Bot Wallace sone ane keiper to it send,
Ane gude Squyar and to name he was cald,
Adame Gordoun as the Storie me tauld.

ANe strenth thair was at the water of Cre,
Within an roch richt stalwart wrocht of tre
Ane gait befoir na man micht to it win,
But the consent of thame that dwelt thairin.
On the bake syde ane roch and water was,
Ane strait entrie forsuith thair was to pas.
To desie it Wallace himselfe sone went,
Fra he it saw he keist in his intent,
To win the hald he hes chosin ane gait,
That they within suld make littill debaite,
His power haill hes gart byde out of sicht,
Bot thrie with him quhill tyme that it was nicht
Than tuke he twa quhen that the nicht was dym
Stevin of Ireland and Keirly that cald clim.

Up

Up ſone they went agains that roch ſa ſtrang,
Thus enterit they the Sutheroun men amang,
The watch befoir tuke na tent to that ſyde
Thir thrie in fer ſone to the Porter thay glyde.
Gude Wallace than ſtraik the Porter himſell,
Weid onir the roch into the dyke he fell,
Leit doun the brig and blew his horne on hicht,
The buſchment brak and come in all their micht,
At their owne will ſone entrit in that place,
To Engliſhmen thay did full littill grace.
Sextie they ſlew in that hald was na ma,
Bot ane ald Preiſt and ſimpill wemen twa,
Greit purveyance was in that roth to ſpend,
Wallace baid ſtill quhill it was at ane end.
Brak doun the ſtrength both brig and Bulwark all,
Out ouer the roche they gart the timber fall;
Under the gait, and wald na langer byde,
In Carrik ſyne they bownit them to ride.
Haiſtit them not bot ſoberlie can fair,
To Turueburie that Captaine was of Air,
With Lord Perſie to take his counſell hail,
Wallace purpoſed that place for to aſſaill,
Ane woman tauld quhen the Captaine was gane,
Gude men of fence into that ſteid was nane,
They filled the dyke with eird and timber haill,
Syne fyrit the hous na ſuccour micht auaill,
Ane Preiſt their was and gentill wemen thairin,
Quhilk in thair maner made hideous noyes and din,
Mercy they cryit for him that died on trie,
Wallace gart ſlake the fyre and let them bie,
To make defence na ma was leuit thair,
Ye them commanded out of the land to fair,
Spulzeit the place and ſpilt all that they mocht,
Upon the morne to Cumnok ſone they ſocht,
To Lanerk ſyne and ſet ane tyme of air,
Miſdoers feill he gart be puneiſt thair,
To gude true men he gaue ane nobill wage,

Into

His brothers Sonnes put to thair heritage,
To the blake Craig of Cumnok past againe,
His houshold set with men of meikill maine,
Thrie moneths there he dwelt into good rest,
The subtill Sutheroun fand weill it was the best,
Trewis to take, for to eschew ane chance,
To further this they sent for Knicht Wallance,
Bothwell zit that traitour keipit still,
And Air all haill was at Lord Peirsies will.
Throw greit supplie of the Captaine of Air,
The Bischop Beik in Glasgow he dwelt thair,
Erll of Stanefurd was chancellar of England,
With Sir Aymer this traitour tuke on hand.
To procure peace be any maner of cace,
Ane saifconduct thay purchast of Wallace,
In Ruglane kirk the tryst thair haue they set,
And promeis made to meit Wallace but let,
The day of this approached wonder fast,
The greit Chancellar and Aymer hidder past,
Syne Wallace come and his men weill besene,
With him fiftie arrayit all in greine.
Ilk ane of thame ane bow and arrowes bair,
And lang swords the quhilk full charplie schair,
Within the kirk so sone they entrit had,
Unto his prayer he past but mair abaid,
Syne vp he rais and to his tryst he went,
And his gudemen full cruell of Intent,
In Ire he grew that traitour quhen he saw,
The Englishmen of his face stood great aw.
Wit reullit him that he did nane outrage,
The Erle beheld fast to his hie curage,
Forthocht sumpairt that he come to that place,
Greitlie abaisit for the bult of his face,
Sir Aymer said this speich ze man begin,
Ye will not bow to na Prince of zour kin,
Allouerit ze are I traist ze may speik weill,
For all England he will not break a deill,

His saif conduct quhair he makis ane band,
The Chanceller than prosferrit him his hand,
Wallace stude still and culd na hands take,
Friendship to thame na lyklines wald make,
Sir Aymer said Wallace ze vnderstand,
This is ane Lord and Chancellar of England,
To salute him ye may be proper skill,
With schort anise he made answer him till,
Sic salusking I vse to Englishmen,
Sa sall they haue where euer I may them ken,
At my power that make I GOD avow,
Out of conduct gif that I had him now,
Bot for thy lyfe and all this land sa braid,
I will not breake the promeis that is made,
I had leuer at mine awin will haue the,
Without conduct that I micht wrockin be,
Of thy false deid thou dois in this regioun,
Than of pure gold ane kings great Ransoun.
Bot for my band as now I will let be.
Chancellar say furth quhat ze desyre of me,
The Chancellar said the maist caus of this thing,
To procure peace I am sent fra the King,
With the greit seill and voice of his parliament,
Quhat I bind heir our barnage shall consent,
Wallace answerit ouir littill mends we haue,
Syne of our richt ze occupy the laue.
Quytclame our land and we sall not deny,
The Chancellar said of na sik charge haue I.
We will giue gold or our purpois suld faill,
Than Wallace said in waist is that trauaill.
We ask na gold be fauour of your kin,
In weir of zou we tak quhat we may win.
Abaissit he was to mak answer againe.
Wallace said Sir we iangill all in vaine
My counseil giues I will na fabill make,
As for ane finall peace to take,

Nocht

Nocht for my ſelfe that I bind to zour Seill.
I can not trow that euer ze will be leill.
But poore folk that greatlie hes bene ſuppryſit,
I will tak peice quhill farther we be aduiſit.
Than band thay thus thair ſuld be na debait,
Caſtell and toun ſuld ſtand in their ilk ſtait,
Fra that day furth quhill ane zeir was at end,
Seillit this peice, and tuik their leaue to wend.
Wallace fra them paſſit into the Weſt,
Paid plaine repair quhair that him lykit beſt.
Sit ſair he dred that thay ſuld him diſſaue,
The Indentour to ſir Rannald he gaue.
His deir Vnkill quhair it micht keipit be,
In Cumnok ſyne to his dwelling went he.

THE SEAVENTH PART OF THIS Booke declares how Wallace brint the barnes of Air, and put Biſhop Beeke out of Glaſgow, and ſlew Lord Perſie. Chap. I.

IN Februar befell the ſamin cace,
That Inglithmen tuik trewes with Wallace,
This paſſit ouir quhill March away was ſocht,
The Inglithmen keſt all the wayes they mocht.
With ſubtill and wickit concluſioun,
The worthie Scottis to put to confuſioun.
Into Apryle the king of Ingland come,
In Cumberland of pumfret fra his home.
Into Carlyle to ane counſell he zeid,
Quhairof the Scots micht haue full mekil dreid.
Ponie Captaine that was of Ingland borne,
Hither they paſt ſemblit their King before,
Na Scottis man to that counſell thay cald,
Bot ſir Aymer that traitour was of ald,
At him thay ſpeirit how thay ſuld tak in hand,
The richteous blude to ſtroy out of Scotland.

Sir

Sir Aymer said thair Chiftane can weill do,
Richt wise in weir and hes great power to.
And now this trewis gaue them sic hardiment,
That to your faith they will not all consent.
Bot wald ze do richt as I can zou leir,
The peice to them it suld be sald full deir.
Than deimit he the fals Southeron amang,
How they best micht the Scottis barrouns hang
Four great Barnis at that tyme stude in Air,
Wrocht for the King quhen his bigging was thair,
Biggit about that na man enter micht,
Bot ane at anis nor haue of vther sicht.
Ane Justice maid quhilk was of mekill mane.
There ordained they these Lords suld be slaine.
To Lord Persie of this matter they laid,
With sad auise againe to them he said.
Thae men with me hes keipit treuth sa lang,
Deceitfully I may not sée them hang.
I am thair fae and warne will I them nocht,
Sa I be quyte I rek not quhat ze wrocht.
Fra thence I will and toward Glasgow draw,
With our Bishop to heir of his new Law.
Than cheisit they ane Justice feirs and fell,
Quhilk Arnulfe hecht as my Author will tell.
Of South Hamptoun he hecht baith heire & lord,
He vndertuike to pyne them with ane cord,
Ane vther aire in Glasgow ordainit thay,
For Cliddisdaill men to stand the samin day,
Syne chargit them in all wayes earnestly,
Be na kin meane Wallace suld chaip them by,
For weill they wist and thir men wer ouirthrawin,
Thay micht at will bruik Scotland as their awin.
This band they close vnder their Seillis fast,
Syne socht ouir mure againe King Edward past,
The new Justice resauit was in Air,
The Lord Persie can vnto Glasgow fair.
This aire was set in Iune the auchtéene day,

And plainly tryit na frie man were away,
The Scots meruellit and peace tane in the land,
Quhy Inglishmen sic maistrie take on hand,
Sir Rannald set and day besoir this air,
At Monktoun kirk his freindis to meit him thair
Willame Wallace vnto the tryst couth pas,
For he as than Wardane of Scotland was,
Thus Maister Iohn a worthie clarke was thair,
He chairgit his kin for to bide fra that air,
Richt weill he wist fra Persie left that land,
Greit perrill was to Scottis appeirand,
Wallace fra thame into the Kirk he zeid,
Pater Noster he said and als ane Creid.
Syne to the Grece leanit him soberly,
Upon ane sleip he fell full sudainly,
Cleland followit and saw him fall on sleip,
He maid na noyes bot wisely couth him keip.
In that slumber cummand him thocht he saw,
Ane stalwart man that towart him couth draw.
Sone be the hand he hint him haistilie,
I am he said in beyage chargit with the,
Ane sword him gaue of burely burneist steill,
Gude son he said this sword thou sal bruik weill
Of Topasioun him thocht the Plumat was,
Baith hilt and all glitterand as the glas,
Deir sonne he said, we tarie heir to lang.
Thou sall ga se whair wrocht is mekill wrang,
Than he him led to ane montane on hicht,
The warld he thocht he micht se at ane sicht:
He left him thair and syne fra him he went,
Thairof Wallace studyit in his intent,
To se him thair he had full greit desire,
Thairwith he saw begin ane felloun fyre,
Quhilk braithlie brint on breid out throw the land,
Scotland all ouir fra Ros to Sulway sand,
Than sone to him dissendit there ane Quéne,

Illuminat licht schinand full bricht and schene,
In hir presence appeirit sa mekill licht,
That all the fyre scho put out of his sicht,
Gaue him ane wand of cullour reid and grene,
With ane Sapheir saynit his face aud ene.
Welcome scho said I cheis thee to my loue,
Thow art grantit be the greit God aboue,
To helpe people that suffers mekill wrang,
With thee as now I may not tarie long,
Thou sall returne to thine awin Dist againe,
Thy deirest kin are here in mekill pane,
This richt Regioun thou mon redeme it all,
Thy last reward in earth shall be bot small,
Let not thairfore, take redresse of this misse,
To thy reward thou sall haue heuinis blis,
Of hir richt hand scho betaucht him ane buik,
Humbly thus hir leif than scho tuik.
Unto the cloude ascendit out of sicht,
Wallace brake vp the buike in all his micht,
In thrie parts the buik weill writtin was,
The first letters was gros letters of bras.
The second gould, the thrid syne siluer schene,
Wallace maruelit quhat this writing sould mene
To reid the buik he besyit him so fast,
His spreit again to waknand mynd it past.
And vp he rais syne sudainly furth went,
Thus Clerk he fand and tauld him his Intent,
Of his visioun as I haue said befoir,
Compleitlie, furth quhat neids words more?
Deir Sone he said my wit vnabil is,
To ratifie sic for dreid I say amis,
Zit I sall deme thocht my cunning be small,
God grant na chairge efter my words fall,
The stalwart man gaue thée that sword in hand,
Fergus it was first winner of Scotland.
That montane is quhair he thée had on hicht,
Knawledge to haue of wrang that thou mon richt

That fyre ſall be teiſt tydings or ze paſt,
Quhilk will be tauld in monie ſundrie airt.
I can not wit quhat Quéne that that will be,
Bot gif it be Forteun ane Ladyquhylis richt fré.
The prettie wand I trow by my intent,
Betaikens reull and cruell chaſtiſement.
The reid collour quha graithly vnderſtude,
Betaikens all to greit battell and blude.
The grein courage that thou art now amang,
In truble and weir thou ſall continew lang.
The Sapheir ſtane ſcho bliſſit thé withall,
Is happie chance will God ſall to thé fall.
The thrée fald huik is bot this brokin land,
Thou mon redéme be worthines of hand.
The braſſe letters betaikens bot to this,
The greit oppres of weir and mekill mis.
The quhilk thou ſall bring to the richt againe,
Bot thou therefoir mon ſuffer mekill paine.
The gold betaikens honour and worthines,
Victor in armes, manheid and noblenes.
The ſiluer ſchawis cleane life and heuins blis,
To thy reward that mirth thou ſall not mis.
Dreid not therefore be out of all diſpair,
Farther as now heirof I can na mair.
He thankit him and thus his leaue hes tane,
To Corsby ſyne with his vnkill raid hame.
With mirthis thus all nicht ſoiornit thair,
Upon the morne thay graithit them to the Air.
And furth thay raid till they come to Kincace,
With dreidfull heart thus ſpeirit gude Wallace,
At ſir Rannald for their Charter of peace,
Neuer be laid thir words are na lies:
It is leuit in Corsby in the kirk,
Quhair thou it laid thereof nane vther wirk.
Wallace anſwerit had we it heir to ſchaw,
And they be falſ we ſall not enter aw.
Weil ſonne he ſaid I pray thé pas againe,

Thocht

Thoch thou wald send thy trauell wer in vaine.
Bot thou or I can nane it bring this tyde,
Greit grace it was maid him againe to ryde.
Wallace returnit tuik nane with him bot thrie.
Nane of them knew this Indentour bot he
Vnhap him led forbid him could he nocht,
Of fals deceit this gude Knicht had na thocht.
Sir Rannald raid but resting to the toun,
Wittand na thing of all this fals treasoun,
That wickit Signe sa reullit that planeit,
Saturne as then was in his hiest flait,
Aboue Iuno in his Melancholy,
Iupiter and Mars ay cruell of enuy,
Saturne as then auancit his nature,
Of tyrannie he power had and cure.
Rebellis reullis in mony frē Nation.
Troublous wether makis mony ships to drown.
His dreaching was with Pluto in the sey,
As of the land full of iniquitie,
He wakens weir full of pestilence,
Filling of walles with cruell violence.
Poysoun is ryfe amang thir vther things,
Suddane slauchter of Emperours and Kings.
Quhen Sampson pullit to the ground the pilleir,
Saturne was then into his hiest Spheir.
At Thebes als of his power they tell,
Quhen Phionax sank throw the earth to hell,
Of the Troians he had full mekill cure,
Quhen Achilles at Troy slew gude Hecture,
Burdeous shent and monie cities mo,
His power zit it hes na hap to ho.
In braid Brittane feill vengence hes bene sene,
Of this and mair ze wait weill quhat I mene.
Bot to this hous that stalwart was and strang,
Sir Rannald come and micht not tarie lang.
Ane balk was knit all full of raips kene,
Sic ane Tolbuith sensyne was neuer sene.

Strang men was set the entrie for to hald,
Nane micht pas in bot ane as they were cald.
Sir Rannald first to make seruitie for his land,
The knicht went in and wald na langer stand,
Ane rynnand cord they slippit ouer his heid,
Hard to the balk and hangit him to deid,
Sir Brice the Blair nixt efter in he past,
Unto the deith they haillit him full fast.
Be he enterit his heid was in the snair,
Knit to the balke hangit to deith richt thair.
The third entrit greit pitie was for thy,
Ane gentill Knicht Sir Neill of Mongomry.
And vther feill of landit men about,
Mony zeid in bot na Scottis come out,
Of Wallace pairt thay put to that derfe deide,
Mony Craufurds sa endit in that steid,
Of Carrick men Kennedies slew thay als,
And kinde Campbels that neuer had bene fals,
Thir rebellit nocht agains thair richteous croun
Sutheroun for thy thame put to confusioun,
Barklayis, Boydis, and Stewartis of gude kin,
Na Scot eschaipit that tyme that enterit in,
Upon the balk they hangit mony pair,
Besyde thame deid in ane nuke cuist them thair.
Sen the first tyme that any weir was wrocht,
To sic ane deith sa mony zeid their nocht
Upon ane day, throw curst Saronis feid,
Uengence of this out throw the kinrent zeid,
Grantit it was fra the greit God of heuin,
Sa ordainit that law sould be thair steuin,
To the fals Saronis for thair fals Judgement,
Thair wickitnes ouer all the warld is went,
Ze Nobill men that are of Scottis kynde,
Thair piteous deith ze keip it in your mynde,
And vs reuenge quhen we are set in thrang,
Dolour it is heiron to tarie lang.
Thus auchtene scoir derflie to deith thay dicht,

Of Barrouns bauld and mony worthy knicht.
Quhen they had slaine the worthiest was thair,
For waik people na langer they wald spair,
Into the gairth kest them out of that steid,
As they were borne spuilzeit bair and deid.
Gude Robert Boyde vnto the tauerane zeid,
With twentie men that douchtie wer in deid.
Of Wallace hous full cruell in intent,
He gouernit thame quhen Wallace was absent.
Keirly returnit with his maister againe,
Cleland and Boyd that mekill was of mane,
Stevin of Ireland went furth into the streit,
Ane true woman full sone with him culd meit,
He speirit at hir what happinit in the Aire.
Sorrow scho said is nothing ellis thair,
Feiritlie scho said, allace quhair is Wallace?
Fra vs againe he passit at Kincace.
Ga warne his folke and charge thame off the toun,
To keip himselfe I shall be ready boun,
With hir as than na mair tarie he maid,
To his fellowes he went withouttin baid,
And to them tauld of all this grit missair.
To Laglane wood thay bownit withouttin mair,
Be this Wallace was cummand wonder fast.
For his friends he was full sair agast.
Vnto the Barne sadlie he culd persew,
To enter in, for he na perrell knew:
This trew woman vpon him loud can call,
O feirs Wallace feill tempest is befall,
Our men is slaine great pitie is to se,
As bestiall hounds hangit ouir ane tre.
Our true barrouns be twa and twa past in,
Wallace wetpit for greit lois of his kyn,
That with vneis vpon his horse he baid,
Mair for to speir to this woman he raid,
Deir Nece he said if thou the trueth can tell:
Is my Eme deid or how the cace befell.

Out of zon Barne forſuith I ſaw him borne,
Naikit laid law and cald earth him beforne,
His frostie mouth I kiſſit in that ſteid.
Richt now manlyke, now bair and brocht to deid,
And with ane claith I couered his Lichame,
For in his life he did neuer woman ſchame.
His ſiſters ſonne thou art worthie and wicht,
Reuenge his death for Goddis ſaik at thy micht.
Als I ſall helpe as I am woman trew,
Deir wicht he ſaid greit God gif that thou knew.
Gude Robert Boyd quhair euer thou can him ſie
William Craufurd als gif he liuand be,
Adam Wallace wald help me in this ſtrife,
I pray to God to ſend them all on lyfe,
For Goddis ſaik bid thame ſone come to me,
The iuſtice innes thou ſpy for charitie,
And in quhat feir that they thair ludging make,
Sone efter that we ſall our purpoſe take,
Into Laglane quhilk hes their ſuccour bene,
Adew market and welcome wods grene.
Heirof as than to hir he ſpake na mair,
His brydill turnit and fra hir can he fair.
Sic murning maid for his deir worthie kyn,
Him thocht for baill his breiſt neir brift in twyn,
As he thus raid in greit anger and tene,
Of Inglishmen thair followit him fyfetene.
Wicht waillit men that towart him couth draw,
With ane Paiſſer to teich him to the Law,
Wallace returnit in griefe and matalent.
With his ſword drawin amang them ſone he went,
The mydill of ane he mankit ſone in twa,
Ane vther thair vpon the heid can ta,
The third he ſtrake and throw the coſt him ſlane,
The fourt to ground richt deirlie doun he drane,
The fyft he hit in greit Ire in that ſteid,
Without reſkew dreidles he left thame deid.
Than his thrie men had ſlaine the vther fyue,

Fra

Fra thame the laue eſchaipit with thair lyue,
Fled to thair Lord and tauld him of this cace,
To Laglane wod then rydis wicht Wallace,
The Sutheroun ſaid quhat ane had he hit richt,
Without merrie dzeidles to deith was dicht,
Meruell they had ſic ſtrenth in ane ſuld be,
Ane of thair men at ilk ſtraik he gart die.
Than demit thay it ſould be Wallace wicht,
To thair language then anſwerit ane auld Knicht,
Fozſuith he ſaid be he eſchaipit this Air,
All zour new deid is eiking of zour cair,
The Juſtice ſaid quhen thair ſic rumours rais,
Ze wald be feirit and there come monie fais.
That foz ane man me think ze like to flie,
And wait not zit in deid gif it be he,
And tho it wer I compt him bot full licht,
Quha bydis heir ilk gentill man ſall be Knicht.
I think to deill thair landis haill to mozne,
To zou about that are of England bozne,
The Sutheroun dzew to their ludging but mair,
Foure thouſand haill that nicht was into Air,
In greit Barns biggit without the toun,
The Juſtice lay with mony bauld Barroun.
Than he gart cry about that wanis wyde,
Na Scottis beirne amang thame there ſuld byde,
To the Caſtell he wald not pas foz eis,
Bot ſoiournit thair with thing that micht him pleis,
Greit purueyance be ſea was to them bzocht,
With wine and aill the beſt that could be bocht,
Na watch was ſet becaus they had na doubt:
Of Scottis men that liuand was without.
Labourit in minde thay had bene all that day,
Of aill and wyne aneuch choſin had they,
As beiſtlyke folk tuik of them ſelfe na keip,
In thair bains ſone ſlaid the ſlouthfull ſleip,
Thzow foull gluttonie in ſwair ſwappit lyke ſwyne,
Thair chiftane was great Bacchus God of wyne.

This wyse woman lang tyme amang thame was,
Feill men scho warnit and gart to Laglane pas,
Hir selfe formest quhen they with Wallace met,
Sum comfort than into his hart was set,
Quhen he thame saw he thankit God of micht.
Tythings he askit the woman tauld him richt.
Sleipand as swyne are all 3on false meinzie,
Na Scottis man is in 3on cumpanie,
Than Wallace said if they all drunkin be,
I call it best with fyre them for to se.
Of gude men than thrée hundreth to him socht,
The woman had tauld thrée trew Burges that brocht.
Out of the toun with nobill aill and breid,
And vther stuf als mekill as they micht leid.
Thay eit and drank the Scottis men that mocht,
The Nobils than Iop hes to Wallace brocht.
Sadlie he said deir friends now 3e se,
Our kyn are slaine thairfoir is greit pitie.
Throw foull murther the greit despite is more,
Now sum remeid I wald we set thairfore,
Suppois that I was maid wardane to be,
Part are away sic chargis put to me,
And 3e ar heir cummin of als gude blude,
And richteous borne, be auenture and als gude.
Als forward fair als likelie of persoun,
As euer was I thair for conclusioun.
Lat vs chuse fyue of this gude companie,
Syne Cauils call quha sall our maister be,
Wallace said Boyd and Craufurd of Renoun,
And Adam als than Lord of Richartoun,
His father than was deseyit with seiknes,
GOD had him tane into his lestand grace,
The fyft Auchinleck in weir ane Nobill man,
Cauils to call about the fyue began.
It wald on him for ocht thay wald deuise,
Continually quhill thay had callin thryse,
Than Wallace rais and out ane sword can draw,

Ye ſaid I avow to the maker of aw,
And to Marie his mother Virgin cleir,
Sy Unkillis deith now ſallbe ſauld full deir.
With mony ma of our deir worthie kin.
Firſt or I eate or drinke I ſhall begin,
For ſleuth nor ſleip ſhall neuer remaine with me,
Of this tempeſt quhill I auengit be,
Than all inclynit richt humble of ane accord
And him reſauit as their Chiftane and Lord.
Wallace ane Lord he may be clepit weill.
Thoch rurall folk thairof haue littill feill.
Thay deme na Lord bot landis be thair pairt,
Had he the warld and be wretchit of hart.
Ye is na Lord bot to the worthynes,
It can not be but frædome Lordlynes.
At the Roddis thay make full many ane,
Quhilk worthie are that lands thay haue nane,
This diſcuſſing we leif heraulds to end,
Unto my matter breiflie I will wend.
Wallace commandit ane Burges for to get,
Fyne calk aneuch that his deir Nece micht ſet,
At ilk ʒet whair Sutheroun were on raw.
And twentie men he gart ſone windies thraw,
Ilk man vpon his arme ane pair he threw,
Unto the toun full faſt thay can perſew.
The woman paſt befoir him ſubtillie,
Calkit ilk ʒet they neidit not ga by.
Than feſtnit thay the durris with windeis faſt,
To ſtapill and help with many ſick er caſt,
Wallace gart Boyd neir hand the Caſtell ga,
With fyftie men ane Jeopardie to ma,
Gif ony Iſchit the fyre quhen that they ſaw,
All faſt to the ʒet he ordainit them to draw,
The laif with him about the Warnis ʒeid,
This true woman him ſeruit weill ind eid,
With lynt and fyre that haſtie kendill wald,
In euerilk nuik thay feſtnit blaſſis bald,

Wallace

Wallace commandit to all his men about,
Na Suther oun men that thay suld lat breake out,
Quhat euer he be reskewes of thair kin,
Fra the reid fyre himselfe sall pas therein,
The lemand low soone lansit vpon hicht,
Forsuith he said this is ane pleasant sicht,
To our hearts it shall be sum redresse,
War thir away thair power were the les,
Unto the Justice him self on loud can caw,
Lat vs to borgh our men fra zour fals Law.
That leuand are and chaipit fra your Air,
Deill not thair land the vnlaw is ouir sair.
Thou had na richt it sall be on thée sene,
The rumour rais with carefull cry and kene.
The bailfyre brynt richt brymlie vpon loft,
To sleipand men thair walkning was vnsoft,
The sicht without was awfull for to se,
In all the warld na greiter pane micht be.
Than they within sufferit for to dwell,
That euer was wrocht bot purgatrie or hell.
Ane paine of hell weill neir it may be calde,
Mad folke in fyre hamperit in monyfald.
Feill biggings brynt that worthie were and wicht,
Gat nane away knaue Captaine, nor knicht.
Quhen brands fell of rufe freis thame amang,
Sum rudelie rais in bitter pains strang.
Sum nakit brynt with belchis all away,
Sum neuer rais bot smorit quhair they lay:
Sum rushed fast to aire gif they micht win,
Blyndit with fyre thair deids were full dym,
The reik fillit with filth of carioun,
Amang the fyre richt foull of infectioun.
The people beirit lyke wood be ists in that tyde,
Within the wall rampand on ather syde.
Rumeist with rueth, and monie ane greislie grane,
Sum grimlie grat quhyll their lyfe dayes wer gane,
Sum durris socht the entrie for to get,

Bot

Wot Scots men ſa wiſelie them beſet.
Giue onie brake be auenture off that ſteid,
With ſwords ſone brymit they war to deid,
Or els againe be force dreuin in the fyre,
Thair chaipit nane bot brint vp bane and lyre.
The ſtinke ſkailit of deid bodyes ſa wyde,
The Scottis abhorrit neir hand them for to byde,
Zeid to the wind and leit them euin alane,
Quhill the reid fyre had that falſe blud ouergane.
Ane Freir Drumlaw was prysour than of Air,
Seuin ſcoir with him that nicht tuik harbery thair,
Intill his innes for he micht not them let,
Quhill neir midnicht ane watch on thame he ſet,
Him ſelf woke weill quhill he the fyre ſaw ryſe,
Sum mends he thocht to take of that ſuppryſe,
His brethren ſeuin ſone to harnes they zeid,
His ſelfe Chiftane, the remanent to leid.
The beſt they waill of armour and gude geir,
Syne wapinnes tuik richt awfullie in effeir.
Thir aucht Friers in thrie parts they ga,
With ſwords drawne in ilk hous zeid thay twa,
Soone entrit in where Sutheroun ſleipand war,
Vpon them ſet with ſtraiks ſad and ſair,
Feill freiks thair thay Friers dang to deid,
Sum nakit fled and gat out of that ſteip,
The water ſocht abaſit out of ſleip,
Into the frier wall that was both lang and deip,
Feill of thame fell that brake out of that place,
Drounit to ground and deit withouttin grace.
Drounit and ſlane was all that herberied there,
Men callis it zit the friers bleſſing of Air.
Few folke of baill was leuit vpon care,
In the caſtell, Lord Perſie from that place
Befoir the Air fra thine to Glaſgow drew,
Of wyne and ſtufe it was to purueyne new,
Zit they within ſaw the fyre burning ſtout.
With ſhort anile ichit and maid na dout,

The

The bushment than as weriours wise and wicht
Leit thame alane and to the house past richt,
Boyd wan the Port entrit with all his men,
Keipers in it were left bot nyne or ten.
The formest soone him self seisit in hand.
Paid quyte of him syne slew all that he fand,
Of purueyance in the Castell was nane,
Short tyme befoir fra it Persie was gane.
The Erll Arnulf had resauit that hald,
Quhilk in the toun was brynt to powder cald,
Boyd gart remaine of his twentie men still,
Himself past furth to wit of Wallace will,
Keipand the toun quhyle nocht was leuit thair,
Bot the wod fyre and bigging brint full bair:
Of likelie men was borne of England,
Be sword and fyre that nicht deit fyue thousand,
Quhen Wallace men was weill togidder met,
Gude freinds he said ze knaw that there was set,
Sick Law as this now into Glasgow toun,
The Bishop Beik and Persie of renoun,
Thairfore I will in haist ze hidder fair.
Of our gude kin sum part is lossit thair,
He gart full sone the Burgessis to him call,
And gaue command in generall to them all.
In keiping thay sould take the house of Aire.
And hald it haill quhill tyme that we heir mair,
To byde our King Castellis I wald we had,
Cast we doun all we may be demit ouer-had.
They gart meit cum for he had fastit lang,
Lyttill he tuik syne bounit him to gang,
Fors thay cheise that Sutheron had brocht thair,
Anew at will and off the toun can fair,
Richt wonder fast raid this gude Cheualrie,
Thrie hundreth haill was in that cumpanie:
To Glasgow brig that biggit was of trie,
Sone passit ouer or Sutheron micht them se,
Lord Persie wicht that bisse was in weir,

Semblit

Semblit his men richt awfullie in effeir.
Then demit they all that it was wicht Wallace,
Ye had befoir eschaipit throw monie race,
The Bischope Beik and Persie that was wicht,
Ane thousand led of men in armour bricht
Wallace saw weill quhat number semblit thair,
Ye maid his men in twa pairts for to fair,
Graithit them weill without the toun end,
Ye callit Auchinleck for he the passage kend,
Uncle he said be besy into weir,
Quhither will ze the Bischops taill vp beir,
Or pas befoir and take his benneisoun,
Ye answerit him with richt schort prouisioun,
Unbischopit zit forsuith I trow ze be,
Your self sall first his blissing take for me,
For sikerlie ze seruit it best to nicht,
To beir his taill we sall in all our might.
Wallace answerit sen we mon sundrie gang,
Perrel it is and ze byde fra vs lang.
For zone are men will nocht be soons agast,
Fra tyme we meit for Gods sake hy you fast,
Our sindring I wald na Sutheroun sayd,
Behind thame cum in throw the northeist raw,
Gude men of weir are in Northumberland,
They pairtit thus tuke vther be the hand,
Auchinleck said we sall do that we may,
We wald like euill to byde ocht long away.
Ane bosteous staill betuixt vs sone mon be,
Bot to the richt almichtie God haue eye
Adam Wallace and Auchinleck was boun,
Seuin scoir with them on the back syde of the toun,
Richt fast they zeid quhyle they wer out of sicht
The vther part arrayit them full richt,
Wallace and Boyd the plaine streit vp canga:
Sutheroun marueilit becaus thay saw na ma,
Thair Enlenze cryit on the Persies syde,
With Bischop Beik that baldlie couth abyde,

Nue

Ane fair semblis was at their meiting scne,
As fyre in flint it fairit thame betweene.
The hardie Scottis richt awfullie thame abaide,
Brocht feill to ground throw weid that weill was maid,
Pearsit plaits with points stif of steill,
Be force of hand gart monie cruel kneill,
The strang flour fais as reik aboue thame fast,
Or myst throw Done dp to the cluds past.
To help them self ilk ane had mekill neid.
The worthie Scottis stud in ane selloun dreid.
Zit forduart fast they preist for to be,
And thay on them greit wonder was to se.
The Persies men in weir were dist weill.
Richt ferslie faucht and sonzet not a deill,
Adame Wallace and Auchinleck come in,
Ane part of Sutheron richt cruelly thay twyn.
Returnit to them as nobill men of weir,
The Scottis gat rowme and manie doun they beir,
The new counter assailzeit thame so fast,
Throw Inglishmen maid slopis at the last,
Than Wallace self into the selloun thrang,
With his gude sword that heavie was and lang.
At Persies face with ane guds will he bair,
Baith baine and braine the fruthit steill throw thair.
Thris hundrith men when Lord Persie was deid,
Out of the gait the bishop Beik they leid.
For than them thocht it was no time to byde,
By the Freir Kirk to ane wood thair beside,
In the Forrest forsuith thay tareit nocht,
On fresh horse to Bothwell sone they socht.
Wallace followit with worthy men and wicht,
Forfochten thay wer and trauellit all the nicht,
Zit feill thay slew into that chase that day,
The Bishops self and gude men gat away,
Aymer Wallang reskewit thame in that place,
That knicht full oft did greit harme to Wallace,
Wallace began that nicht at ten hours in Air,

On

On day be nyne in Glasgow semblit thair,
Be ane ouir nowe at Bothwell zet he was,
Reprouit Wallang or he wald farder pas,
Syne turnit again as witnessis well the buik,
To Dundaf raid and thair resting he tuik.
Tauld gude Sir Iohn of thair tythings in Air,
Greit mane he made he was not with thame thair,
Wallace soiournit in Dundaf at his will,
Fyue dayes out quhile tythings come him till,
Out of the hicht where gudemen were forlorne
For Buchane rais Atholl, Menteith and Lorne
Upon Argyle ane felloun weir they make,
For Edwards saik this thay can vndertak.
The Knicht Cambel in Argyle than was still,
With his gude men agains King Edwards will,
And keipit fre Lochow his heritage,
Bot Makfadzeane did him great outrage,
This Makfadzeane to Englishmen had sworne,
Edward gaue him baith Argyle and Lorne,
Fals Iohn of Lorne to that gift can accord,
In England than he was new made ane Lord.
Thus falsly he gaue ouer his heritage.
And tuke at London of Edward ane greit wage.
Duncan of Lorne zit for the land strane,
Quhill Makfadzeane ouerset him with the lane.
Put him on forze to gude Cambell the Knicht,
Quhilk into weir was wyse worthie and wicht.
This Makfadzeane was entrit in Scotland,
And meruelouslie that tyrant tuke on hand,
With his power the quhilk I spake of air,
Thir thrie Lordships all semblit to him thair:
Fyuetene thousand of curst folk in deid.
Of all gaddring in Dilk he had to leid.
And monie of thame was out of Ireland brocht,
Bairnis nor wyfis that people sparit nocht:
Waistit the land as far as they micht ga,
Thay beistlie folk couth nocht bot birne and sla.

Into

Into Lochaw he enterit suddanly,
The gude Knicht Campbell saw gude defence for thy,
To Craghumyre with thrie hundreth he zeid,
That strenth thay held for all their cruell feid.
Syne brak the brig that they micht ouirpas,
Bot throw ane fuird quhair narrow passage was.
Abandonly Campbell against them bade,
Fast vpon Awfe that was baith deip and braid.
Makfadzeane was vpon the other syde,
And there on force behouit him to byde.
For at the fuird he durst not enter out,
For gude Campbell micht set him then in dout.
Makfadzeane socht, and ane small passage fand,
Had he leaser he micht pas off the land.
Betwix ane Roche and ane great Water syde,
Bot four in front thair micht nane ga nor tyde.
Into Lochaw was bestis great plentie,
Quhair that he thocht and all his hoist to be,
And vther stuf that they had with them brocht,
Bot all his hoist auaillit him richt nocht.
Duncane of Lorne hes sene this suddane cace,
Fra gude Campbell he went to seik Wallace.
Sum help to get of their torment and tene,
Togither befoir in Dundie they had bene,
Leirand at schule into thair tender age,
He thocht to slaik Makfadzeans hie courage.
Gilmichell than with Duncane furth him dicht,
Ane gupde he was ane futeman wonder wicht.
Sone gat they wit quhair Wallace ludgit was,
With thair complaint to his presence they pas.
Erle Malcolme als the Lennox held at peis,
With his gude men to Wallace can he preis.
To him there come gude Richard of Lundy,
Into Dundaf he wald na langer ly.
Sir Iohn the Grahame als bownit him to ryde,
Makfadzeans weir sa grieuit him that tyde.

How

How Wallace slew Makfadzeane. Chap II.

THan Wallace thoght his greit power to se,
In quhat array he reulit that countrie:
The Ruikbie than knipit with greit wrang,
Striuiling Castell that stalwart was and strang.
When Wallace come be south it in ane vaill,
To Erle Malcolme he said he wald it saill.
In diuers parts he gart dissener his men,
Of thair power the Sutheron sould not kene,
Erle Malcolme baid in bushment out of sicht,
Wallace with him tuik gude sir Iohn the Knicht.
And ane hundzeth of wise weir men about,
Throw Striuiling raid gif onie wald ishe out.
Towart the bzig the gainest way they pas,
Quhen Ruikbie saw quhair that their power was.
He tuik seuin scoir of Archars that was thair,
Upon Wallace thay followit wonder sair.
That feill bikker did them mekill deir,
Wallace in hand gripit ane nobill speir,
Againe returnit, and hes the formest slaine,
Sir Iohn the Grahame that mekill was of maine,
Amang them raid with ane gude speir in hand,
The first he slew that he befoir him fand.
Upon ane vther his speir in sunder zeid,
Ane sword he dzew quhilk helpit him in neid.
Inglis Archars vpon them can renew.
That his gude hozs with arrowis sone they slew.
On fute he was quhen Wallace hes it sene,
He lichtit sone with men of armes kene.
Amang the rout fechtand full wonder fast,
The Inglismen returnit at the last.
At the Castell they wald haue bene full faine,
Bot Erle Malcolme with men of mekill maine,
Betuix the Sutheron and the zettis zeid,
Monie they slew that douchtie was in deid,
In the greit pzeis Wallace and Ruikbie met,
With his gude sword ane straik vpon him set.

Derflie to deid the auld Ruikbie he draue,
His twa sonnes eshaipit amang the laue.
In the Castell be auenture thay zeid,
With threttie men na ma chaipit that dreid,
The Lennox men with thair gude Lord that was,
Fra the Castell thay said they wald not pas,
For weill they wist it micht not haldin be,
For na lang time, for thy this ordained he.
Erle Malcolme tuke the house to keip that tyde,
Wallace wald not fra his first purpose byde,
Instance he maid to this gude Lord and wyse,
Fra thame to pas he wald on na kin wise.
Quhill that he had Srriuiling the Castell strang,
Trew men him tauld thay micht not hald it lang.
Than Wallace thocht was maist on Makfadzeane,
Of Scottismen he had slane monie ane.
Wallace avowit that he sould wrokin be,
On that Rebald or els thairfoir to die,
Of tyrannie King Edward thocht him gude,
Law borne he was and als of sempill blude,
Thus Wallace was sair greuit in his intent,
To this journey richt earnestlie he went.
At Striuiling brig assemblit to him richt,
Twa thousand men that worthie were and wicht,
Towart Argyle he bownit for to ryde,
Duncane of Lorne was their true siker gyde.
Of ald Ruikbie the quhilk I spak of air,
Twa sonnis on lyfe in Striuiling liuit thair.
Quhen thay brether cousauit all at richt,
This hous to hald that they na langer micht,
For cause quhy thay wantit men and meit.
With Erle Malcolme they maid them for to treit,
Grace of thair lyfis and thay that with thame was,
Gaue ouir the hous syne couth in England pas,
On the the third day that Wallace fra thame raid,
With King Edward full manie zeir thay baid,
In Bruces weir againe come in Scotland,

Striuiling

Striuiling to keip the ane of thame tuke in hand.
Pentioun of Bruce is oft in Wallace buike,
To lend his richt full mekill pane he tuke,
Quhairfoir ſould I heir ony tary ma,
To Wallace furth now ſhortlie will I ga.
Duncane of Lorne Gilmichell fra him ſend,
Ane ſpy to be for the the countrie kend,
Be our partie was paſt by Straithfillane,
The ſmall fute folke began to irk ilk ane,
And hors allua on force behouit to faill,
Than Wallace thocht that cumpanie to waill,
Gude men he ſaid this is not meit for vs,
In brokin array and we come to them thus.
We may tak ſkaith and harme our fais ſmall,
To thame in lyke we may not ſembill all.
Tary we lang in plaine feild quhill they get,
Upon them ſoone ſa weill we may not ſet,
Part we man leaue vs followand to be,
With me ſall pas our power into thre,
Fyue hundreth firſt to himſelf hes he tane,
Of Weſtlandmen were worthie knowne ilk ane,
To Sir Iohn Grahame als manie ordained he,
And fyue hundreth to Richard of Lundie,
In that part was Wallace of Richardtoun,
In all gude deide he was ay readie boun,
Fyue hundreth left and micht not with them ga,
Suppois that thay to byde was wonder wa.
Thus Wallace Diſk begouth to tak the hicht,
Outr ane mountaine fyne paſſit out of ſicht,
In Glendochar thair ſpy met thame agane,
With Lord Campbell than was our folk richt faine,
At thair meiting greit blythnes micht be ſene,
Thrie hundreth led that cruell were and kene.
He comfort them and bade thame haue na dreid,
Zone beiſtly folk they want wapins and weid,
Swne will thay flee ſhortlie and we perſew,
To Loch Douchane full ſuddainly they drew,

Than Wallace ſaid ane lyfe we ſhall all ta,
For heir is nane will fra his fellow ga.
Upon the Mos ane Scurriour ſone fand he,
The ſpy they ſend the cuntrie for to ſe.
To ſcour the land Makfadzeane had him ſend
Out of Craigmoir that day he thocht to wend
Gilmichell faſt followit vpon him thair,
With ane gude ſword that weill and ſharplie ſhare,
Paid quyte of him that tythings tauld he nane,
The out ſpy thus was loſſit fra Makfadzeane.
Than Wallace Miſt vpon their fute they licht,
Their hors they left thocht they war neuer ſa wicht,
For Mos and craig they micht na langer dree,
Than Wallace ſaid wha gangs beſt let ſee.
Throw the mos delyuerlie thay zeid,
Syne tuke the hals quhairof they had maiſt dreid,
Endlang the ſhore ay three in front they paſt,
Quhill all within were ſemblit at the laſt.
Lord Campbell ſaid we haue cheiſit this hald
I trow to God thair wakning ſhall be cald,
Heir is na gait to flie zon people can,
Bot rotchis heigh and waters deip and wan,
Auchtene hundreth of douchtie men indeid,
On the greit Miſt but mair proces they zeid,
Fechtand in front and mekill maiſtrie made,
The frayit folk buskit withouttin baid.
Rudely to ray they ruſhit thame againe,
Greit part of them were men of mekill mane,
Gude Wallace men ſa ſtoutlie can them ſteir,
The battell on backe fyne aiker braid they beir,
Into the flour feill tyrant gart they kneill,
Wallace in hand had ane gude ſtaffe of ſteill,
Quhome euer he hit brymlie to ground them bair,
Roumit him about ane large rude and mair,
Sir Iohn the Grahame in deid was weill worthie,
Gude Campbell als and Richard of Lundie,
Adame Wallace and Robert Boyd in feir,

Amang

Amang thair fais where deds was fauld deir,
The felloun ſtour was awfull for to ſe,
Makfadzeane than ſa greit debait maid he.
With Ireland men hardie and couragious,
The ſtalwart ſtryfe richt hard and perellous.
Aboundance of blude fra wounds wyde and wan,
Stikit to deid on ground lay monie man,
Twa hours large into the ſtour they ſtand,
The feirceſt they aneuch of fechting fand,
That Iop himſelfe weill wiſt not quha ſould win,
Bot Wallace men wald not in ſunder twin.
To help them ſelfe they war of hardie will,
Of Ireland blude full fellonlie thay ſpill.
With fell fechting maid ſlops throw the thrang,
On the fals part our wicht weir men ſa dang.
That they to byde micht haue na langer micht,
The Ireland folk then made them for the flicht,
In craigs clame and ſum in waters flet,
Twa thouſand thair drownit withouttin let,
Borne Scottis men baid ſtill into the feild,
Reſt wapins them fra and on their kneis kneild.
With pitteous voice they cryit on Wallace,
For Gods ſaik to take them in his grace,
Greuit he was but reuth of them he had,
Reſſauit them fair with countenance full ſad,
Of our owne blude we ſuld haue greit pitie,
Luik ze ſlay nane of Scottis will zeildin be,
Of outland men let nane chaip with the lyfe.
Makfadzeane fled for all his felloun ſtrife,
Unto ane Caue within ane clift of ſtane,
Under Craigmoir with fyftene is he gane.
Duncane of Lorne, his leiue at Wallace aſk,
On Makfadzeane with worthie men he paſt,
He grantit him to put them all to deid,
They left nane ſyne bot brocht Wallace his heid,
Upon ane ſpeir throw the field it bair,
The Lord Campbell ſyne hint it be the hair.

Heich on Craigmoir he maid it for to ſtand,
Still on the ſtone for honour of Ireland,
The lyflait men that wer of Scotland borne.
Sone at his faith he gart them all be ſworne,
Reſtorit thame that wald cume to his leis,
He leit ſlay nane that wald cume to his peis,
Eftir this déde in Lorne ſyne couth he fair,
Reullit the land had bene in mekill cair,
In Ardchatane ane counſall he gart cry,
Quhair mony men come to his Seruourie,
All Lorne he gaue to Duncane that was wicht,
And bad him hald in Scotland with the richt.
And thou ſall bruik this land in heritage,
Thy brother ſone in London hes greit wage.
Tit will he cume he ſall the lands haue:
I wald tyne nane that veritie micht ſaue,
Mony trew Scot to Wallace couth perſew.
At Ardchatane fra feill ſtrenthis they drew.
Ane gude Knicht come and with him men ſartie,
He had bene oft in monie ieopardy,
With Engliſhmen and ſonzeit not a deill,
Ay fra their faith he kendit him full weill.
Keipit him fré thoch King Edward had ſworne,
Sir Iohn Ramſay that richteous was borne.
Of Ochterhous and vther lands Lord,
And Schirref als as my buike will record,
Of nobill blude and auld anceſterie,
Continuit weill with worthie Cheualrie.
Into Stronchane lang tyme he had bene,
At greit debait amang his enemies kene.
Richt wichtlie wan his liuing into weir
To him and his Sutheron did mekill deir,
Meill he eſchewit and ſuffered great diſtres,
His Sonne was called the flour of courtlynes.
As witneſſis weill into this ſhort trety,
Eftir the Bruce quha reids that hiſtorie,
He reullit weill baith into weir and peis,

Alexander

Alexander Ramſay to name he hecht but leis,
Quhen it was weir to armes he him kest,
Under the crowne he was ane of the best,
In tyme of peace to courtlines he zeid,
But to gentrice he toke no other heid.
Quhat gentle man had not with Ramſay bene,
Of courtlines they comptit him not a prene,
Fredome and treuth he had as men wald as,
Sen he began na better squyar was,
Roxburgh hald he wan richt manfullie,
Syne held it lang quhill tratours treſonablie,
Cauſit his deith I dar not tell zou how,
Of ſik things I will ga by as now,
I haue had blame to ſay the ſuithfaſtnes,
Thairfoir I will bot lichtlie rin that rais.
Bot it be thing that plainlie ſclanderit is,
For ſik I trow they ſould not deme na mis.
Of Alexander as now I ſpeake na more,
His Father come as I zou tauld before,
Wallace of him richt full greit comfort hes.
For he well couth do harming to his fais.
In weir he was richt mekill for to prayſe,
Besy and true, baith ſober wicht and wiſe,
Ane gude Prelat als to Ardchatane ſocht,
Of his Lordſhip as then he bruikit nocht.
This worthie Clark cummin of hie linage,
Of Sinkler blude nocht fourtie zeir of age.
Choſen he was be the Papis conſent,
Of Dunkeld Lord was made with gude intent,
Bot Engliſhmen that Scotland gripped haill,
Of benefice they leit him bruke bot ſmall,
Quhen he ſaw weill thairfore he micht not mute
To ſaue his life thre zeirs he dwelt in Bute.
Leiſit as he micht and keipit ay gude part,
Under ſaiftie of Iames than Lord Stewart,
While gude Wallace quhilk Scotland wan with pane,
Reſtorit this Lord to his liuing againe.

And monie ma quhilk lang had bene ouerthrawin;
Wallace thame put richteouslie to thair awin.
The small Dill the quhilk I spake of air,
Into the hicht that Wallace leauit thair.
Come to the field quhair Makfadzeane had bene,
Tuik that was left both weid and wapens shene,
Throw Lorne syn past as gudelie as they can,
Of thair nomber they had not lossit ane man,
On the fyft day wan to Ardchatane,
Quhair Wallace baid with gude men monie ane,
He welcomit them vpon ane gudelie wise,
And said they were richt mekill for to prayse.
All trew Scottis he honorit into weir,
Gaue that he wan him selfe keipit na geir.

How Wallace wan Sanct-Iohnstoun. Chap III.

QVhen Wallace wald na longer soiourne thair,
Fra Ardchatan out throw the land they fair,
Toward Dunkeld with gude men of renoun,
His maist thocht than was of Sanct-Iohnstoun.
He callit Ramsay that gude Knicht of great vaill,
Sadlie auysit besocht him of counsall.
Of Sanct-Iohnstoun, now haue I remembrance,
Thair haue I bene and lossit men throw chance,
Wot ay for ane we gart ten of them die.
And zit me think that is na mends for me,
I wald assay fra this land or we gang,
And let thame wit they occupy heere wrang.
Than Ramsay said that toun thay may not keip,
The wallis ar laich suppois the ditch be deip.
Ze haue anew that sall thame cummer sa,
Fill vp the dyke that we may plainly ga,
In plaine battell ane thousand ouir at ains,
Fra this power thay sall not hald zone wainis.
Wallace was glaid that he sic comfort maid.
Furth talkand thus vnto Dunkeld they raid,
Thre dayes thair they ludgeit with pleasance,

Quhill

Quhill tyme thay had foirsene thair ordinance,
Ramsay gart big strang Bastailzeis of trie,
Be gude wrichtis the best in that countrie.
Quhen thay war wrocht betaucht them men to leid,
The water doun quhyll thay come neir that steid.
Sir Iohn Ramsay richt gudely was their guyde,
Reullit them weill at his will for to byde.
The greit Dill than about the village gatt,
With eird and stane they fillit dyks fatt.
Flaikis they laid on tymmer long and wicht,
Ane rowme passage to the wallis they dicht.
Feill Bastalzeis richt starklie up they rais,
With men of armes sone to assailzie gais,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Ramsay that was wicht,
The Turat brig assegit in all their micht,
And Wallace selfe at midsyde of the toun,
Gude men of armes that was to bargane boun,
The Sutheroun men made greit defence that tyde,
With artailzie that felloun was to byde,
With Tablasser ganzie and stanis fall,
And hand gunnis richt brimlie out they call,
Funzeit with speares as men of armes kene,
The Nobill Scottis that worthie ay hes bene.
At hand straiks fra thay togidder met,
With Sutheroun blude thair wapins sone thay wet,
Zit Inglishmen that worthie war in weir,
Into the stour richt baldlie can them beir,
Bot all for nocht availlit thame thair deid,
The Scottis throw force upon them in they zeid,
Ane thousand men ouir wallis zeid hastilie,
Into the toun rais hiddeous noyes and cry,
Ramsay and Grahame the Turat zet hes winne,
And enterit in quhair great strife did beginne,
Ane true Squyar quhilk Ruthuen hecht to name,
Come to the assault with gude sir Iohn the Grahame
Threttie with him of men that prenit weill,
Amang thair fais with wapins stiff of steill,

Quhen

Quhen that the Scottis assemblit on ather syde,
Na Southeron was that micht their dint abyde.
Twa thousand soone was fulzeit vnder féet,
Of Sutheron blude thay stikkit in the stréet.
Sir John Psewart saw weill the toun was tint,
Tuik him to flicht aud wald na langer stint.
In ane licht Barge, and with him men faxtie,
The water doun socht succour to Dundie.
Wallace baid still quhill the feird day at morne,
And left nane thair that was of Ingland borne.
Riches they gat of gold and vther gude,
Pleneist the toun againe with Scottis blude.
Ruthuen he left their Capitane to be
In heritage gaue him the office of fée.
Of all Stratherne and Shireffe of the toun,
Syne in the North gude Wallace maid him boun.
In Aberdene he gart ane counsell cry,
Trew Scottismen sould assembill haistely.
To Cowper he raid to vesy that Abbay,
The Inglis Abbot was fled fra thyne away.
Bishop Sinklair without langer abaid,
Met them at Glammis syne furth with them he raid.
Into Brechin they ludgeit there all nicht,
Soone on the morne Wallace gart graith at richt,
Displayit on breid the banner of Scotland,
In gude array with nobill men at hand.
Gart plainly cry that sauit suld be uane,
Of Sutheron blude quhair thay micht be ou irtane.
In plaine battell throw out the Meirnis thay ryde,
The Inglismen that durst them not abyde.
Befoir the Dist full feiritly they flée,
To Dunnotter ane strenth within the sée.
Na farther thay micht win out of the land,
Thay assemblit there quhill they wer four thousand.
To the Kirk they ran and thocht girth to haue tane,
The lane remainit vpon the Roche of stane.
The Bishop then began treatie to ma,

Thair

Thair lyues to get out of the land to ga.
Bot thay wer rad and durſt not weill aſſay.
Wallace in fyre gart ſet all haſtely,
Brunt vp the Kirk and all that was therein.
Attour the Roche the laue ran with great din.
Sum hang on craigs richt dulefullie to die,
Sum lap, ſum fell, ſum flotterit in the ſey.
Na Sutheron on lyfe was leuit in that hald,
And they within they brunt to powder cald.
Quhen this was done they fell on knées doun,
At the Biſhop askit abſolutioun.
Than Wallace leuch ſaid, I forgine you all,
Arze weirmen that repents for ſa ſmall.
They rewit vs not into the toun of Air,
Our trew barrouns quhen that they hangit thair.
To Abirdene than faiſtlie can they pas?
Quhair Ingliſmen richt beſy ſtittand was.
Ane hundreth ſhippis that Ruther bure and Air,
To turs their gude in hauin was bydand thair.
Bot Wallace hoiſt come on them ſuddanlie.
There chaipit nane of all that great Nauie.
Bot feill ſeruants in them was leuit nane,
At an Eb ſey the Scottis is on them gane.
Tuik out the geir ſyne ſet the ſhippis on fyre,
The men on land they brunt baith bane and lyre,
Zeid nane away but Preiſts wyues and dairnis,
Said they debait they chaipit not but harmes.
Into Buchane Wallace maid him to ryde,
Quhair Lord Bewmont was ordanit to abyde,
Erle he was maid bot of ſchort time befoir,
He brukit it not for all his bouſteous ſchoir.
When he wiſt weill that Wallace cummand was,
He left the land and couth to Slanis pas.
And ſyne be ſhip fled in Ingland againe,
Wallace raid throw the Northland into plaine,
At Cromartie feill Ingliſmen they ſlew,
The worthie Scottis vnto him south perſew.

Returnit

Returnit agane and come to Aberdene,
With his blyth Oist vpon the Lammes euin,
Stabillit the land as him thocht best to be,
Syne with ane Oist he passit to Dundie.

How Wallace laid ane seig to Dundie and how he gaue battell at the brig end of Striuiling, to Kirkinghame that was Thesaurar to Edward King, and to the Erll of Warrane. Chap. IIII.

GArt set ane Seige about the Castell strang,
I leif him thair and farther I will gang,
Sir Aymer Wallange, haistit him full fast,
Into England with his haill houshald past.
Bothwell he left was Murrayes heritage,
And tuk him than to go to Edwards wage.
Thus his awin land he left for euer mair,
Of Wallace deid greit tythings tauld he thair,
Als Inglishmen sair murnit in thair mude,
That lostit heir baith lyfe lands and gude,
Edward as than couth not in Scotland fair,
Bot Kirkinghame that was his Thesaurer,
With him ane Lord that Erll was of Warrane,
He chargit them with numbers monie ane,
Richt weill besene in Scotland for to ryde,
At Striuiling still, he ordanit thame to byde.
Quhill he micht cum with ordinancis of England,
Scotland againe he thocht to take on hand,
This Oist past furth and had bot littill dreid,
The Erll Patrik resauit thame at Tweid.
Malice he had at gude Wallace befoir,
Lang tyme bypast and that increassed more,
Bot throw ane cace, it hapnit of his wife,
Dumbar fra him sho held into ane tryfe,
Throw the supplie of Wallace into plane,
Bot he be tyme he gat his Castell againe,
Lang time or than and zit he couth not leis,
Agains Wallace he preuit in monie preis,

With

With Inglichmen ſuppleit thame at his micht,
Contrair Scotland thay wrocht full greit vnricht.
Thair muſkure than was awfull for to ſe,
Of fecht and men thouſands were ſartie.
To Striuiling brig paſt or thay lykit to byde,
To Erll Malcolme ane ſege they layd that tyde,
And thocht to keip the command of thair King,
Bot gude Wallace wrocht for ane vther thing.
Dundie he left and maid ane gude Chiftane,
With twa thouſand to keip that hous of ſtane.
Of Northland men and dwellars of Dundie,
That ſamin nicht to Sanct Johnſtoun went he,
Vpon the morne to Schirref mure he raid,
And thair ane quhyle in gude aray he baid,
Sir Iohn the Grahame ſaid we haue vndertane,
With les power ſik thing that weill is gane,
Than Wallace ſaid quhair ſik thing cummis of neid,
We ſould thank God that maks vs for to ſpeid,
Bot nære the brig my purpoſe is to be,
And worke for them ſum ſubtill ieopardie.
Ramſay anſwerit the brig we may keipe weill,
Of way about the Sutheron hes littill feill.
Wallace ſend Iop the battell for to ſet,
To Tuiſday nixt to fecht withouttin let,
On Setterday vnto the brig thay raid,
Of gude plaine burd was weill and joyntlie maid.
Gart watchis wait that nane ſould to thame pas,
Ane wricht he tuke the ſubtilleſt that was,
And ordanit him to ſaw the buird in twa,
Be the mid treſt that nane micht ouer it ga,
On Cornell bands, naillit it full ſone,
Syne fillit it with clay as nathing had bene done.
The other end he ordanit for to be,
How it ſhould ſtand vpon rollers of trie,
Quhen ane were out that the laue doun ſould fall,
Him ſelf vnder he ordainit thair with all,
Wound on the treſt in an Cradill to ſit,

To

To louse the pin quhen Wallace leit him wit.
Bot with ane horne quhen it was time to be.
In all the Dist na man sound blaw bot he.
The day approached of the greit battell,
The Inglishmen for powder wald not faill.
Ay sax they were agains ane of Wallace,
Fyftie thousand maid thame to battell place.
The remanent baid at the Castell still,
Baith feild and hous they thocht to take at will,
The worthie Scots vpon the other syde,
The plaine feild tuk on fute made thame to byde.
Hew Kirkinghame the vangard than led he,
With tuentie thousand of likelie men to se.
Threttie thousand the Erle of Warrane had,
Bot he did than as the wise man him bad.
All the first Dist befoir him ouer was send,
Sum Srots man that weill the mater kend.
Bad Wallace blaw and said they war anew,
He haistit nocht bot sadlie couth persew.
Quhill Warrans Dist thik on the brig he said,
Fra Iop the horne he hint and couth it blaw.
Sa asperlie and warnit gude Iohn Wricht,
The Rollar out he straik it with greit sicht.
The laue zeid doun quhen that the pinnis out gais,
Ane hideous cry amang the people rais.
Baith hors and men into the water fell,
The hardie Scots that wald na langer dwell,
Set on the laue with straiks sad and sair,
Of thame thair ouir as than louerit they wair.
At the foir breist thay prenit hardelie.
Wallace and Grahame, Boyd, Ramsay and Lundie,
All in the stour fechtand face for face,
The Sutheroun oft bak rerit in that place,
At the first straik fyue aiker braid and mair,
Wallace on fute ane greit sharpe speir he bair,
Amang the thickest of the preis he gais,
On Kirkinghame ane straik he chosen hes,

In

In the birneis that polist was full bright,
The prunzeand heade the plaits pearsit richt,
Throw the bodie stickit him but reskew,
Perslie to deith that Chistane was adew,
Baith man and horss at that straik he bair doun,
The Inglis Dist that war in battell boun.
Comfort they tint when thair chistane was slane,
And manie ane to flee began in plane.
Zit worthie men baid still into that steid,
Quhill ten thousand war brocht vnto the deid.
Than fled the laue and micht na langer byde,
Succour thay socht in monie diuers syde,
Sum Eist sum West and sum fled to the North
Seuin thousand hail atanis flotred in Forth.
Plungit in deip drounit without mercie,
Nane left on lyfe of all that haill menzie,
Of Wallace Dist na man was slaine of baill,
Bot Androw Murray into that strang battell,
The South part then that saw their men was tint,
Als ferslie fled as fyre dois fra the flint,
The place hes left Striuiling Castell and toun,
Towart Dumbar in greit hast maid them boun,
Quhen Wallace Dist had win the feild be micht,
Tuk vp the brig and loulit gude Iohn Wricht,
On the slears syne followit wonder fast,
Erle Malcolme als out of the Castell past.
With Lennox men to stuse the chase gude speid,
Ay be the way they gart feill Sutheron bleid.
In the Torwood they gart full monie die,
The Erle of VVarrane than can full ferslie flie.
With Corspatrik that graithlie can him guyde,
Unchanging horse out throw the land they ryde.
Straicht to Dumbar bot few with them they led,
Monie wer slane ouer sluthfullie that fled.
The Scottis hors had run full wonder lang,
Monie gaue ouer and micht na farther gang,
Wallace and Grahame euer togidder baid,

At Haddingtoun full great ſlachter they maid
Of Inglíſmen quhen their hoꝛs tyꝛit had,
Quhen Ramſay come gude Wallace was ful glad
With him was Boyde and Richard of Lundie,
Thꝛe hundꝛeth haill was of gude Theualrie.
And Adam Wallace als of Richartoun,
With Erle Malcolme they fand at Haddingtoun
The Scottiſmen on ſlauchter tayꝛit was,
Quhill to Dumbar the twa Thiftants couth pas.
Full ſpytfull wer foꝛ their contrarie cace,
Wallace followit quhill they gat in that place,
Of their beſt men and Kirkinghame of renoun,
Thꝛettie thouſand was deid but redemptioun.
Beſyde Beltoun Wallace returnit againe,
To follow mair then was it bot in vaine.

In Haddingtoun ludging he maid all nicht,
Upon the moꝛne to Striuiling paſſit richt.
On the aſſumption day befell this cace,
Ay louit be the Loꝛd of his gude grace.
Conuoyer oft he was to gude Wallace,
And helpit him in monie ſundꝛie place,
Wallace in haiſt ſone efter this battaill,
Ane greit aith tuik of all the barrouns haill,
That with gude will wald cum to his pꝛeſence,
He hecht them als to byde at their defence.
Sir Iohn Menteith was than of Arrane Loꝛd,
To Wallace come and maid ane plaine concoꝛd,
With witnes thair with his aith he him band,
Lawtie to keip to Wallace and Scotland.
Quha wald not with fꝛé will to richt applie,
Wallace befoꝛe puneiſt them rigoꝛouſlie.
Part put to deith, part put in pꝛeſoun ſtrang,
Greit woꝛd of him thꝛow baith thir realms rang
Dundie they gat ſoone be an ſhoꝛt treatie,
Bot foꝛ thair lyues they fled away be ſey,
Inglis Capitanes that hous had in hand,

Left

Left Caſtels fre and fall out of the land,
Within ten dayes efter this time was gaine,
Engliſh Captains in Scotland then was nane,
Except Berwick and Roxburgh Caſtell wicht,
Zit Wallace thocht to bring them to the richt.

That tyme there was ane worthie trew Barroun,
To name he hecht Criſtell of Setoun.
In Iedbrugh wod for ſaftie he had bene,
Againe Sutheron full well he couth conteine.
Edward couth not fra Scots faith him get,
Thoch them gaue ane milleon of gold weill met,
Herbottell fled fra Iedburgh Caſtell wicht,
Towart England thair Setoun met him richt,
With fourtie men Criſtell in bargane baid,
Againſ ſeuin ſcoir and mekill maiſtrie made,
Slew that captane and monie cruell man,
Full greit riches in that Journey he wan,
Houſhald and gold as they ſhould pas away,
Ane quhilk before they keipit monie a day,
Iedburgh he tuke and Ruthuen leauit he,
At Wallace will thair captane for to be.
Bald Setoun ſyne to Loutheane maid repair,
In this ſtorie ze may heir of him mair.
And into Bruce quha lykis for to reid,
He was with him in monie cruell deid,
Gude Wallace than full ſadlie can deuiſe,
To rulel the land, with worthie men and wiſe,
Capitans he maid and Schirreffs that was gude,
Part of his kin and of trew vther blude.
His deir Cuſing in Edinburgh ordainit he,
With true Craufurd that ay was full worthie,
Keiper of it with nobill men at wage,
In Manwell than he had gude heritage,
Scotland was fre that lang in baill had bene,
Wallace it wan fra our fals enemies kene,
Greit gouernour of Scotland he couth ring,
Waitand ane tyme to get his richteous King,

For Inglishmen that held him in bandoun,
Lang wrangouslie fra his owne richteous Croun.

The Aucht part of this booke declares how Wallace put Corspattik out of Scotland, Chap I.

FYue moneths thus Scotland stude in gude rest,
Ane counsell cryit them thocht it was the best,
In Sanct-Iohnstoun quhair it sould halden be,
Assemblit Clark Barroun and Burges fre.
Bot Corspatrik wald not come at thair call,
Baid in Dumbar and maid scorne at them all,
They spake of him feill Lords of that Parlament,
Than Wallace said, will ze heirto consent.
Forgiue him fré all things that is by past,
Sa he will come and grant he hes trespast.
Fra this time furth keip lawtie to our croun,
They grant thairto Clerk Burges and Barroun,
With haill consent thair writing to him send,
Richt lawlie thus they them to him commend,
Besocht him fair as ane then of the land,
To cum and take sum gouernance in hand.
Lichtlie he leuch in scorne as it had bene,
And said he had sik Pedlage seldom sene
That Wallace now as gouernour sall ring,
Heir is great falt of ane gude Prince and King,
That King of Kyle I cannot vnderstand,
Of him I held neuer ane fur of land.
That bauchler trowes for fortoun shawes her quheill.
Thairwith to lest it shall not lang be weill.
Bot to zou Lords and ze will vnderstand,
I make you wise I aucht to make na band,
Als fre I am in this regioun to ring,
Lord of mine awne as euer was prince or king,
In England als greit part of land I haue,
Warrent thairof thair will na man me craue.
Quhat will ze mair? I warne zon I am free,

For zour ſummonds ze get na mair of me,
To Sanct-Iohnſtoun this writ he ſend againe,
Before the Lords was manifeſt in plaine,
Quhen Wallace heard the Erle ſik anſweir maks,
Ane greit heit throw courage then he taks.
For he wiſt weill thair could be bot ane King,
Of this regioun atanis for to ring,
Ane King of Kyle for that he callit Wallace,
Lords he ſaid this is ane vncouth caſe.
Be he ſufferit we are war nor we was,
Thus rais he vp and maid him for to pas,
God hes vs tholit to do ſa for the laue,
On lyfe or deith in faith we ſhall him haue,
Or gar him grant quhome he halds for his Lord,
Or els war ſhame in ſtorie to record,
I vow to God with eaſe he ſall not be,
Into this realme bot ane of vs ſall die,
Les than he cum and knaw his righteous King,
In this regioun weill baith we ſhall not ring,
His lichtlie ſcorne he ſall repent full ſore,
Bot power faill or I ſhall end thairfoir,
Sen in this eird is ordained me na reſt.
Now God be Judge the richt he knawes beſt,
At that counſell langer he tarryit nocht,
With twa hundreth fra Sanct Iohnſtoun he ſocht,
To the counſall maid inſtance or he zeid,
Thay ſould contene and of him haue na dreid.
I am bot ane and for gude cauſe I ga,
Towart Kingorne the ganeſt way they ta.
Upon the morne ouer Forth ſouth they paſſ,
On his voyage he haiſtit wonder faſt,
Robert Lawder at Muſſilburgh met Wallace,
Fra Engliſhmen he keipit weill his place,
Couth nane him treit Knicht Squyer nor zit Lord,
With King Edward for to be at concord.
On Erle Patrik to pas he was full glaid.
Sum ſaid before the Bas he wald haue had,

Gude men came als with Criſtell of Setoun,
Than Wallace was four hundreth of Renoun,
Ane Squyar Lyle that weill the countrie knew,
With twentie men to Wallace couth perſew.
Beſyde Lyntoun and to thame tauld he than,
That Erle Patrik with many likelie man,
At Cokburns path he had his gaddering maid,
And to Dunbar wald come withouttin baid,
Then Lawder ſaid it were the beſt think me,
Faſter to pas in Dunbar or he be,
Wallace anſwered we may at laiſer ryde,
With zone power he thinks bargane to byde.
And of ane thing ze ſall weill vnderſtand,
Ane hardyer Lord is not into this land,
Nicht he be maid true ſteidfaſt to our King,
Be wit and force he can do mekill thing,
Bot willfullie he lykis to tyne him ſell,
Thus raid thay furth and wald na langer dwell,
Be eiſt Dunbar quhair men them tauld on cace,
How Erle Patrik was warnit of VVallace,
Neir Innerweik theiſit ane feild at waill.
With nyne hundreth of lyklie men but faill,
Four hundreth was with VVallace in the richt,
And thay anone approchit to their ſicht,
Greit falt their was of gude treatie betwéne
To make concord and that ſul ſone was ſéne,
Without reheirs of actioun in that tyde,
On ather part togidder faſt they ryde,
The ſtour was ſtrang and wonder perrillous,
Continuit lang with deids Chevalrous.
Monie their deit of cruell Scots blude,
Of this treatie the matter is not gude,
Thairfore I ceaſe to tell the deſtructioun,
Pitie it was and all of ane natioun:
Bot Erle Patrik the feild left at the laſt,
Richt few with him to Cokburnis paith thair paſt,
Aggreuit ſair that his men thus was tynt,

VVallace

Wallace returnit and wald na langer ſtint,
Toward Dumbar quhair ſuithfaſt men him tald
Na purveyance was left into that hald,
Nor men of fence, all had bene with their Lord,
Quhen Wallace hard the ſicker trew record.
Dumbar he tuik all haill at his pandoun,
Gaue it to keip to Criſtall of Setoun,
Quha ſtuffit it weil with men and gude victuall,
Upon the morne Wallace that wald not faill,
With thrée hundreth to Cokburnis path he ſocht,
Erle Patrik iſchit for byde him wald he nocht.
Sone to the parke Wallace an range hes ſet,
To Bonkill wod Corſpatrik fled but let,
And out of it to Norame paſſit he,
Than Wallace ſaw it micht na better be,
To Caldſtreme raid, and ludgeit him on Twcid,
Erle Patrik then in all haiſt can him ſpeid:
And paſſit by or Wallace power rais,
Without reſting to Ettrik forreſt gais.
Wallace followit bot he wald not aſſaill,
Ane range to mak as then it micht not vaill.
Quir few he had the ſtrenth was thick & ſtrang.
Twelue myle of breid, and thereto twyſe as lang
Into Cokholme erle Patrik baid at reſt,
For mair power Wallace paſt in the Weſt,
Erle Patrik then him graithit haiſtelie,
In Ingland paſt to get him there ſupplie.
Quhat throw the land richt earneſtly couth pas,
To Anthonie Beik that Lord of Durame was.
Wallace put him out of Glaſgow befoir,
And ſlew Perſie, thair malice was the moir.
The Biſhop Beik gart ſone great power ryſe,
Northumberland vpon ane awfull wyſe.
Thay ordainit Bruce in Scotland for to pas,
To win his awin bot euill diſſauit he was.
They gart him trow that Wallace was rebell,
And thocht to tak the Kingrik to him ſell,

For fals they war and euer zit hes bene,
Lawtie and trueth was euer in Wallace ſene,
To fend the richt was all he tuik on hand,
And thocht to bring Bruce fre to his land.
Of this matter as now I tarie nocht,
With ſtrang power on Sutheroun togidder ſocht.
Fra Oyis water aſſemblit haill to Tweid.
The land Diſt was thirtie thouſand in deid,
Of Themis mouth ſend ſhips be the ſé,
To keip Dumbar that nane ſould them ſupplie.
Erle Patrik paſt with twentie thouſand buſket,
Befoir *D*umbar ane ſtalwart ſeige he ſet,
The Biſhop Beik and Robert Bruce baid ſtill,
With ten thouſand in Nerame at their will,
Wallace be this that faſt was labourand,
In Louthiane come with gude men fyue thouſand,
Richt weill beſene into thair armour bricht,
Thocht to reſkew the Setoun bald and wicht.
Vnder Zeſter that firſt night ludgit he,
Hay come to him with ane gude Cheualrie,
In Doun Forreſt all that time he had bene,
He had the cumming of the Sutheroun ſene.
Fyftie he had of wiſe men into weir,
Thay tauld Wallace of Patrikis greit affeir,
Hay ſaid forſuith and ze micht him ouerſet,
Power againe richt ſone he micht not get.
Py counſall is that we giue him battell,
He thankit thame of comfort and counſell,
And ſaid friend Hay in this caus that I wend,
Sa that we wyn I reke not for to end.
Richt ſuith it is that anis we mon die,
Into the richt quha ſuld in terrour be?
Erle Patrik thair an meſſenger gart pas,
Tauld Anthone beik that Wallace cummand was.
Of this tythings the Biſhop was full glaid,
Ane mends of him full faine he wald haue had.
Bot mair prolong throw Laumyr mure thay raid,

Peir

Heere the Spotmure in bushment still he bade,
Where Erle Patrik than ordanit for to be.
Wallace of Beik unwarnit then was he,
Zit he before was not hallie indeid,
But then he put both him and his in dreid,
Upon swift horse scurriours rade betweene,
The comming then of Erle Patrik hes seene.
The hous he left and to the mure is gane:
A plane feild with his host hes he tane.
Gude Seton then ished with few menzie,
Pairt of his men into Dumbar left he.
To Wallace rade was on the richteous syde,
In gude aray to Spotmure they ryde,
Some Scots dreade the Erle so many was,
Twenty thousand againtt so few to pas:
Bot Iop perceiued he bade VVallace should bide,
Tine not zour men bot to some strenth ze ride,
And I shall pas to get zou power mair,
These are ouer good thus lichtlie for to wair,
Then VVallace said in treuth I shall not flée,
For foure of his ay ane while I may be.
We are ouer meir sik purpose for to take,
A dangerous chase they micht upon vs make.
Heere is twentie with this power this day,
Would him allay suppose I wer away,
Many they are for Gods sake be we strang,
Zon Southeron folke in stout will not bid lang.

HOW CORSPATRICK BROGHT IN Scotland Bishop Beeke, and Robert the Bruce, and how VVallace gaue them battell, and put them out of Scotland. Chap. II.

The byme battell braithlie on either syde,
Greit reird there raise ouer all where that they ryde
The laire semblie when they together met,

Feill straiks there they sadly on ather set.
Pruinzeand spears throw plaits preissit fast,
Monie off hors doun to the ground they cast.
Sadels thay teim of hors but maisters there,
Of the southsyde fyue thousand doun they bair.
Gude Wallace Oist the foirmest cummerit sa,
That the laue was in will away to ga.
Erle Patrik baid sa cruell of intent,
All his haill Oist ofhim tuik hardiment.
Against Wallace in monie stour was he,
Wallace knew weill that his men wald not flée,
For na power that liuand was on lyue,
Quhill thay on heill micht be ay ane for fyue.
In that great stryfe manie was handlit hait,
The feill dints, the cruell hard debait,
The feirs stryking maid many greuous wound,
Upon the eird the blude maid to abound.
All Wallace Oist into ane compas baid,
Quhair sa they turnit full greit slachter they maid,
Wallace and Grahame with Ramsay ful worthie,
The bald Seton and Richard of Lundie,
And Adam Wallace als of Richartoun,
Baith Hay and Lyll with gude men of Renoun.
Boyd, Barklay, Baird, & Lawder that was wicht,
Feill Inglismen derflie to death they dicht.
Bot erle Patrik full feirslie faucht againe,
Throw his awin hand monie he put to paine.
Our men on him thrang fordwart into thra,
Maid throw the Oist feill slopis to and fra.
The Inglismen began plainly to flée.
Than Bishop Beik full suddanlie they sée.
And Robert Bruce contrare his natiue men.
Wallace was wa fra tyme he couth him kene.
Of Bruces deids he was aggréeuit mair,
Than all the laue that day that semblit thair,
The greit bushment atanis brake on breid,
Ten thousand haill that douchtie wer indeid,

The

The ſtears than with erle Patrik releiuit,
Thay faucht again quhair monie wer miſcheiuit,
Quhen Wallace ſaw the bulhment brokin was,
Out of the field on hors he thocht to pas.
Bot he ſaw weill his hoiſt ſound in their weid,
He thocht to fray the formeſt or he zeid.
The new cum Diſt about him ſemblit thair,
On ather ſyde with ſtraikis ſad and ſair.
The worthie Scottis ſa feirflie faucht againe,
Of Anthonis men full monie haue they ſlaine.
Bot that tyrant ſo diſt was in weir,
On Wallace Diſt he did full mekill deir.
And the bald Bruce ſa cruellie wrocht he,
Throw ſtrenth of hands feill Scottis gart he die.
To reſiſt Bruce, Wallace he preiſſit faſt,
Bot Inglismen ſa thick betwix them paſt.
And erle patrik in all the haiſt he mocht,
Throw out the flour to Wallace ſone he ſocht.
On the peſant ane felloun ſtraik him gaue,
Karuit the plait with his ſharp groundit glaue.
Throw all the ſtuff and woundit him ſum deill,
Bot Wallace thocht he ſould be wengit weill.
Followit on him and ane ſtraik ettellit faſt,
Bot ane Maitland rekleſlie betwix them paſt.
Upon the heid gude Wallace hes him tane,
Throw heid and braine in ſunder ſtrak the bane.
Deid to the ground at that ſtraik he him draue,
Thus Wallace was diſſeuerit from the laue
Of his gude men amang them him alane,
About him ſocht feill enemies manie ane.
Stickit his hors to ground behuiſit to licht,
To ſend himſelfe as wyſelie as he micht.
The worthie Scottis that micht na langer byde,
With ſair hearts out of the field they ryde.
With them in feir they weind Wallace had bene,
On fute he was amang his enemies kene.
Gude roume he maid about him into breid,

With

With his gude ſwoꝛd that helpit him in neid.
Was nane ſa ſtrang that gat of him an ſtraik,
Efter againe made neuer the Scots to waik.
Erle Patrik then that had great craft in weir,
With ſpeirs oꝛdanit gude Wallace doun to beir.
Anew they tuik was haill into the field,
To him thay zeid thocht he ſould haue na beild.
On ather ſyde fall pꝛuinzeand at his geir,
He hewit off heids and wyſelie couth him weir.
The woꝛthie Scottis of this full lytill will,
Socht to gude Grahame quhen they their Chiftane mift.
Lawder and Lyle, and Hay that was ſa wicht,
And bald Ramſay quhilk was a woꝛthie knicht.
Lundie and Boyd, and Criſtall of Setoun,
With fyue hundꝛeth that was in bargane boun.
Him to reſkew full rudelie in they raid,
About Wallace ane large roume they maid.
The Biſhop Beik was bꝛaithlie boꝛne to eird,
At that reſkew there was ane fellonn reird,
Oꝛ he gat vp feill Southeroun they ſlew,
Out of the pꝛeis Wallace they can reſkew.
Soone haſtit him vpon ane Curſer wicht,
Towart ane ſtrenth they ryde in all thei mycht.
Richt wyſelie fled reskewand monie man,
The Erle Patrik to ſtuff the chace began.
On the fleȝars there littill harme they woꝛcht,
Gude Wallace folk away togither ſocht.
Thir fyue hundꝛeth the quhilk I ſpak of air,
Sa awfullie abandounit them and fair.
Na followar durſt out fra his fellow ga,
The gude fleȝars ſic turning in they ma.
Four thouſand haill had tane the ſtrenth befoir.
Of Wallace Mift his comfoꝛt was the moir.
Of Glaſtaden that foꝛreſt thocht to hald,
Erle Patrik turnit thocht he was neuer ſa bald,
Againe to Beik, quhen chaipit was Wallace,
Curſand foꝛtoun of his miſchancefull cace.

The

The field he wan and ſeuin thouſand was loſt,
Deid on that day for all the Biſhops boſt.
Of Wallace men fyue hundreth ſlaine I ges
Bot na Chiftane, his morning was the les.
Neir euin it was bot Beik wald not abyde
In Lawmir mure thay turnit in that tyde.
Thair ludging tuik quhair he thocht to auaill.
For weill he trowit the Scottis wald aſſaill.
Upon the field quhair thay gaue battell laſt.
The countrie men to Wallace gatherit faſt.
Of Edinburgh with Crawfurd that was wicht,
Four hundreth come into their armour bricht.
To Wallace raid be his ludging was tane,
Of Teuedaill come gude men monie ane.
Out of Iedburgh with Ruthuen at that tyde,
Togither ſocht fra monie diuers ſyde,
Sir Williame than that Lord was of Dowglas,
With him fourſcoir, that nicht come to Wallace.
Twentie hundreth of new men met that nicht,
Upon their fais to venge them at thair micht.
At the firſt field thir gude men had not bene,
Wallace watchis thair aduerſars hes ſene.
Into quhat wyſe they had their ludging maid,
Wallace bowmit efter ſupper but baid.
In Lawmir mure they paſſit haſtelie,
Sone to array zeid this gude Chevalrie,
Wallace them maid in twa parties to be,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Setoun ordanit he,
Lawder and Hay with thre thouſand to ryde,
Himſelfe the laue tuik wyſelie for to gyde.
With him Lundie, baith Ramſay and Dowglas,
Barklay and Boyd, and gude Adam Wallace.
Be this the day approchit wonder neir.
And bricht Tytan in preſence can appeir.
The Scottis Oſt ſone ſemblit into ſicht,
Of their enemies they wer not reddie dicht.
Out of array feill of the Southeron was,

Richt

Richt awfullie Wallace can on them pas,
At this entrie the Scots sa weill thame bair,
Feill of thair fais to death was dryttint thair.
Redles they rais and monie fled away,
Sum on the ground was smorit quhair thay lay.
Greit noyse and cry was raisit them amang.
Gude Grahame come in that stalwart was and strang,
Fra Wallace men wer weill togidder met,
On the south part sa awfullie thay set.
In contrair thame the trayit folk mcht not stand,
Atanis thair fled of Sutheron ten thousand,
The worthie Scots wrought vpon sike ane wyse:
Iop said that they war mekill for to pryse,
Zit Bishop Beik that felloun tyran strang
Baid in the stour richt awfullie and lang.
Ane Knicht Skeltoun that cruell was and kene,
Befoir him stude into his armour shene
To fend his Lord full worthelie he wrocht,
Lundie him saw and sadlie to him socht,
With his gude sword ane ackwart straik him gaue,
Throw Pesane stuke his craig in sunder draue.
Quhairof the laue war stoneist in that steid,
The bald Skeltoun of Lundyis hand was deid,
Than fled they all and micht na langer byde,
Patrik and Beik away with Bruce they ryde,
Fyue thousand held into ane flop away,
To Norhame hous in all the haist thay may,
Our men followit that worthie wer and wicht,
Monie slear derflie to deith thay dicht,
Thir thrie Lords to the Castell thay socht,
Full feill thay lossit that was of England brocht.
At this Journey twentie thousand they tint,
Drownit and slane with speir and swords dint,
The Scots at Tweid than haistit them sa fast.
Feill Sutheron men to wrang fuirds they past,
Wallace returnit in Norhame quhen they war,
For worthie Bruce his hart was wonder sair,

The

He had leuer hane had him at his large.
Fre till our croune then of fine gold to charge,
Mair than in Troy was quhen the greiks it wan,
Wallace passit with mony awfull man,
Quir *Patriks* land and waistit wonder sast,
Tuik out greit guds and places doun can cast.
His steids twelf that Methamis was cald.
Wallace gart breake thay burlie biggings bald,
Baith in the Mers and also Louthiane,
Except Dumbar standand he leuit nane,
To Edinburgh than vpon the eicht day,
Upon the morne Wallace without delay,
To Perth past quhair ane counsall was set,
To the Barrons he shewit withouttin let,
How his greit wow richt weill eschewit was,
To ane maister he gart Erle Patrik pas.
Becaus he said of Scotland he held nocht,
To King Edward to get supplie he socht.
The Lords was blyth and welcommit weill Wallace,
Thankand greit God of his fair happie cace,
Wallace tuke state to gouerne all *Scotland*,
The barnage haill maid him ane open band.
Than delt the land to gude men him about,
For Scotlands richt had set their lyues in doubt.
Stanetoun he gaue to Lawder in his wage,
The Knicht V Vallang aucht it in heritage.
Then Birgem cruik he gaue Lyll that was wicht,
To *Skrymger* als full gude reward he dicht,
Syne Wallace toun and vther lands thairtill
To worthie men he delt with nobill will,
To his awin kin nane heritage gaue he,
Bot office haill that euerilk man micht se,
For couetice thair could no man him blame.
He baid reward quhill the King could cum hame.
Of all he did he thocht to byde the Law:
Befoir his king maister quhen he him saw.
Scotland was blyth in dollour had bene lang,

In ilk ane part to gude labour they gang.

How Wallace past in England & remainit there thrie quarters of ane Zeir & come hame agane but battel. Chap. III

BE this the time of October was past,
Nouember neir approchit wonder fast,
Tythings thair come, King Edward greuit was,
With his power in Scotland thocht to pas.
For Erle Patrik had gewin sic counsaill,
Wallace gat wit and semblit power haill:
Fourtie thousand in Rosling mure they met,
Lords he said this is King Edwards set,
Incontrair right to seik vs in our land,
I hecht to God and to zou be my hand,
I sall him meit for all his greit barnage,
Within England to fend our heritage,
His fals desire fall on him selfe be sene,
He sall vs find in contrair of his ene.
Sen he with wrang hes ridden this regioun,
We sall now pas in contrair of his croun.
I will not bid greit Lords with vs fair,
For my intent plainlie I will declair.
Our purpose is outher to win or die,
Quha zeilds him sall neuer ransonit be.
The Barrouns than him answerit worthelie,
And said they wald pas with thair Cheualrie,
Himselfe and Iop prouydit that menze,
Twentie thousand of waillit men take he,
Harnes and hors he gart amang them waill,
Wapins anew that might them best availl,
Graithit thir men that cruell wer and kene,
Better in weir in warld couth not be sene,
He bad the laue in labour for to byde,
In gude array fra Rosling mure they ryde,
At their muster gude Wallace couth them as,
Quhat mysters ma in ane power to pas:
All of ane will as I trow set ar we,

In plaine battell can nocht diſcomfeitt be.
Our realme is pore waiſſit with Sutheron blude,
Go win on them gold or vther gude.
The Diſk inclynit all with humble will,
And ſaid thay ſould bidding than fulfill.
The Erle Malcolme with his Ireland men is gane,
Bot name of reull on him he wald take nane,
Wallace him knew ane Lord that was worthie,
At his counſall he wrocht full reidfaſtlie.
Starker he was gif he had battell ſene,
For he befoir had in gude iourneyes bene.
Ane man of ſtrenth that hes gude wit withall,
Ane haill regioun may comfort at his call,
As manlyk Hector wrocht into his weir,
Againſ ane hundreth comptit was his ſpeir,
Bot that was not throw his ſtrength anerlie,
Sik reull he led of nobill Cheualrie,
Thir examples war worthie for to ken,
Hector I leif and ſpeik furth of our men.
The Knicht Campbell maid him to that voyage,
Of Lochow cheif that was his heritage,
The gude Ramſay furth to that Journey went,
Sir Iohn the Grahame forward in his intent.
Wallace Couſing Adam full worthie was,
And Robert Boyd furth blythlie can they paſ,
Baith Auchinlek and Richard of Lundie,
Lawder and Hay, and Seytoun full worthie.

This Royall Diſk but reſting furth thay raid,
To Brokis feild and thair ane quhyll thay baid,
Than Wallace tuke with him fourtie but leis,
To Roxburgh zet raid ſone or they wald ceis.
Sutheron meruellit giue it ſould be Wallace,
Without aſſurance come to perſew that place,
Of Sir Rauf Gray ſone preſence couth he as,
And warnit him thus farther or he wald paſ.
Our purpoſe is in England for to ryde,

Na tyme we haue of Seiſing for to byde,
Tak tent and heir of our comming againe:
Giue ouer this hous ſend me the keyes in plaine.
This I command befoir thir witnes large
Giue thou will not, remaine with all the charge.
Bot this be done of force and I take thée,
Out ouer the wall thou ſhall be hangit hie,
With that he turnit and to his Oſt can wend,
This ilk command to Berwik ſone he ſend,
With gude Ramſay that was an worthie knicht,
The Oſt but mair richt awfullie he dicht.
Began at Tweid and ſparit nocht thay fand,
Bot brynt by force all haill Northumberland,
All Durame toun thay brint vp in ane gleid.
Abbayes they ſparit and kirks quhere they zeid,
To Zork they raid but baid or they wald blin,
To byrne and ſlay of them he thocht na ſin,
Na ſin they thocht the ſame to lat vs feill,
Bot VVilliam Wallace quet our quarrell weill.
Forts they wan and ſmall Caſtels caſt doun.
With aſper wapins payit their ranſoun,
Of priſoners they lykit not to keip,
Quhom they ouer tuke they maid thair freinds to weip
Na Sutheroun ſauit for all their greit richis.
All ſik truſtrie he callit wretchitnes.
Unto the zettis and ſuburbs of the toun,
Braithlie they brynt, and brak their bigings doun,
At the wallis aſſailzeit fyftene days,
Quhill King Edward ſend to them in this wayis.
Ane Knicht ane Clark and ane Squyar of peace,
And prayit fair of birning for to ceaſe,
And hecht battell or fyuetene dayes were paſt,
Souerance ſo lang gif he lykit he aſt.
And als he ſpeirit quhy Wallace toke on hand,
The felloun ſtryfe in defence of Scotland?
And ſaid he marvelit in his wit for thy,
Againe England, was of ſa greit party,

Sen

Sen ze haue maid meikill of Scotland fee,
It wer gude time for to let malice be.
Wallace hes heard the Wallage say their will,
With manly voice richt thus he said them till.
Ze may know weill that richt anench we have,
Of his souerance I couet nat to craue.
Becaus I am ane natiue Scottis man,
It is my det to do all that I can,
To send our Kinrik out of dangering,
To his desire we will grant him sum thing.
Our Oist sall ceis for chance that may betyde,
Thir fyftene dayes bargane to abyde,
And sall do nocht les than it moue in zow.
In this respite my selfe couth never trow.
King Edwards writ vnder his seale they gaue,
In fourtie dayes that they sould battell haue.
Wallace than gaue his credence to thair King,
Thair leaue they tuke syne passit but resting,
And tauld them hail how Wallace leit them seill,
Of thair souerance he cairit not a deill,
Sic reulit men sa awfull in effeir,
Are not crisken that he leids into weir,
The King answerit and said it sould be kend,
It cumis of wit enemyes to commend.
They ar to dreid richt greitlie in certane,
Sadly they think of harmis that they haue tane.
Leif I thame thus at counsell with the King,
And of the Scots again to speik sumthing,

WAllace tranoyntit vpon the second day,
Fra Zork they past vpon ane gude array,
Northwest they went in battell buskit boun,
Their ludging tuke beside Northallartoun,
And cryit his peace their marcatis for to stand,
Thay fourtie dayes for people of Ingland,
Quha that lykit ony pittall to sell,
Of all their choir was meikill for to tell,

Sir Rauf Rymount Captane of Miltoun was,
With greit power be nicht ordainit to pas,
On Wallace Dill to make sum jeopardie,
Feill Scotismen that dwelt in that countrie.
Will of this thing and gadderit to Wallace,
They maid him wise of all this felloun case,
Gude Lundie than to him he callit thair,
And Hew the Hay of Lochartquhart was Air,
With thrie thousand that worthelie was wrocht,
Syne priuatlie on fra the Dill they socht.
The men he tuik that come to him of new,
Guydis to be for they the countrie knew.
The Dill he maid in gude quyet to be,
Ane space fra thame he buskit priuatlie,
Sir Rauf Rymount with seuin thousand come in,
On Wallace Dill ane jeopardie did begin:
The bushment brake or thay the Dill come neir,
On Sutheron men the worthie Scots can steir,
Thrie thousand haill were braithlie brocht to ground,
Journey they socht and sickerlie hes found,
Sir Rauf Rymount was stickit on ane speir,
Thrie thousand slane that worthie were in weir,
The Sutheron will quhen there Chiftane was slaine.
To Miltoun fast they fled in all thair maine.
Wallace followit with his gude Cheualrie.
Amang Sutheron they enterit sudainlie,
Scottis and Inglis vnto the toun attains,
Sutheroun men shot and braithlie cuist doun stanes,
Of their owne men richt feill then haue they slane,
The Scottis about that wer of mekill mane,
Vp greillis ran and seisit all the toun,
Perfite to deith the Sutheron dang they doun,
Wallace thair hes fundin greit riches,
Jewellis and gold, wapins and harnes,
Spuilzeit the toun of wine and of vittaill,
To his Dill send with cariage of greit vaill.
Thrie dayes still within the toun he baid,

Syne

Syne brake doun warke that worthelie was made,
Wyfis and bairns thay put out of the toun,
Na man he saued that was of that natioun.
Quhen Scottis had tane and tursit thair desire,
Wallis they brake and set the laue in fyre.
The tymber wark they brynt vp all in plaine,
On thy keird day to the Dill raid againe.
Gart cast ane dyke that micht sum strenthning be,
To keip the Dill from sudaine jeopardie.
Than Inglishmen was richt graithlie agast,
Fra north and South vnto the King they past,
At Punfret lay and held ane Parliament,
To giue battell the Lords couth not consent,
Bot Wallace wer of Scotland crounit King.
Thair counsell kand it was ane perellous thing.
For thoch they wan, they wan bot as they wair,
And gif they tint lost Ingland euer mair.
In cace it wer put in the Scots hand,
And this decreit thair wit amang them fand,
Gif Wallace wald vpon him tak the croun,
To giue battell they sould be reddie boun,
The samin message to him they send againe,
And thair intent they tauld to him in plaine.
Wallace them chargit fra his presence absent,
His counsell callit and shew them his intent.
He and his men desyrit battell to haue,
Be ony wayis of Ingland ouer the laue.
Him selfe said first that wer ane ouer hie thing,
Agains my faith to reaue my righteous King.
I am his awin borne natiue of Scotland,
To weir the croun I will not take on hand,
To kend my realme it is my debt be skill,
Let God aboue reward me as he will,
Sum bade Wallace vpon him take the Croun,
Wyse men said nay it wer derisioun,
To croun him King but voyce of Parliament.
For they wist not gif Scotland wald consent,

Uther sum said it was the wrangous place,
Thus demit they of mony diuers cace.
The Knicht Campbell of wit ane worthie man,
As I said air with thame was present than.
Heard and answerit quhen monie said thair will,
This war the best and Wallace grant thairtill,
To Croun him king solempnitlie for ane day,
To get an end of all our lang delay,
The gude Erle Malcolme said that Wallace micht,
As for ane day in fence of Scotlands richt,
Thoch he refusit it tellandlie to beir,
Resaue the Croun as into feir of weir,
The people all to him gane thair consent.
Malcolme of ald was Lord of Parliament,
Zit Wallace tholit and leit thame say thair will,
Quhen they had demit be monie diuers skill.
In his owne minde he abhorrit this thing,
The commonis cryit mak Wallace crounit King.
Than semblit he and said it sould not be,
At termes short ze get na mair of me.
Under cullour our answer we man make,
But sik ane thing I will not on me take.
I will zow suffer to say that it was swa.
It war ane scorne the croun on me to ta,
Thay wald not let the message of Ingland,
Cume thame amang or thay sould vnderstand.
Twa Knights past to the message againe,
Maid thame to trow Wallace was crounit in plaine.
Gart thame traist weill that this was suithfast thing,
Delyuerit thus they passit to the King,
To Punfret went and tauld that they had sene,
Wallace crounit quhairof thay Lords were tene.
In barrat wor in Parliament quhair thay stude,
Than said thay all thir tithings are not gude.
He did sa weill in all his times before,
And now thair king he will doe mekill more,
Ane fortunat man na thing gais him againe,

And

And we giue battell we ſall repent with paine.
Ane vther ſaid, and battell will he haue,
Or ſtroy our land na treaſour may vs ſaue.
In his conqueiſt ſen firſt he couth begin,
He ſellis not, bot takis that he may win.
For Ingliſmen he ſets na dome bot deid,
Pryce or pennies may mak vs na remeid.
And Wodſtock ſayis, ze wirk not as the wyſe,
Gif that ze take the anture of ſuppryſe.
For thogh we wiu all that are in England,
The laue are ſtark againſt vs for to ſtand.
Be Wallace ſaid vther they compt bot ſmall,
For that me thinke it wer the beſt of all,
To keip our ſtrenths Caſtels and wallit toun,
Sa we ſall kend the folk of this Regioun.
Thogh North be brint, better of ſouerance to be,
Then ſet all England in ane jeopardie.
They grantit all as Wodſtock can them ſay,
And thus they put the battell to delay,
And keſt them haill for vther gouernance,
Againſt Wallace to wirk ſum ordinance.
Thus Wallace hes in plaine diſcomfeiſt haill,
Againſt King Edward all his haill battell.
For throw falſet and his ſubtilitie,
They thocht he ſould for greit neceſſitie
And falt of fude to ſteill out of the land,
Then this decreit their wit amang them fand.
They gart the King cry all their markets doun,
Fra Trent to Tweid throuch fair and frée toun.
That in thee bounds na man ſould victuall leid,
Nik ſtuff and wyne vnder the paine of deid.
This ſame decreit they gaue in Parliament,
Of Scottis furth to ſpeik is myne intent.
Wallace lay ſtill quhill fourtie dayes wer gane,
Abydand them bot appearance ſaw nane.
Battell to haue as their promeis was maid.
He gart againe diſplay his banner braid.

Reprouit Edward richt greitlie of this thing,
Bauchlit his feil, blew out on this fals king,
As recryand turnit bak and zeid his gait,
Than Wallace maid full monie biggings bait,
Thay raiſit fyre bzint vp Northallartoun,
Again thzow Zork fhyre baldlie made them boun.
Deſtroyit the land as far as euer they ryde,
Seuin myle about they bzint on ather ſyde.
And wzocht the Sutheroun monie wirkand wound,
Palices ſpilt greit Tours can confound.
Widowes weipit with ſozrowes in their ſang,
Wadynis murnit with greit meaning amang.
They ſparit nane bot wemen and the kirk,
The wozthie Scots of labour wald not irk,
Gaue to Abbayis richt largelie of their gude,
To all Kirkmen they did nothing bot gude,
The tempozall land they ſpulzeit at their will,
Gude gardings gay and great ozcharts they ſpill.
To Zork thay went thir weirmen of renoun,
Ane ſeige they ſet richt ſadlie to the toun,
Foz greit defence thay garneiſt them within,
Ane felloun ſault without they can begin.

The Seige of Zorke. Chap. IIII.

DIuydit the Oſt in foure pairts about,
With watchis fell that na man ſould iſhe out:
Aboue the toun vpon the ſouth part ſyde,
Thair Wallace and gude Lundie did abyde,
Erle Malcolme ſyne at the weſt zet abaide,
With hiunthe Boyde that gude iourneyes had maid.
The Knicht Campbell of Lochow that was Lozd,
At the Nozth zet and Ramſay maid them fozd.
Sir Iohn the Grahame that wozthie was in weir,
Auchinleck Craufurd with full manly affeir.
At the eiſt pozt baldlie thay think to byde,
Ane thouſand Archers vpon the Scots ſyde.
Diſcenerit thame amang the foure party,

Fyue

Fyue thouſand bowmen in the toun for thy,
Within the wallis arrayit them full richt,
Twelf thouſand ma that fermlie was to ficht,
Than ſaid Wallace and gone were on ane plaine,
In feild to fecht me think we ſould be faine.
Than ſailzeit thay richt faſt on euerie ſyde,
The worthie Scots that baldlie durſt abyde,
With ſpeir and ſheild for guns had they nane,
Within the dyks thay gart feill Sutheroun graine.
Arrowes they ſhot richt feirs as onie fyre,
Out ouer the wallis that flamit in greit ire,
Throw birneis bright with heids of fine ſteill,
The Sutheron blude of freindſchip nane they feill,
Quer ſchinand harnes ſocht the blude ſa ſchene,
The Engliſhmen that cruell wer and kene,
Keipit thair toun and fendit them full faſt,
Faggalds of fyre amang the Diſt they caſt.
With pick and tar of feill Sowes they ſent,
Monie wer hurt or they fra the wallis went.
Stanes of ſpringhalds they did caſt out ſa faſt.
And gadis of Irone made monie grwme agaſt.
Bot neuertheles the Scottis that war without,
The toun full oft they ſet into greit dout,
Thair Bulwark brint richt bruntie of the toun,
Thair barmkin wan and greit garrets keſt doun.
Thus ſailzeit thay on ilk ſyde with greit micht,
The day was gane and cumming was the nicht.
The werie Diſt than drew them fra the toun,
Set out watchis for reſting maid them boun.
Meſh wounds with wine of them that was wnſound,
For nane was deid of greit mirth they abound.
Feill men war hurt bot na mourning they maid,
Confirmit the Seige and ſteidfaſtlie thay baid.
Quhen that the Sunne on morrow rais vp bright,
Befoir the Chiftanis aſſemblit thay full right.
And ſaid amends of the toun they ſould take,
For all the fence that the Sutheroun micht make,

Arrayit againe as thay began befoir,
About the toun thay assailzeit wonder soir.
With felloun shot out ouer the wals full shéene,
Feill inglismen that cruell wer and kene,
With shot wer slaine for all their targes strang,
Bristed helmes monie to ground they dang.
Brim birning fyre thay kest at euery zet,
The entries thus in perrell oft they set.
The defenders wer of full greit defence,
Keipit the toun throw strenth and violence.
All thus the day they draue vnto the nicht,
To Pauillions bownit mony wearie wicht.
All irkt of weir the toun was strang to win,
Of artailzie and nobill men within.
Quhen that they trowit the Scottismen wer at rest,
For jeopardy the Inglismen them kest.
Sir Iohn Mortoun was knawin worthie and wight,
Sir William Leis than graithit them that nicht,
With fyue thousand weill garneist and sauage,
Vpon the Scottis they thocht to make skirmage.
And at the zet ishit out haistelie,
On erle Malcolme and his gude Cheualrie.
To chak the watch Wallace and ten hes béene.
Rydand about and hes their cumming séene,
He gart ane blaw was in his cumpanie,
The reddie men arrayit them haistelie.
Feill of the Scottis ilk nicht in harnesse baid,
Be ordinance for thay sic reull had maid.
With short auyse togither are they went,
Vpon their fais quhair feill Sutheron wer shent.
Wallace knew weill the Erle too haistie was,
For that he sped him in the preis to pas:
A sword of war into his hand he bare,
The first he hit the craig in sunder share.
Another ackward vpon the face tooke he,
Baith neis and front on the field gart he flée.
The hardie Erle before his men out past,

Into

Into the feild quhair feill war fechtand faſt,
Ane theirand ſword he bair drawin in hand,
The firſt was fey that he before him fand.
Quhen Wallace and he togither was ſet,
Thair leſtit nane agane them that they met,
Bot outher deid or els fled thame fray,
Be this the Diſt all in an gude array,
With the greit cry aſſemblit them about,
Than ſtud the Southeron into ane felloun dout,
Wallace knew weill the Engliſhmen wald flie,
For thy he thriſtit in the thikeſt to be.
He wand full faſt on quhom ſo euer he focht,
Agains his dint fyne ſteill auailit nocht,
Wallace of hand ſen Arthour had na maik,
Quhom he hit richt was ay deid at ane ſtraik,
That was weill knawin in mony places quhair,
Quhom Wallace hit they deirit the Scots na mair,
Als all his men did cruellie and weill,
That come to ſtrapks that might the Southeron feill,
The Engliſhmen fled and left the feild plainlie,
The worthie Scots wrocht there ſo hardelie,
Sir Iohn Mortoun in that place he was deid,
And twelf hundreth but onie mair remeid.
Thir monie wer left into the feild and ſlane,
The laue returnit into the toun agane,
And rewit full ſair that euer they furth could ſound,
Amang thame was full monie wirkand wound,
The Diſt agane Ilk ane to thair ward raid,
Commandit watch and na mair nopes maid,
Bot reſtit ſtill quhill that the bricht day dew,
Againe began the toun to ſailzie new.
All this day wrocht with full greit worthines,
Aſſailzeit ſair be wit and hardines,
The Diſtis dittoill worthit ſkant and failzeit faſt:
Thus lay they thair quhill dyuers dayes war paſt,
The land waiſtit and meit nane was to win,
Bot that will not the folk that was thairin.

Thay

Thay dreid full fair for thair awin vennis cum,
For ſouerance prayit the power of the toun.
To ſpeik with Wallace thay than deſyrit fall:
And he appeirit and ſpeirit quhat they all.
The Nair anſwerit, we wald pay zou ranſoun,
To pas away and deir na mair the toun.
Great ſhame it were that we ſould zélden be,
And touns haldin of les power than we.
Ze may not win vs lang thoch that ze byde,
We ſall giue gold, and ze will fra vs ryde:
We may giue battell durſt we for our King,
Sen he hes left it wer ouer hie ane thing
To vs to do without his ordinance,
This toun of him we hald in gouernance.
Wallace anſwerit, of zour gold rek we nocht.
It is for battell that we haue hither ſocht.
We had leuer haue battell of England,
Than all the gold that gude King Arthour fand.
On mont Michell, quhen he the Gyant ſlew,
Gold may be gane bot worſhip is ay new.
The King promeiſt that we ſould battell haue,
His writ thairto vnder his Seill thay gaue.
Letter or band ze ſée may not anaill,
Vs for this tyme of him to get battell.
Ye think we ſould on his men wrokin be,
Vpon our kin monie great wrang wrocht he.
His deuil-lyke déde he wrocht vnto Scotland,
The Nair ſaid, ſir richt thus we vnderſtand.
We haue na charge quhat our King gars vs do,
Bot in this kynd we ſall be bound zou to.
Sum part of gold to giue zou with gude will,
And nocht efter to wait zou with nane ill,
Be na kin meane the power of this toun,
Bot gif our King make him to battell boun.
Into the Diſl was monie worthie man,
With Wallace mae nor recken now I can.
Better it was, for at his will they wrocht,

Thoch

Thoch he was beſt zit thar lake we nocht.
All ſeruit thank to Scorland euermair,
For manlyke wit the quhilk they ſhewed thair.
The haill counſell thus deimit them amang,
The toun to ſiege thay thocht it was to lang.
And nocht ane way to win it with na ſlicht,
The counſell fand it was the beſt thay micht.
Sum gold to tak, ſen that we get na mair,
Syne furth away into their voyage fair.
Then Wallace ſaid my ſelfe will not conſent,
Bot gif this toun mak vs this plaine content.
Tak our banner and ſet it on the wall.
For our power this Realme hes ridden all,
Zelden to be, quhen we think them to tak,
In England lang reſidence and we mak.
This anſweir ſone they ſent vnto the Pair,
And thay conſentit the remanent that was thair.
The banner tuik vp and ſet it on the toun,
To Scotland was hie honour and renoun.
The banner there fra aucht hours vnto none,
Their finance maid, delyuerit gold full ſone.
Fyue thouſand pounds of gude gold of England,
The Diſt reſauit with vittaill aboundand,
Baith breid & wyne richt gladlie furth they gaue
And vther ſtuff that they lykit to haue.
Twentie dayes out the Diſt remainit there,
Bot want of vittaill gart them fra it fare.
Zit ſtill at peice the Diſt ludgit all that nicht,
Quhill on the morne the Sun was riſſen bricht.
Into Apryle amang thir Shawis sheene,
Quhen that the ground was cled with tender greene:
Pleaſant it wer to ony creature,
In luſtie loue this tyme for to indure.
The gude wemen had freedome largely,
Bot fude was ſkant they micht get nane to by.
Turſit vp Tents, and in the countrie raid,
On Inglismen full greit heirſhip they maid

Brint

Brint and brake doun biggings ſpaird they nocht,
Richt worthie Wallace law to the ground yame brocht,
All Mydlame land thay brint vp in ane fyre,
Brak Parks doun deſtroyit all the Schyre,
Wyld Deare they ſlew for vther beiſts was nane,
Thir weirmen tuik of bennesoun gude wane,
Towart the South they turnit at the laſt,
Paid biggings bair als far as euer they paſt.
The commouns all to London ar they went,
Befoir the King and tauld him thair intent.
And ſaid thay wald bot he gart Wallace ceis,
Forſaik thair faith and take thame to his peis:
Na herald thair than durſt to Wallace pas,
Quhairof the King greitlie agreuit was.
Thus Edward left his people into baill,
Contrair Wallace he wald not giue battell,
Nor byde in feild for nocht that they culd ſay,
Gaue ouer the cauſe to London paſt his way.
At men of wit this queſtioun heir I as,
Among Nobilis gif euer any was,
Sa lang in Ingland throw force or throw cace,
Sen Brutus deid but battell bot Wallace,
Greit Iulius the Impyre had in hand,
Zit twiſe on force was put out of England.
With Arthour als firſt of weir quhen he preuit,
Twyſe did thay frecht ſuppois thay war miſchenit,
Awfull Edward durſt not for Wallace byde,
In ane plane battell for all Ingland ſa wyde.
In London lay and tuik him to his reſt,
And brak his bow, quhilk hald ze for the beſt:
Deme as ze liſt gude men of diſcretioun,
Richt cleir it is to reſolue this queſtion.
To my ſentence now breifly will I paſſe,
Quhan Wallace thus throw Zorkſhire iourneying was,
Wittall as than was nane left in the land,
Bot in houſſes quhair it might be warrand.
The Diſheirof abaiſſit wes to byde.

Far

Fra fude ſkantit na pleaſure was that tide,
Sum bad turne hame and ſum wald farther mair,
Wallace callit Iop and ſaid to him richt fair.
Thou knawis the land quhair maiſt abundance is,
Be thou our gupde and than we ſhall not mis.
Wittaill to find that I wat wonder weill,
Thou hes I traiſt in England mekill feill,
The King and his to ſtarke ſtrenths are gane,
Bot ieopardie now perrell haue we nane,
Than Iop ſaid ſir be ze gupdit be me,
The plenieſt part of England ze ſall ſe
Of wyne and wheit thair is in Rochmont ſhyre,
And vther ſtuf of fude as ze deſire,
Quhairof I trow ze ſhall be weill content,
The Diſt was glade and hidderwart they went,
Monie true Scot was ſemblit in that land,
To Wallace come weill mayr nine thouſand,
Of preſoun part ſome had in labour wrocht,
Fra ather part, full faſt to him they ſocht.
Wallace was blyth of our awin natiue kin,
That come to him of baill that they war in:
And all the Diſt of comfort was blythar,
Fra thair awin folke was multipliand thair.
In Rochmont ſhyre thay fand abowndance,
Of breid and aill with vther purueyance,
Brak Parks down and ſlew beiſts monie ane,
Of wyld and tame forſuith they ſpared nane,
Throwout the land they paſt in gude array,
Ane ſemelie place ſa fand they in thair way,
Quhilk Ramſwach hecht as Iop himſelfe tauld,
Fehew was Lord and Captaine in that hald,
Fyue hundreth men were ſemblit in that place,
To ſaue thair ſelf and thair gude fra Wallace.
Ane royall ſteade was by the forreſt ſyde,
With Turats fair and Barratis of greit pryde,
Beildit about richt likelie to be wirght,
With fyue greit towris weill biggit to the hicht,

Feill

Feill men about on wallis buskit bene,
In gude armour that birneist was full schene.
The Dist past by and besyit bot that place,
Zit thay within on loud defyit Wallace,
And Trumpets blew with monie weirlyk soun,
Than Wallace said had we zon gallands doun,
On the plaine ground thay wald mair sober be.
Than Iop said sir ze gart his brother die,
In Herauld weid ze wait on Tinto hill,
Wallace answerit sa wald I with gude will,
Had I himself, but we may not him deir,
Gude men may thoill of harlots scorne in weir,
Sir Iohn the Grahame wald at the bikker bene,
Bot Wallace sone the perrell hes forsene.
Commandit him to lat his feirsnes bé,
We haue na men to waist in sik degree,
Wald we thame harme I haue ane vther gait,
How we with fyre within sall make thame hait,
For fyre hes bene ay fellonn into weir,
On sik an place it may do mekle deir.
Thair bulwark ald I se of widdert aik,
Wer it in fyre it micht not stand ane straik.
Houses and wod heir is aneuch plentie,
Quha hewes best of this forrest let se.
Pull houses doun we sall not wane a deill,
The auld timber will gar the grene birne weill.
At his command richt biselie they wrocht,
Greit wod in haist about the place they brocht,
The Bulwark wan thir men of armes bricht,
To the Barmkin layd tymber vp on hicht.
Than bowmen shot to keip them fra the cast,
Bot thay about had festnit fyris fast.
Wemen and bairnes on Wallace loud they cry,
On kneis they fell and askit him mercy,
At ane quarterquhair fyre had not ouertane,
Thay tuik them out fra that castell of stane,
Syne bet the fyre with brands brim and bald,

The

The reid low rais full hie aboue that hald.
Barellis of pik for fence was hungin thair,
All strak in fyre thair mischeif was the mair,
Quhen the byrnie fyre atouer the place was past,
Than thay within micht nouther schot nor cast.
Als beistall of nolt and hors within,
Amang the fyre they maid ane hiddeous din,
The armit men in harnes was sa hait,
Sum doung to ground dulhit but mair debait,
Sum lay sum fell into the fellonn fyre,
Smorit to deid and brint bp baine and lyre,
The fyre brak in at all opins about,
Nane baid on loft so fellonn was the doubt,
Fehew him self lap rudelie fra the hicht,
Throw all the fyre can on the Barmkin licht.
With ane gude sword Wallace strak off his heid,
Iop hint it bp and tursit it fra that steid.
Fyue hundreth men that was into that place,
Gat nane away but deid without in grace,
Wallace baid still with his power that nicht,
Upon the morne the fyre had failzeit micht,
Before the zet quhair it had brint on breid,
Ane rod they maid and to the Castell zeid.
Strake doun the zet and tuik quhat thay micht win,
Jewels and gold greit riches was thairin,
Spuilzeit the place and left not els thair,
Bot beists brint bodyes and wallis bair.
Than tuke thay hir that wife was to Fehew,
Gaue hir command as sho was woman trew,
To turs that heid to London to King Edward,
Sho it rescauit with greit sorrow in hart.
Wallace him self thir chargis to hir gaue,
Say to zour King bot gif I battell haue.
At London zetis we sall assailzie sair,
In this moneth we think for to be thair
Trust in the trueth, will God we shall not faill,
Unlesse I cease throgh charge of our counsaill.

The

The Southwest part of England we sall se,
Bot he seik peace or els bargan with me,
Upon a time he chargit me on this wise,
Richt bousteouslie to make to him seruice,
Sik sall he haue as he vs caus hes maid,
Than mouit they withoutin mair abaid,
Deliuerit scho was fra this Cheualrie.
Toward London scho dicht hir earnestlie,
Unto the toun but mair proces she went,
Quhair Edward lay fair mouit in his intent.
His Nevoys heid when he saw it was brocht,
Sa greit sorrow sadlie vpon him socht.
With greit vneise vpon his feit he stude,
Weipand in two for his deir tender blude.
The counsell rais and prayit him to ceis
We lose England bot gif we purches peis,
Than Wodstok said this is my best counsall,
Take peice in time as for our awin auaill.
Or we tine mair, we staik of our courage,
Efter ze may get help of our barnage,
The King granted and bad them message send,
Na man was thair that durst to Wallace wend.
The Quéene appeirit and saw this greit distance,
We ill borne scho was of the right blude of France.
Scho trowit weill thairfore to speid the mair,
Hir self purposit in that Message to fair.
Als scho forthoght that the king tuike on hand,
Aganst the right sa oft to reaue Scotland.
And feill men said the vengence hapnit fair,
Of greit murther his men maid into Air,
Thus déemit they the counsel them amang,
To thi s effect the Quéene bounit to gang,
Quhen scho hes séne ilk man forsake this thing,
On kneis scho fell and sobit at the king.
Soueraine scho said gifit your willes be,
That I desire zone chiftane for to se,
For he is knawin baith worthis wise and trew,

Per-

Perchance he wald rather on wemen rew,
Then on zour men they haue done him sik deir,
When he them sees it moues him ay to weir.
It may not skaith, although I do not baill,
To help this land I wald make my trauell,
The Lords all of her desire was faine,
Unto the king made instance into plaine,
That she might pas, the king with ackwart will,
Halfe into yre he gaue consent thairtill.
Some of them said, the Quéene loued Wallace,
For the greit voice of his hie noblenes,
An hardie man that is sémlie with all,
Great fauour will of fortune to him fall,
Anent wemen is séene in many place.
So happened now in this time of Wallace.
In his rising he was a louer trew,
And choised ane, bot Englishmen her slew.
Yet said they nocht, the Quéene wald on her take
As for his loue sik trauell for to make.
Now loue or leaue, or for help of their land,
I make rehearse as I in old writs fand.
She graithed her vpon an godlie wise,
With gold and geare and folke at her deuise.
Ladies with her none other would they send,
And old Priests that well the countrie kend,
Leaue I the Quéene to message readie dight,
And speake farther of Wallace trauell right,

The worthy Scots amang their enemies rade,
Destruction great vpon them haue they made:
Wailled the land about on either side,
No warmen then durst in their waies abide,
They ransoned nane but to the deith them dight,
In many steade made fyres braid and bright.
The host was glade and in ane gud estate.
Na power was that wald make them debate,
Great riches wan of gold and geare theretill,

Leuing anench to take at thair awin will,
In awfull feir they trauell throw the land,
Baid biggings bair that they before themfand,
Greit barmkins brak of fteids ſtark and ſtrang,
Thir wicht weirmen of trauell thocht not lang,
South in the land richt earneſtlie thay ſocht,
To Sanct-Albanis bot harme thair did thay nocht
The Pryour ſend them wyne and denifon,
Refreſhit the Oſt with fude in greit fuſion.
The nicht appeirit quhen thay were at that place,
Thay harbrit than fra thyne a littill ſpace.
Cheſit ane fteid quhair thay ſould byde all nicht,
Tents on ground and pauilions proudly picht.
Into a vaill beſyde ane Riuer fair,
On ather ſyde quhair wyld beiſtis maid repair.
Set watches out that wyſely couth them keip,
To ſupper went and tymouſly couth ſleip,
Of meit and drink they haue full ſuffiſance,
The nicht was ſchort ouerdraue the dirkfull chance.

How the Queene of England come and ſpake with Wallace. Chap. V.

THe mirrie day ſprang fra the Orient,
With beames bricht illuminat the Occident
Efter Tytan Rhebus vpryſit fair,
Hich in his Spheir the Signis maid declare,
Zephirus began his michtie morrow cours,
The ſweit vapour did fra the ground reſours.
The donk deid doun fra the heauen did vaill,
In euery meid baith firth forreſt and daill,
The freſh riuer amang the rochs rang,
Throw grein branches quhair birds blythly ſang
With ioyous voyce in heuinly harmony,
Than Wallace thocht it was not tyme to ly.
He bleſſed him ſyne ſudainly vp he rais,
To take the air out of his tent he gais.

Wallace

Maister Iohne Blair was readie haistelie,
To Gods seruice bownit richt reuerentlie,
Quhen that was done Wallace couth him array,
In his armour quhilk was baith gude and gay,
His shynand shield that birneist was full bene,
His leg harnes that claspit was full cleine,
Pullanis greis he claspit on full fast,
Ane close birney with mony siker cast,
Breist plait Brasseirs that worthie wer in weir,
Belyde him furth Iop couth his basnet beir.
His glitterand glowes grauen on ather syde.
He semit weill in battell for to byde,
Ane gude girdle and syne ane burely brand,
Ane staffe of steill he grippit in his hand.
The Dill him blissed and prayit God of his grace,
Him to conuoy fra all mistemperit cace.
Adam Wallace and Boyd furth with him zeid,
Endlang ane reauer out throw ane fluresh meid.
And as they walked out ouer the feilds grene,
Out of the South thay saw quhair that the Quéne,
Towart the Dill come ryd and soberly,
Fyftie Ladies war in hir cumpany.
Wailit of wit and demit of renoun,
Sum Widowes war and sum of Religioun,
And seuin Priests that wer entrit in age,
Wallace to sik did neuer great outrage.
Bot gif to him they maid ane great offence,
Thus they approchit on towart thair presence.
At the Pauilloun quhair thay the Lyon saw,
To ground thay licht and syne on kneis thay saw,
Prayand for peice they cry with piteous cheir,
Erle Malcolme said our Chiftane is not heir.
He bad hir ryse and said it is not richt,
Ane Quéne on kneis to bow to lawer wicht,
Vp be the hand the gude Erle hes her tane,
Outouer thay went to Wallace haue they gane.
Quhen sho him saw sho wald haue kneilit doun,

In armes ſone he clacht this Quéene with Croun,
And kiſſit hir withouttin wordis more,
So did he neuer to na Southeron before,
Madame he ſaid right welcome mot ze be,
How pleiſit zou our Diſking for to ſe.
Richt weill ſho ſaid of friendſhip haue we neid,
God grant ze will our erand for to ſpeid,
Suffer we mon ſuppois it like vs ill,
Bot traiſt vs weill it is contrair our will,
Ze ſall remaine, with this Lord I mon gang,
Fra zour preſence we ſall not tarie lang,
The Erle and he vnto the pauilion zeid
With gude auyſe to déeme mair of this deid.
The counſall ſone Wallace gart call thame to,
Lords he ſaid wait ze quhat is ado.
Of thair cumming my ſelf hes na pleaſance,
And thairfoir man we wirk with ordinance,
Wemen may be contempting into weir,
Amang ſuillis that cannot them forbeir,
I ſay not this be thir or be the Quéene,
I trow it be no gude that ſho ſhould meane,
Example take of lang time paſſit by,
At Runſay baill the treaſon was plainly,
Be wemen maid that Ganzelon with him brocht,
And Turky wyne forbeir than couth they nocht,
Lang vſe in weir gart thame deſyre thair will,
Quhilk brocht King Charlis to ſelloun lois and ill,
The flour of France without redemption,
Throw that foull deid was brocht to confuſion,
Command zour men thairfoir in priuate wiſe,
On paine of life thay wirk not on ſik guyſe:
Mane ſpeik with thame bot wyſe men of great baill,
That Lords are and ſworne to this counſaill,
His charge they did as gudlie as they mocht,
This ordinance throw all the Oſt was wrocht,
He and the Erle baith to the Quéene thay went,
Reſſauit hir fair and brocht hir to the tent.

To denner bounit als gudelie as thay can,
And ſeruit was with monie likkis man.
Gude purueyance the Quéene had with hir brocht,
Ane aſſay ſho tuik of all that gude hir thocht,
Wallace perſauit and ſaid we haue na dreid,
I can not trow that Ladies will do ſhat deid.
To poyſon men all England for to win,
The Quéene anſwerit gine poyſon be thairin,
Of ony thing that is brocht heir with me,
Upon my ſelf firſt forrow ze ſhall ſée:
Sone efter meit ane Marſhell gart all abſent,
Bot Lords and thay that to the counſell went,
Ladyes appeirit in preſence with the Quéene,
Wallace aſkit quhat hir cumming might méene,
For peice ſho ſaid that we haue to zou ſocht,
This birnand weir in baill hes monie brocht,
Ze grant vs grace for him that died on trie,
Wallace anſwerit Madame that may not be,
England hes done ſa great harmes to vs,
We may not pas and lichtlie leif it thus.
Zes ſaid the Quéene for chriſtin folk we ar,
For Gods ſaik ſen we deſire na mair,
We aucht haue peace. He ſaid that we deny,
The perfite caus than ſall I ſhaw for quhy,
Ze ſeik na peace bot for zour awin availl,
Quhen that zour king had Scotland grippit haill,
For na kin thing that he before him fand,
He wald not thoill the right blude in our land.
Bot reft thair rent ſyne put thair ſelues to deid.
Ranſon of gold micht make vs na remeid.
His fel fals weir ſall on himſelfe be ſene,
Than ſoberlie to him anſwerit the Quéene,
Of thir wrangs amends wer maiſt fair,
Madame he ſaid of him we aſk na mair,
Bot that he wald byde vs into battaill,
And God be Judge he kenes the mater haill.
Sic thing ſho ſaid it war not gude thinkme,

peice now war beſt and it micht purchest be.
Wald ze grant peice and trewes with vs to take,
Throw all England we ſall gar prayers make,
For zou and thame that in the weir wer loſt,
Than Wallace ſaid quhair ſit cumis throw boſt,
Prayer of force quhair ſa that it be wrocht,
To vs helps outher litle or eis nocht.
Warlie ſho ſaid this wyſe men hes vs kend,
Ay efter weir peice is the ſmall end.
Quhairfore ze ſould of your greit malice ceis,
The end of weir is cheritie and peice,
Peice is in heauen with blis and leſtandnes,
We ſall beſeik the Lord of his hie grace,
To command peice ſen vs may do na mair,
Madame he ſaid or zour prayer come thair,
Wends of England we think than for to haue,
Quhat ſet zou thus on weir for to ſaue,
Fra violent weir that we think not to dwell,
Madame he ſaid the trueth I ſchall zou tell,
Efter the dait of Alexanders King,
Our land thrie yeir ſtude deſolate but King,
Reipit full weill at conceid in gude ſtate,
Throw twa that clamit thair hapned greit debait,
Sa earneſtlie accord thame not they can,
Zour King they aſkit to be thair ouerman,
Sletie he ſtaid in ſtrenths of Scotland,
The kinrik ſyne he tuik at his awin hand.
He maid ane king agains our righteous laiw.
For he of him ſould haue the regioun aw,
Contrair his band wer all the haill barnage.
For Scotland zit was neuer in thirlage.
Great Iulius that tribute tuike of all,
His wynning was in Scotland bot richt ſmall.
Than your fals king vnder collour but mair,
Throw hand he maid to Bruce that is our air,
Vndid that king quhilk he before had maid,
Throw all Scotland with greit power they raid,

To Bruce ſenſyne he keipit na cunnand,
He ſaid he wald not gang to conqueis land,
To vther men, and thus the cace befell.
Than Scotland throw he demanit him ſell.
Hiew our Elders great pitie was to ſee,
In preſon ſyn lang tyme they preſonit me.
Quhill I was than callin out for deid,
Thankit he God he ſend me ſum remeid,
Vengit to be I preuit all my might,
Feill of that kin to deith ſen haue I dicht,
The rage of zouth gart me deſyre ane wife,
That re wit I ſair, and will do all my life.
Ane tratour knicht but mercie gart hir die,
Ane Heſſelrig, bot for deſpite of me,
Than rang I forth in trauell weir and pane,
Quhill we redemit part of our land agane.
Than zour counſel deſyrit of vs ane trew,
Quhilk maid Scotland full graithlie for to rew.
Into that peice they ſet ane ſubtill air,
Than auchtein ſcoir to deith they hangit thair,
That Nobils were and worthie of renoun,
Of coit armours eldeſt in that regioun,
The woman als that vnfullie was dight,
That deith we think to benge in all our might.
Out of my minde that deith will neuer ſlide,
Quhill God me take fra this fals warld ſa wyde.
On Sutheron ſen I can na pitie haue,
Zour men in weir I neuer think to ſaue.
The bright teirs was pitie to behald,
Brift fra his eyne quhen he this taill had tald.
The Quéene weipit for pitie of Wallace,
Allace ſho ſaid wa worth the wickit race,
In waryit time that Heſſelrig was borne,
Monie worthie throw his deid are forlorne.
He ſuld haue pane that faikles ſik ane ſleuch,
England ſenſyne hes bocht it deir aneuch.
Thocht ſho had bene ane Quéene or ane Princeſſe,

Madame he ſaid, as God gine me gude grace,
Princeſſe or Quéene of quhat ſtate ſa they be,
Into hir tyme ſho was als deir to me.
Wallace ſaid ſho, of this talk we will ceis,
The mends thereof is gude prayer and peis.
I grant he ſaid of me as now na mair,
This is richt nocht bot elking of my eair.
The Quéen fand weill language nathing hir bet,
Sho trowit with gold that he micht be ourſet.
Thrée thouſand pound of fyneſt gold ſo reid,
Sho gart be brocht to Wallace in that ſteid.
Madame he ſaid, na ſik tribute we craue,
Ane vther mends we wald of England haue,
Or we returne fra this Regioun againe,
Of your fals blude that hes our Elders ſlaine.
For all the gold and riches of your King.
Ze get na na peice but deſyre of your King,
Quhen ſho ſaw weill gold micht hir not relieue,
Sum part in ſport ſhe thocht him for to prieue.
Wallace ſho ſaid ze are clipit my loue,
Mair abundantlie I maid me for to proue.
Traiſſing therefoir your rancour for to ſlaik,
Me think ze ſould do ſum thing for my ſaik.
Richt wyſelie he maid anſwer to the Quéene,
Madame he ſaid, and veritie wer ſeene,
That ze me louit, I aucht loue zou againe:
Thir words are all nathing bot in vaine.
In ſpeich of loue ſubtill ze Sutheron are:
Ze can vs mock ſuppois we get na mair.
To tak ane lyking, and ſyne get na pleaſance,
Sik loue as that is nathing to auance.
In London ſho ſaid, for zou I ſufferit blame,
Our counſell als will lauch quhen I cum hame.
Sa may they ſay wemen are feirs of thocht,
To ſeik friendſhip and ſyne can get richt nocht.
Madame ze wait how ze wer hidder ſend,
Ze trow we haue bot littill for to ſpend.

Firſt

Firſt with zour gold, for ze are rich I wis,
Ze wald vs blind, ſen Scottis are ſa nys.
Syne pleaſant wordis of zon and Ladies fair,
As quha ſould dryue the birds into ane ſnair.
With ane quhiſſell pype, for it will freſheſt call,
Madame as zit ze may not tempt vs all.
Greit part of gude is left amang our kin,
In England als we find aneuch to win.
Abaiſit ſho was, to mak anſweir him till.
Weir ſir ſho ſaid, ſen that it is zour will.
Weir or peice, quhat that zou lykis beſt,
Let zour hie wit and gude counſell digeſt.
Madame he ſaid, now ſall ze vnderſtand,
The reaſoun quhy that I will mak na band.
With zou Ladies, I can na trewis bind
For your fals King wald ſone heirefter find:
Quhen he ſaw time to breik it at his will:
And plainly ſay he grantit not thairtill.
Than had we nane bot Ladies to reproue,
That ſall not be, be God that ſits aboue.
Upon wemen I will na weir begin,
On zou in field na worſhip is to win.
All the haill peice on himſelfe he ſall tak,
Of peice or weir, quhat we happin to mak.
The Quéne grantit this anſwer ſufficient:
Wo did the laue in plaine that was preſent.
His delyuerance thay held of greit auaill,
And ſtark aneuch, to ſhaw to their counſell.
Wa was the Queene hir trauell helpit nocht,
The gold ſho tuik that they had with her brocht.
Vnto the Oſt richt freely ſho it gaue,
To euery man that lykit for to haue.
Menſtrels and Heralds ſho gaue aboundantlie,
Beſeikand them hir friend that they wald be.
Than Wallace ſaw the freedome of the Queene,
Sadlie he ſaid the ſuith weill hes bene ſeene.
Wemen may temp the wyſeſt hes bene wrocht,

Zour

Zour greit gentrice it ſall not be for nocht.
We zou aſſure our Oſt ſall do nathing,
Quhill tyme ze may ſend meſſage fra the King.
Gif it be ſwa that he accord and we,
Than for zour faik it ſall the better be.
Zour Heralds als ſall ſaifflie cum and ga,
For zour fredome we ſall trouble na ma.
Scho thankit him of his grant monie ſyſe,
And all hir Ladyis on ane gudly wyſe.
Gladly they dranke the Quene and gude Wallace,
Hir Ladyes als and Lords in that place.
Hir leaue ſcho toke forout langer abade,
Fyue myle that nicht ſouth to ane Nunry raid.
Upon the morne to London paſſit thay,
In Weſtmynſter quhair that the counſell lay.
Wallace anſweir ſho gart ſchaw to the King,
It neidis not heir now mair rehearſe this thing.
The greit commend than ſho to Wallace gaue,
Befoir the King in preſence of the laue,
To trew Scots it ſould greitlie appleaſe,
Thoch Inglifmen thairfoir had lytill eaſe.
Of worſhip, wit, manheid and gouernance,
Of fredome, treuth, key of remembrance.
Scho callit him there into their preſence,
Thoch contrair them he ſtude at his defence.
Sa Chiftane-lyke ſho ſayis, as he is ſene,
Into Ingland I trow hes neuer bene.
Wald ze of gold giue him this Realmes rent,
Fra honor he will not turne his intent.
Aſſurit ye are quhill he may meſſage make,
Of wyſe Lords ſum part Ireid you take.
To purcheſſe peice withoutin wordis mair.
For all Ingland may rew this raid full ſair.
Zour Heralds als, to pas to him hes lieue,
In all the Oſt there ſall na man them grieue.
Than thankit they the Queene for hir trauell,
The King and Lords that wer of his counſell.

Of

Of hir answeir the king appeisit was,
Than three great Lords they ordainit to pas.
Thair counsell haill hes found it for the best,
Trewis to take or els they get na rest.
Ane Herald went in all the haill he may,
To Auane wall quhere that the Scottis lay.
Conduct to haue till they had said their will.
The counsell sone ane Conduct send them till.
Againe he past with souerance to his King,
Than cheisit they three Lords for this thing.
The kene Cliffurd that then was Wardane haill,
Bewmont, Wodstock, all men of mekill vaill.
Quhat thir three wrocht, the laue sould stand theretill,
The Kings seife hes giuen them at their will,
Sone they wer brocht to speiking with Wallace,
Wodstock then shewit furth monie subtill cace.
Wallace hes heard thair Sophysmis euerilk deill,
As yet he said me think we mein bot weill.
In wrang ye hald, and dois vs great outrage,
Of houses part that is our heritage.
Out of this peace in plaine I make them knawin,
Them for to win, sen that they are our awin.
Roxburgh, Berwick, that ours lang time hes bene,
Into the hands of your fals King I wene.
We ask here als be vertew of this band,
Our awin young King be wrang led fra Scotland,
We sall them haue withouttin words mair,
To his desyre the Lords grantit thair.
Richt at his will they haue consentit haill,
Fra na kin thing the peace they wald not faill.
The young Randaill that than in London was,
The Lord of Lorne in this band he can as.
The Erle of Buchane bot than in tender age,
Efter he grew a man of greit vallalage.
Cumming and Fowlis hs gart deliuer als,
Quhilk efter was to King Robert full fals.
Wallange fled ouer and durst not byde that mute,

In Picardie to ask him was na bute.
Bot he wald erer haue had that fals knicht,
Than ane thousand of fynest gold so bright.
The Bruce he askit bot he was had away,
Befoir that time to Calice monie ane day,
King Edward preuit that they might not him get,
Of Gloceſter his vncle had him fet.
That Calice had haill into his keiping,
Wallace that time gat not his righteous king,
The Erle Patrik als fra London they ſend.
With Wallace to gang as weill befoir is kend.
Of this mater and finall gouernance,
To King Edward he gaue vp his legence,
And tuik to hald of Scotland euer mair,
With full glaid hart Wallace reſſanit him thair:
Thay honourit him right reuerentlie as Lord,
The Scots was all reioyſit of that concord.
Ane hundreth hors with young Lords of renoun,
To Wallace come all fred of that preſoun.
Under his ſeale King Edward than gart ſend,
For to giue ouer and make ane finall end.
Roxburgh Berwik quhilk wer of mekill vaill,
To Scots men and all the bounds haill.
For fyue yeirs trues they promeiſt be thair band,
Than Wallace ſaid we will pas neir Scotland.
Or ocht be ſcilit and thairfore make vs boun,
Agane we will beſyde Northallartoun.
Quhair King Edward firſt battell hecht to me,
As we began thair ſall it endit be.
Greit weill the Quéene he chargit the meſſage.
It is for her that we left our veyage,
Ane day he ſet quhen they ſould meit him thair,
And ſeill the peice withoutin proces mair.
Upon the morne the Diſt but mair auyſe,
Tranoyntit north vpon ane gudly wyſe.
To the ſet tryſt that Wallace had thame maid,
The Inglis meſſage come but mair abaid.

Thay

Thay ſeiſit the pace without langer delay,
The Pellage than vpon the ſecond day:
To London went in all the haiſt they can,
The worthie Scottis with monie lyklie man.
To Bamburgh come with all thair power haill,
Sartie thouſand all Scots of greit availl.
Ten dayes befoze Alhallowes euin thayfare,
On Lammes day thay light in Carhame mure.
Thair ludgit thay with pleaſure as thay mocht,
Quhill on the mozne thair Prieſtis to thame brocht,
In Carhame kirk and ſeaſit in his hand,
Roxburgh keyis as thay had maid cunnand.
And Berwik als quhilk Inglithmen had lang,
They fred the folke in England foz to gang.
Foz thair lyfes iſhit off ather place,
Thay durſt not weill byde rekning of Wallace,
Captaine he made in Berwik of renoun,
That worthie was gude Criſtell of Setoun,
Keiper he made to Roxburgh Caſtell wicht,
Sir Iohn Ramſay ane wyſe and wozthy knicht,
Syne Wallace ſelf with Erle Patrik in plaine,
To Dumbar raid and reſkozit him againe,
In his Caſtell, and als his heritage,
With the conſent of all the haill barnage,
Quhen Wallace was agreit with this Lozd,
To reull the Realme he maid him gudlie fozd.
Scotland outouer fra Ros to Sulway ſand,
He raid it thzyſe and ſtatute all the land,
In the Lennox ane quhile he made repair,
Sir Iohn Menteith ane quhyle was captaine thair,
Als twyſe befoze he had his Goſſop bene,
Bot na friendſhip betwix thame ſyne was ſene.
Twa moneths ſtill he dwelt in Dumbartane,
Ane hous he foundit vpon ane Roch of ſtane,
Men left he thair to big it to the hicht,
Syne to the march again he rydis richt,
Into Roxburgh they cheiſit him ane place,

Arſ

Ane gude Tower thair he gart big in thort ſpace,
The Kingrik ſtude in gude worſhip and eaſe,
Was nane ſo great durſt his neichbour diſpleaſe
The abill ground gart labour thriftilie,
Wittaill and frute thair grew aboundantlie,
Was neuer before ſen this was callit Scotland,
Sik welth and peice atains in the land.
He ſend Iop tiwyſe to Bruce of Huntingtoun,
Beſeikand him to cum and take his Croun.
Counſall he tuik at fals Saxonis alace,
He had nener hap in life to get Wallace.
Thrie zeir as thus the realme ſtude in gud peace
Of this ſaying me worths for to ceaſe,
And farther furth of Wallace will I tell,
Into his life quhat auentour zit befell.

Here endes the firſt Conques of Scotland.

THE NINTH PART OF THIS BOOKE

declares how Wallace paſt in France. Chap. I.

Ane Royall King that reignit into France,
Greit bruite he hard of Wallace gouernance
The proues, pryce, and of his worthie deid,
Als furthwart fair commendit of manheid.
Baith humble true and preinit weill of pryce,
Of honour trueth and boyd of couetyce.
That noble King ringand in royaltie,
Had great delyte this Wallace for to ſe.
And knew richt weill thortlie to vnderſtand,
The great ſuppryſe and ouerſet of Ingland.
He meruelit als of Wallace ſmall power,
That but ane King tuik ſik a realme to ſteir,
Againe England, and gart their malice ceis,

Quhill

Quhill thay defyzit with gude will to take peice,
And richt anone ane Herald gart he call,
In schort termes he hes reherſit all,
Of his Intent compleittit to ane end,
Syne in Scotland he bad him he ſould wend,
And he wzait richt with very great honour,
To Williame Wallace as ane Conquerour.

O Louit leid with wozthip wyſe and wicht,
Thzow very help in halding of thy richt.
Thzow richt reſkewing of thy natiue land,
With Gods grace againe thy fais to ſtand.
In defence, helper of thy richteous blude,
O wozthy birth and bliſſit be thy fude,
As it is red of Pzophecie befozne,
An happie tyme foz Scotland thou was bozne.
I thee beſeik with all humilitie,
Pp clois letter thou wald conſaue and ſe,
As zour bzother ane crifftin king of France,
To the beirer ze heir and giue credance,
The Herald him bounit and to the ſhip is gane,
In Scotland ſone he cumis vnto ane.
Bot Herald lyke he ſeiks his pzeſence,
On land he went and maid na reſidence.
In euerie ſteid quhair he pzeſumit thair,
Sa on ane day he fand him into Air.
In gude effeir and manlyke companie,
The herald than with honour reuerentlie.
Hes ſaluſt him vpon ane gudelie maner,
And he agane with humbill hamlie cheir.
Reſſauit him into richt gudlie wyſe,
The herald than with wozſhip to deuyſe.
Betuik to him the Kings wzit of France,
Wallace on kne with lawly obeyſance,
Richt reuerently foz wozſhip of Scotland.
Quhen he it red and had it vnderſtand
At this herald he aſkit his credence,

With

With asper speich and manlie countenance.
And he him tald as I haue said befoir,
The kings desyre quhat neids wordis moir,
The hie honour and the greit Noblenes,
Of zour manheid weill knowne in monie place,
Him lykis als weill zour worschip to auance,
As ze wer borne ane leige man of France.
Sen his Regioun is flour of Realmes sene,
Als the great band of kindnes zou betwéne.
And sen this realme stands in sik saiftie,
It war worschip his presence for to se,
Wallace consauit withoutin tarying,
The great desire of this moist noble King,
Syne to him said sa God of heauen me saue,
Heirafter sone ane answeir ze shall haue,
Of zour desyre that ze haue shawin me till,
Welcome ze are with ane frée hartie will,
The herald baid vnto the twentie day,
With Wallace still in gude weilfair and play,
Consumit the time with worschip and plesance,
Be gude auice maid his deliuerance.
With his awin hand he wrait vnto the king,
All his intent as tuiching to this thing,
Richt rich reward he gaue the herald to,
And him conuoyit quhen he had leaue to go.
Out of the toun with gudlie cumpanie,
His leiue he tuik and went into the se,
His purpois was to se the King of France,
Gude Wallace then hes made his purueyance.
Neirest but weir to Sanct-Iohnstoun couth fair,
Ane counsall than he had gart ordaine thair,
Into his steid cheisit ane gouernour,
To keip the land ane man of greit honour.
Iames gude Lord the Stewart of Scotland,
Quhilk Father was as storyes beirs on hand,
To gude Walter quhilk was of hie parage,
Mariory Bruce syne gat in mariage,

Thair

Thairof as now to ſpeik I haue na ſpace,
It is well knawen thankit be Gods grace,
And to the Herald withouttin reſidence,
How he appeirit vnto the Kings preſence,
Fra the Rochell the land ſone hes he tane,
Out ouer the land he graithit him to gaine,
Seikand the King als gudelie as he may,
Sa to the court he paſſit on ane day,
To Pareis went as peirles of renoun,
This king that time held Palice in that toun,
Quhen he him ſaw hes graithlie vnderſtand,
He ſpeirit tithings the weilfair of Scotland,
The Herald ſaid into thir termes ſhort,
That all was gude he had the mair comfort,
Saw thou Wallace the Chiftane of that land,
And he ſaid zea that dare I take on hand,
Ane worthier wicht this day is liuand nane,
In way of weir als far as I haue gane,
The hie worſhip and the greit noblenes,
The gude weilfair pleſance and worthines,
The rich reward was worthie for to ſe,
That for your ſaik he kythit vpon me.
And his anſwere in writ he hes zou ſent,
The king reſſauit it with ane gude intent,

O Royall Roy and richteous crounit king,
Renounit of nobilnes and vertues maiſt conding,
Ze knaw this weill be vther ma nor me,
How that our realme ſtands in perplexitie.
The fals Nation that we are Neichbours to,
Quhen pleiſis them they make vs ay ado,
Na band may be maid of ſic ſuffiſance,
Bot ay in it thay find ane variance,
To wait ane tyme will God that I may be,
Within ane zeir I will zour preſence ſe.
Of this anſweir weill pleiſit was the King,
Leaue I them thus in royaltie to ring.

And glaid comfort richt as I haue zou tauld
Of Wallace furth I will my purpose hald.

How Wallace past in France and faucht with the Red Reauar and vanquest him. Chap. II.

Intill Appyll the ane and twentie day,
The Kalends changit as we vse for to say,
The luftie time of Mayis freshe cumming.
Celestiall great blythnes in to bring.
Principall maneth forsuith it may be sene,
The heauenly hewes vpon the tender grene.
Quhen auld Saturne his cloudie cours hes gane,
The quhilk hes bene baith bird and beists bane,
Zephirus alswa with his sweit vapour,
Wie comfort hes be wirking of dame Nature.
All fructuous thing into the eird adoun,
That reulit is vnder the hie regioun,
Sober Luna in following of the sie,
Quhen bright Phebus into his Themeis hie.
The Bulles cours sa taken hes his place,
And Iupiter was in the Crabbis face,
Quhen Aries the hait Signe cholerik,
Into the Ram quhilk hes his roumes rike.
Thetis had his place and his mansioun,
In Capricornus the Signe of the Lyoun,
Gentill Iupiter with his myld ordinance,
Baith herb and trie conuertis into pleasance.
And freth Flora hir flourie mantill spred,
In euery vaill baith houp hill and med.
In this same tyme (for this myne Author sayis)
Wallace to pas off Scotland tuik his wayes.
Be short auyse he schuip him to the sea
And fyftie men tuik in his cumpanie,
He leit na word than walk of his passage,
Or Inglishmen had stoppit his veyage,
Nor tuik na leiue at Lords of parliament,
He wist full weill they wald not all consent,

To ſuffer him out of the land to ga,
For thay anone without witting of ma.
He gart forſe and ordane weill his ſchip,
And thir war thay paſt in his fellowſchip.
Twa Wallaces was his kinſmen full neir,
Craufurd, Cleland, to him were haldin deir,
At Kirkcoubright he ordanit his paſſage,
Sey men he ſet and gaue thame gudelie wage,
Ane gude new barge richt worthelie wrocht for weir,
They wantit not of wyne vittaill nor geir.
Wit ze thay war ane gudlie cumpanie,
Of wailit men had wrocht full hardelie,
Bowallies ordank richt gladlie on ane morrow,
Syne leiue thay tuik and with greit God to borrow.
Boits war ſhot and fra the land them ſent,
With glad hearts attains in they went,
Unto the Schip thay rowit haſtelie,
The ſey men than wirkand full earneſtlie,
Ankeris wand in wiſely on ather ſyde,
Their leids keſt and waited weill the tyde.
Leit Saillis fall and tuik thair courſe anone,
Ane gudelie wind out of the richt airth come,
Freikis on ſoir ſtam reulit weill thair geir,
Leidis on leiburde with ane Lordlie feir,
Lynis laid out, to luik their paſſage ſound,
With full ſaill thus fra Scotland furth they ſound,
Saillit haill ouer the day and als the nicht,
Upon the morne quhen that the Sunne ſchynit bricht,
Thair ſchipmaiſter vnto the top is went,
South eiſt he ſaw that troubled his intent,
Sarteine ſailles all arrayit on ane raw,
In cullour reid that towart them couth drawe,
The glitterand Sunne vpon them ſchewit bright,
The ſea about Illuminat with the licht.
The mans ſpirit was in ane extaſie,
Doun went he ſone and ſaid richt forrowfullie,
Allace (ſaid he) that euer I was borne,

Without remeid our lyfes are all forlorne,
In curſit time I tuik this cuir on hand,
The beſt Chiftane and reſkew of Scotland,
Quir reklesſlie I hane tane vpon me,
With waik power to bring him throw the ſé.
It forcit nocht wald God I war torment,
Sa Wallace micht with worſhip chaip vnſchent.
Quhen Wallace ſaw and heard this mans mane,
To comfort him with gude will is he gane,
Maiſter he ſaid what hes annoyit thee,
Not formy ſelfe this man ſaid piteouſlie.
Bot of ane thing I dare well vndertane,
Thocht all wer heir the Schips of Bartane,
Part ſould we lois except Fortoun had ſworne,
The beſt weirman in ſea is vs beforne.
Leifand this day and king is of the ſé,
Wallace ſone ſpeirit wait thou quhat he may be,
The red reauer they call him in his ſtyle,
That I him ſaw O warvit be the quhyle.
For myne awin lyfe I wald na murning make,
Is na man borne that zon tyrane will take,
He ſaues nane for gold nor vther gude,
Bot ſlayes and drownes all derflie in the flude,
He gets na grace thoch he war King or Knicht,
This ſarteine zeir he hes done greit vnright,
The power is ſo ſtrang he hes to fleir,
May nane eſchaip that comes in his danger,
Wald ze him vuirde na bute is to begin,
The laicheſt ſchip that is his flot within.
My ſelfe is done vnto the duilfull deid.
Than Wallace ſaid ſen thou cannot remeid,
Tell me his feir and how I ſhall him knaw,
Quhat is his vſe and fyne ga iudge thee law,
The ſchipman ſaid full weill ye may him ken,
Be graith takins full cleirlie be his men.
His coat armour is ſene in monie ſteid,
All bat tell boun in rayment all of reid.

This

This formest ship that perlewis ws sa sast,
Himselfe is in, and will not be agast.
He will zou haill quhen that they come zou neir,
Without tarie then make ye strike and steir.
Himselfe will enter first full hardely,
Thir ar the signes that ze sall tak him by.
Ane bar of blew into his chynand shield,
Ane bend of quhyte delyving ay the field.
The reid betaikens blude and hardiment,
The quhyte courage incressis his intent.
The blew he beiris for he is crisstin man,
Sadlie him answerit William Wallace than.
Thocht he be crisstin this is na crisstin deid,
Ga vnder loft the Lord God mot ws speid.
Baith Shipmaister and Steirisman also,
Into the how but baid he gart them go.
His fiftie men withouttin langer rest,
Wallace gart ray into their armour prest.
Aucht and fourtie on loft buird laid they law,
William Crawfurd than to him can he caw,
And said thou can sum part of Shipman fair,
Thou hes bene vsit into the toun of Air.
I pray thé tak this doctrine weill of me,
Luik that thou stand straitlie be the tè.
Quhan they bid strike to seruice be thou baine,
Quhen I thé warne draw vp the saill againe.
Cleland Cousing cum take the steir in hand,
Heir on the waill neir by thee sall I stand.
God gyde our ship as now I say na mair,
The Barge began with ane full weirlyke fair.
Himselfe on loft was with ane drawin sword,
And bad the steirisman lay endlang the buird.
On loud he cryit, stryke doggis or ze sall die,
Crawfurd leit dolon the saill a lytill wie,
The Capitane sone lap in and wald not stint,
Wallace hes him syne by the gorget hint,
On the ouer-loft kest him quhair that he stude,

Quhill neis and mouth all ruſhit out of blude.
Ane ſorgit knyfe braithly he braidit out,
The weir ſchips was lappit them about.
The barge clipit, bot they not faſtenit fall,
Crawfurd drew ſaill ſhot by and off them paſt.
The Reanar cryit with piteous voice ſa cleir,
Grace of his lyfe for him that bocht vs deir,
Mercy he cryit for him that died on Rude,
Laiſer to mend, I haue ſpilt mekill blude.
For my treſpas I wald mak ſum remeid,
Monie ſaikles I haue gart put to deid.
Wallace will weill thoch he to death was brocht,
Fra them to chaip on na wyſe micht he nocht.
And of his lyfe ſum reſkew micht he make,
Ane better purpois richt ſone than can he take.
And als he rewit for his lyfe had bene ill,
In Latine toung richt thus he ſaid him till,
I neuer tuik man that enemie was to me,
For Gods ſaik my lyfe zit grant to me.
Waith knyfe and ſword he tuik fra him anane,
Vp by the hand as priſoner hes him tane.
Vpon his ſword ſharplie he gart him ſweir,
Fra that day furth he ſould him neuer deir.
Command thy men ſaid Wallace to our peace,
Thair ſhot of gun that was not eith to ceaſe.
They caſtand were awfull on ather ſyde,
The Red Reuar commandit them to byde.
Held vp ane gluik in takin of the trew,
His men beheld and weill that ſenzie knew.
Left off their ſhot the ſigne quhen that they ſaw,
His greiteſt barge towart him can he caw.
Let be your weir thir ar friends at ane,
I trow to God our warſk hours are gane.
He aſkit Wallace to do quhat was his will,
With thort anſwer richt thus he ſaid him till.
To the Rochell I wald ze gart them ſaill,
For Inglithmen we wait not quhat may aill.

He them commandit forontin words mair,
Turne saill and winde towart the Rochell fair.
For there will God our purpose is to be,
Luik weill about for scurriours in the sey.
His charge they wrocht in all the haist they can,
Wallace desyrit to talk mair with this man.
Wyselie he speirit, in quhat land art thou borne,
In France he said, and mine Elders beforne.
And there we had sum part of heritage,
Thoch feirs Fortoun hes brocht me in ane rage.
Wallace answerit, how come thou in this lyfe,
Forsuith he said bot throw ane suddane stryfe.
Sa hapnit I into the Kings presence,
Ouer rakleslie to do ane greit offence.
Ane worthie man of gude kin and renoun,
That throw my déed was put to confusioun.
Dead of ane straik quhat neidis words mair,
All mends it nocht thoch I repent it sair.
Throw friend of Court I chaipit of that place,
And neuer sensyne couth get the Kings grace.
Feill of our kin they gart for my saik die,
Fra tyme I saw it micht na better be,
Bot leaue the land that me behouit on neid,
Upon ane day to Burdeous I zeid,
Ane Inglis ship sa gat we on ane nicht
For sey labour full earnestlie vs dicht.
To me assemblit misdoers vther ma,
Within short space we multiplyit sua.
Was few that micht against our power gang,
In tyrannie thus haue we reignit lang.
Thir saxtein yeiris I haue bene on the sey,
And done greit harme, therefoir full wa is me.
I sauit nane for gold nor greit ransoun,
Bot slew and drownit into the sey all doun.
Fauour I did to folk of sundrie land,
Bot Frenchmen na fauour of me fand.
They gat na grace sa far as I micht ring

Als on the sea I cleipit was ane King,
Now se I weill that my fortoun is went,
Vincust with ane that gars me sair repent,
Quha wald haue said this samin day at morne,
I sould with ane thus lichtlie doun be borne,
In great haithing my men wald it haue tane,
My selfe hecht als to haue matched onie ane.
Bot I haue found the very plain contrair,
Heir I giue ouer robrie for euer mair,
In sik misreull I sall neuer airmes beir,
Bot gif it be in honest vse of weir.
Now I haue tauld pairt of my blis and paine,
For Gods saik sum kyndnes shaw againe,
My hart will brek bot I wit quhat ze be,
Outrageouslie that hes rebuted me.
For weill I wat that liuand had bene nane,
Be strenth of force micht me as prisoner tane,
Except Wallace that hes redeimit Scotland,
The best is callit this day liuand of hand,
Into his weir war worship for to wake,
As now in warld (I trow) he hes na make.
Wallace smylit and said freind it may be,
Scotland had neid of monie sik as thée,
Quhat is thy name tell me sa haue thou seill,
Forsuith (he said) Thomas of Longoueill.
Weill bruik thou it, this ends all our stryfe,
Schaip to pleis God in mending of thy lyfe,
Thy faithfull freind my selfe thinkis to be,
And als my name I sall scone tell to thee.
For chance of weir thou sould na murning make,
As weird will wirk thy fortoun man thou take,
I am that man that thou auances sa hie,
And bot short time sen I come to the sea.
Of Scotland borne my richt name is Wallace,
On kneis fell and thankit God of grace,
I dar avow that zolden is my hand,
To the best man this day that is liuand.

For

For ſuith he ſaid this pleiſis me mekill moir,
Than of Flozings he gaue me ſartie ſcoir,
Than Wallace ſaid thou art now heir throw chance,
My purpois is to pas now into France,
Unto the King ſen I am boun to pas,
To my reward thy peace I think to as.
Peace I wald haue fain of my natiue king,
And na langer in this realme to ring,
Than thou take liue to come fra it againe,
Into thy ſeruice I think for to remaine.
Seruice he ſaid Thomas it may not be,
Bot gude freindſchip as I ſhall keip to thee,
Gart drawe the wyne and ilk ane mirrie maid,
The Schips be than was in the Rochell raid.

THe reid Blaſounis as they had borne in weir,
The toune was ſone into ane ſuddain feir,
The red reauer they ſaid was at thair hand.
Contrair quhais ſtrenth micht nane againis him ſtand,
Sum ſchips fled and ſum the land hes tane.
Clariouns blew and trumpets many ane,
Quhen Wallace ſaw the people was on feir,
He gaue command na ſchipis ſould neirer peir.
Bot his awin barge in the hauen gart draw,
The folk was glade quhen they the baner ſaw,
Full weill thay knew in gold the reid Lyoun,
Leit vp the port reſſanit them in the toun,
Thay ſouerit him for all he had thair drocht,
The red Nauie vnto the hauen thay ſocht,
On land ſyne went quhair that them lykit to pas.
Richt few wiſt thair quhat Scottiſman Wallace was,
Bot weill they thocht he was ane gudlie man,
And honoured him with all the craft they can,
Thae foure dayes Wallace remainit thair,
Thir men he callit when he was boun to fair.
He thame commandit vpon that coiſt to byde,
Quhill he thame fred for chance that micht betyde.

Beir

Feir you euinlie quhat gude that euer ye spend,
Liue on your awin quhill I you tythings send,
Gar sell your ships and make you men of peace,
It wer gude tyme of wickitnesse to cease.
Your captaine sall pas to the King with me,
Throw help of God I sall his warrand be.
He gart graith him in suit with his awin men,
Was na man there that micht weill Thomas ken.
Lyklie he was, manlie of countenance,
Like to the Scots be manlie gouernance
Saue of his toung of Scots had he nane,
In Latine weill it micht haus sufficit ane.
Thus past they on in all the haist they may,
To Pareis toun they went vpon ane day.
Tythings was brocht of Wallace to the King,
Sa greit desyre he had of na kin thing.
As in that tyme quhill he had seene Wallace,
To meit himselfe he waitit vpon cace.
In ane garden quhair he gart them be brocht,
To his presence with manlyke feir they socht.
Twa and fyftie at anis knéland doun,
And saluist him as Roy of maist renoun.
With reullit speich in la gudely auise,
All France could na mair nurtour them deuise.
The Quéne had leaue and come in hir effeir,
For mekill sho heard of Wallace deed in weir.
Quhat needs mair of courtesie to tell,
They keeped weill that to the Scots befell.
Of Kings fait I dare make na reherse,
My feeble minde, my troublit spirit iransuerse.
Of the rich seruice quhat needs words mair,
Micht nane be found bot it was present thair.
Sone after meat the King to Parlour went,
With gudlie Lords there Wallace was present.
Then commouned they of many sundrie thing.
To speik with him great desyre had the King.
At him he speirit of weir the gouernance,

Pe

He anſwerit him with manlie countenance,
To euerie point as far as he had ſeill,
In Latine toung richt naturallie and weill.
The king conſauit ſone be his hie courage,
Quhat weir-men bůt be reif in thair paſſage,
Into quhat mynd the red reauer than was,
Meruel he had how he leit Wallace pas.
To him he ſaid ze ar ſum thing to blame.
Ze micht haue ſend with zour Herald fra hame,
Efter power to bring zou throw the ſea.
God thank zou Sir thairof aneuch had we.
Few men may pas quhair they find na perrell,
Richt quhēne may keip quhair nane is to aſſaill,
Wallace he ſaid thairof meruell haue I,
Ane Tyrane reigns in ire full cruellie,
Upon the ley that greit ſorrow hes wrocht
Picht we him get it ſould not be for nocht.
Borne of this land ane native man to me,
Thairfoir on vs the greiteſt harme dois he.
Than Thomas quoik and changit countenance,
He heard the King his ill deids diſanance.
Wallace beheld and ſenzeit in ane pairt,
Forſuith he ſaid we fand nane in that art,
That proffert vs ony ſik vnkyndnes.
Be zour leine Sir I ſpake in hamelines.
Trow ze be ſicht ze couth the ſquyar knaw:
Full lang it is ſen tyme that I him ſaw,
Bot thir words of him are bot in vaine,
Or he cum heir richt gude men will be ſlaine,
Than Wallace ſaid heir haue I brocht with me,
Oſlyklie men that dwelt in our cuntrie.
Quhilk of all thir wald ze call him maiſt lyke,
Amang them blent this royall Roy maiſt ryk,
Weſyit thame weill baith ſtature and courage,
Paner makdome thair ſaſſoun and viſage,
Sadlie he ſaid anyſit ſoberly,
That largeſt man quhilk ſtands neiſt zou by.

Wald

Wald I call him be mãdome to deuiſe,
Thir ar na thing bot wo:ds of office.
Befoir the King on kne fell gude Wallace,
O Royall Roy of hie honour and grace.
With waiſt wo:ds I will ʒou not troubill,
Now I will ſpeik ſumthing fo: myne auaill.
Our barrane land hes bene ouerſet with weir,
Be Sarons ſeid that dois vs mekill deir,
Slane our elders, deſtroyit our richteous blude,
Waiſtit the land of gold and vther gude.
And ʒe ar heir with micht and Royaltie,
Eye ʒe ſould haue to our adverſitie,
And vs ſuppo:t fo: kyndneſſe of the band,
Quhilk is confirmit betuix ʒou and Scotland.
Als I am heir fo: ʒour charge and pleſance,
My lyfe-lait is bot honeſt cheuiſance.
Flour of Realmes fo:ſuith is this Regioun,
To my reward I wald haue great guerdoun.
Wallace he ſaid aſk quhat ye wald haue,
Gude gold o: land ſall not be lang to craue.
Wallace anſwerit, ſwa ye grant it to me,
Quhat I wald haue it ſall ſone choſen be.
Quhat euer ye aſk that is in this Regioun,
Ze ſall it haue, except my wyfe and Croun.
He thankit him of his greit Kinglines,
All my reward ſall be aſkit of grace.
Peice to this man I bro:cht with me thro:w chance.
Heir I quyteclaime all vther gift in France.
This ſam is he gif that ye knaw him weill,
That ʒe of ſpake, Thomas of Longoueil.
Be rigour ye deſyrit he ſould be ſlaine,
I him reſto:r vnto your peace againe,
Reſtaue him fair as liege man of your land.
The King meruellit, and couth in ſtudy ſtand,
Perfytlie he knew that it was Longoueill,
He him fo:gaue his treſpas euery deill.
Bot fo: his ſaik that had him hidder bro:cht,

Fo:

For Gold nor gude nor elſe he did it nocht.
Wallace he ſaid I had leuer of gude land,
Ten thouſand pound haue ſeiſſit in thy hand.
That I haue ſaid ſall halden be in plaine,
Heir I reſaue Thomas to peace againe.
Deirer to me than euer he was befoir,
All for zour ſaik thoch it were mekill moire,
Bot I wald wit how this mater befell,
Wallace anſwerit the trueth I ſall zou tell,
Than he reherſit quhat hapnit on that day,
As ze befoire mine authour hes heard ſay,
Quhen the gude king had heard the ſuddane cace,
Upon the ſea befoir ſicht of Wallace.
The King him held richt worthie to auance,
He ſaw in him manheid and gouernance,
Sa did the Quæne and all thir vther Lords,
Ilk wicht of him greit honour than records,
He purchest peice for all the power haill,
Fourtene hundreth was left at the Rochell.
Gart cry them fre true ſeruants to the King,
And neuer againe for fault into ſik thing,
Quhen Thomas was reſtorit to his richt,
Of his awin hand the King had maid him knicht,
Efter he gaue ſtate to his neireſt air,
And maid himſelfe with Wallace for to fair,
Thus he hes brocht thay men fra reif throw cace,
Be ſuddane chance of him and wicht Wallace,
Thus leiue we thame in worſhip and pleaſance,
At lyking ſtill with the gude King of France.

How Wallace paſt in Guyan, Chap. III.

Thay twenty dayis he ludgit into reſt,
Sa to remaine he thocht it not the beſt,
Still into peice he could not lang indure.
For quhy contrarious it was to his nature,
Richt weill he wiſt Inglishmen occupyit,
Guyan that time thairfoir he hes eſpyit,

Sum

Sum ieopardie vpon thame for to make,
Ane gudelie leine he at the king couth take.
Of French men he nane wald with him call,
At that firſt tyme for aduenture that micht fall.
Bot Sir Thomas that ſeruice couth perſew,
He will not weill gif all the laue was trew.
Of Scottiſmen than ſemblit haiſtelie,
Nyne hundreth ſone of worthie Cheualrie,
In Guyan land full haiſtelie can ryde,
Raiſſit feill fyre and waiſſit winnings wyde.
Forris thay brake and ſtalwart biggings wan:
Perſlie to deith brocht mony Sutheroun man.
Ane weirlyke toun ſa fand thay in that land,
Quhilk Schement hecht that Ingliſchmen had in hand,
Towart that ſteid full ſadlie Wallace ſocht,
Be onie way aſſailzie gif he mocht,
Bargane to haue gif he micht get thame out,
Greit ſtrenth of wod thair was that toun about,
The toun ſtud als vpon ane water ſyde,
Into ane Park that was baith lang and wyde.
Thay buskit thame while paſſit was the nicht,
Quhen the Sunne raiſe foure hundreth men he dicht.
The laue he gart Craufurd in buſchment take,
Gif thay miſterit ane reſkew for to make.
Than Longueill that ay was full Sauage,
With Wallace paſt as ane to that ſkirmage.
Thir foure hundreth that was full weill arrayit,
Before the toun in plaine battell diſplayit.
It was not weill than knawin in that countrie,
The Lyoun in gold that awfull was to ſe.
Ane forray keſt and ſeaſſit mekill gude,
Weirmen within that wyſely vnderſtude.
Sone iſhit out the pray for to reſkew.
The worthie Scots feill Inglichmen they ſlew.
The laue for dreid fled to the toun againe,
The forray tuik the pray and paſt in plaine.
Towart the park, bot power of the toune

Ichit

Whit out againe in awfull battell boun,
Ane thousand haill of men in armes strang,
Few baid within that micht to armis gang.
Than Wallace gart the forrayaris leif the pray,
Assemblit swne into ane gude array.
Ane cruell counter was at that meting sene,
Of wicht weir-men into thair armour schene,
Feill left thair lyfe vpon the Sutheron syde,
Bot not for thy full baldly they abyde.
Of the Scots part than worthy men they slew,
Williame Craufurd that weill the perrell knew.
Out of the Park he gart the bushment pas,
Into the feild quhair feill men fechtand was.
At thair entrie they gart full monie die,
The Inglishmen was wonder laith to flie,
Full worthelie thay wrocht into that place,
Baid neuer sa few sa lang againis Wallace.
With sik power that day as he was thair,
On ather side assailzeit wonder sair.
Into the stour sa fellounlie he wrocht,
That worthie men derflie to deith was brocht,
With points perfit throw plaits birneit bricht,
Wallace himself and Sir Thomas the Knicht.
Quhom sa thay hit maid neuer mair debait,
The Sutheroun pairt was handlit thair sa hait.
Into that place thay micht na langer byde.
Out of that feild with fair hearts thay ryde.
Unto the toun thay fled full haistilie,
Wallace followit and his gude Cheualrie.
Fechtand sa fast into the thickest throng,
Quhill in the toun they enterit them amang,
With him Craufurd and Longoueill the Knicht,
And Richard als Wallace his Cusing richt.
Fyftein they wer of Scottis cumpanie,
Thus hapnit they amang that greit partie,
Ane cruel porter gat vp vpon the wall,
Pullit out the pin let the port cuilzeis fall.

The

The Inglishmen ſaw enterit was na ma,
Upon the Scots full hardelie they ga.
Bot to ane wall they haue thair bakkis ſet,
Sad ſtraiks and ſair baldlie about them bet,
Richard Wallace the Turngrece weill hes ſene,
He followit faſt vpon thair poꝛter kene,
Upon the wall deid in ane dyke him dꝛaue
Gat vp the poꝛt and let in all the laue.
Quhen Wallace men had thus the entrie win,
Full great ſlauchter again thay haue begun,
Thay ſaiſit nane vpon the Sutheroun ſyde,
That wapins bair and harnes in that tyde.
Wemen and bairnes the gude thay tuik them fra,
Syne gaue thame leiue in the roum land to ga.
The Pꝛeiſts als that was not in the feild,
Of agit men that micht not wapins weild,
Thay ſlew nane ſik foꝛ Wallace charge it was,
Bot maid them fre at larges foꝛ to pas.
Riches of gold thay gat in greit plenty,
Harnes and hoꝛs that micht them weill ſupplie,
With French folk pleneiſt the toun againe,
On the tent day the feild they tuik in plaine.
The riuer doun into the land they ſocht,
On Sutheron men full greit maiſtry thay wꝛocht.
Than quhen true men to the king tauld this taill,
Of French men he lemblit ane battell,
Twentie thowſand of true leigis of France,
His bꝛother them led was Duik of Orleance,
Thꝛow Guyane land in rapit battell they raid,
To follow Wallace quha made but littill baid.
Foꝛ French ſupplie to help them in thair richt,
Neir Burdeous oꝛ thay ouertak him micht.
Gude Wallace was thair and choſen hes ane plane,
Foꝛ ſum men tauld that Burdeous with greit mane,
Within ſhoꝛt time thocht battell foꝛ to giue.
Bot fra they wiſt that French folk wald releiue,
With greit power foꝛ helping of Wallace,

Uther

Vther purpose they tuik into schort space.
In Picardie sone message could they send,
Of Wallace cumming they haue tauld to ane end
Of Glocister Captaine of Calice was,
The hardie earle he made him for to pas,
In Ingland sone and syne to London went,
Of Wallace deids he tauld in parliament.
Sum plainly said that Wallace brake the peice,
Wyse men said nay and prayit them for to ceise.
Lord Beaumont said he tuik bot for Scotland,
And not for France that sall ze vnderstand.
Gif zour indentures speik of ony mair,
He hes done wrang the suith ze may declair,
Wodstock answeirit, said ze haue spoken weill,
Bot contrair richt that taill is euer ilk deill.
Gif zon be he that band for him and his,
May na man say bot he hes done amis.
For principallie he band with vs the true,
And now againe begins he malice new.
Sir King he said gif euer ze think to make,
On Scotland weir on hand now sall ze take,
Quhill he is ouk or eis it helps nocht,
As Wodstock said the haill counsell hes wrocht,
Power they raisit in Scotland for to ryde.
Be land and sey they wald na langer byde,
Their land oist they rayit sone in deid,
Thair vangaird tuik the hardie Duik to leid,
Of Gloceſter that of weir had greit feill,
Of Longcastell the Duik gouernit weill
The middill ward: and to the sea they send.
Sir Iohn Pſewart that weill the Northland kend
The knicht Wallange befoir the Oist in raid:
And sik ane way with cuill Scottis men maid.
Mony Castels he gart sone zolden be,
To Inglishmen withoutin mair mellie.
Or the best wist that it was weir in plaine,
Enterit he was into Bothuell againe,

Sir Iohn Pſewart that come in be the ſey
Sanct-Iohnſtoun ſone gat throw ane ieopardie,
Dundie they tuik and put Scots men to deid,
In Fyfe fra them was not keipit ane ſteid.
And all the ſouth fra Cheuiot to the ſey,
Into the Weſt there micht na ſuccour be.
The worthie Lord that ſould haue gonernit this,
God hes him tane we trow to leſſand blis.
His ſonne Walter that bot ane childe zit was,
True men him tuik and couth in Arrane pas,
Adame Wallace that wiſt of na ſupplie,
To Rauchly went and Lindeſay of Craigie,
Gude Robert Boyde in Bute made reſidence,
For haiſtie diſſait they tuke them to defence,
Sir Iohn the Grahame in Dundaf micht not byde
Succour he ſocht to the Forreſt of Clyde,
The knicht Pſewart ane Schirref maid of Fyfe,
Sir Aymers brother and gaue for terme of lyfe,
Thae lands all that Wallange aucht before,
Richard Lundie had greit dreid throw thair ſtoir.
He lykit nocht for to cum to thair peis.
For thy in Fyfe thay wald not let him ceis,
To pas ouer Tay as than it micht not be,
For Inglithmen ſair reiwlit that countrie,
Out of the land he ſtall away be nicht,
Auchtene with him that worthie were & wicht,
And als his ſonne that was in tender eild,
Bot after ſone he could weill wapins weild.
At Striuiling brig or that the watch was ſet.
There paſſit he the way withouttin let.
In Dumdaf mure Sir Iohn the Grahme he ſocht
Ane womã him tauld as than befoir was wrocht
Vnto ane ſtrenth he went vpon the mone,
Lanerk was tane with ſonge Thomas of Thorne,
Hay and Lundie thay micht na langer remaine,
Ee ſouth Tynto to lndge they maid in plaine,
Sir Iohn the Grahame gat wit that they were thair

To thame he past withouttin proces mair,
Wallange gart bring fra Carlile cariage,
To stuff Bothwell baith wyne and gude vernage,
Lundy and Grahame gat wit of that vittaill,
Richt suddainlie they maid them to assaill.
Fyftie they were of nobill Cheualrie,
Agains foure scoir of Inglish companie,
Ane Squyer than keipit the cariage,
All Brankistnahait haill that was his heritage,
Lundy & Grahame met with that Squyar wicht,
Feill Inglishmen derflie to deith they dicht.
Sartie was slane vpon the Sutheroun syde,
And fyue Scottis sa baldlie they abyde,
Great gude they wan baith gold and vther geir,
Vittaill and horse thus hapnit in this weir.
Into the land for thy they thocht it best,
Syne they haue sene weil lang they micht not lest
To seik sum place in strenth that they micht byde
For Sutheroun folk had pleneist on ilk syde,
Lundies ludge they left vpon ane nicht,
Into the Lennox thay past the way full richt,
To Erle Malcolme that keipit that countrie,
Fra Inglishmen throw helpe of their supplie,
Seytoun and Lyle into the Bas abaid,
For Inglishmen sa greit maistrie had maid.
That all the South was tane into their hand,
And Hew the Hay they send into England.
And vther Airis to preson at thair will,
The Northland Lords saw na help cum them till
Ane Squyar Guthrie amang them ordainit they,
To warne Wallace in all the haist he may,
Out of Abirbrothok he passit to the se,
And at the Sluce land taken sone hes he,
In Flanders land na residence he maid,
In France he past but Wallace weill abaid.
On his purpose on Guyan at the weir,
On Inglishmen he had done mekill deir,

Quhill gud Guthrie had gottin his preſence,
He haiſtit faſt and maid na reſidence,
He hes him tauld with Scotland how it ſtude,
Then Wallace ſaid thir tythings is not gude,
I had exampil of tymes that is by worne,
Trewes to bind with them that is manſworne,
Bot I as than couth nocht think of ſik thing
Becaus that we tuik peice with thair falſe king,
Be thair Chancellar the vther peice was boundin
And that full ſair our foir Elders hes foundin,
Under that true they gart auchtein ſcoir die,
That Nobils war the beſt in our countrie,
To the greit God my avow heir I mak,
Peice with that king think I neuer to take,
He ſall repent that he this weir began,
Thus mouit he with mony royall man.
Unto the king and tauld him his intent,
To lat him pas the king wald nocht conſent,
Quhill Wallace thair maid promeis be his hand,
Gif euer againe he thoght to leiue Scotland,
To cum to him his greit ſeale to him gaue,
Of quhat Lordſhip that he lykit to haue,
Thus at the king ane haiſtie liue tuik he,
Na man with him he brocht fra that countrie.
Bot his awin men and Sir Thomas the knicht,
In Flanders land thay paſt with all their micht.
Guthreis Barge at the Sluce couth ly ſtill,
To the ſé they went with ane full eger will.
Baith Forth and Tay they left and paſſit by,
On the Northy coiſt gude Guthrie was thair gy,
In Montrois hauen they brocht him to the land,
To true Scots it was ane blyth tythand.
Sir Iohn Ramſay that worthy was and wicht,
Fra Ouchterhous the way he cheiſit richt,
To meit Wallace with men of armis ſtrang,
For his dwelling they had thocht wonder lang,
The true Ruthuen come als withouttin baid,

In

In Birnane wood he had his lodging maid.
Barklay, Bisset, to Wallace semblit fast,
With thrée hundreth to Ochterhous he past.

THE TENTH BOOKE DECLARES how Wallace wan S. Johnstoun be ane jeopardie. Chap. I.

The latter day of August fell this cace,
For the reskew thus ordainit gude Wallace,
Of Sanct Johnstoun that Southeron occuppit,
Fast towart Tay they passit and espyit.
Or it was day vnder Kinnoull them laid,
Out of the toun as Scottismen to him said,
Their seruants ishit with carts hay to leid,
Sa was it suith and hapnit in that steid.
Then far there come and brocht bot carts thrée,
Quhen they of hay wer leid and bissie.
Guthrie with ten in hands then hes them tane,
Put all to deith of them he sauit nane.
Wallace in haist gart tak their vpmest weid,
And sik lyke men they wailit weill gude speid.
Four was richt gude, Wallace himselfe tuik ane,
Ane russet cloak and with him gude Ruthuen.
Guthrie, Bisset, and als gude zemen twa,
In that ilk sute he graithit them to ga,
Fyftene they tuik of men of armes wicht,
In ilk cairt syne they ordainit out of sicht.
Full subtillie they couerit them with hay,
Syne to the toun they went the gainest way.
Thir cairters had short swords of gude steill,
Under their weid callit furth the cairts weill,
Sir Iohn Ramsay baid in the bulhment still,
Quhen misster wer to help them with gude will.
Thir trew cairters past out withonttin let,
Atour the brig and enterit at the zet.
Quhen they were in their cloaks they kest them fra,

Gude Wallace then the chiefe Porter could ta,
Upon the heid quhill deid he hes him left,
Syne vther twa the lyfe from them he reft.
Guthrie, Biffet, did richt weill in the toun,
And Ruthuen als dang of thir key men doun.
The armit men that in the carts wer brocht,
Rais vp and weill their deuoir dewlie wrocht.
Upon the gait they gart feill Sutheron die,
Then Ramſayis ſpy hes ſeen them get entrie.
The bulhment brake baith brig and port hes wun,
Into the toun greit ſtryfe there was begun.
Twentie and ane of Ramſay come in plaine,
Within the toun had fourtie Sutheron ſlaine.
The Inglifmen to array was not gane,
The Scottis as than laiſer let them haue nane.
Fra gude Ramſay with his men enterit in,
They faiffit nane was knawin of Sutheron kin,
And Longueill the worthy Knicht ſir Thomas,
Preuit weill there and mony vther place.
Againſt his dint few Inglifmen micht ſtand,
Wallace in him greit faith and hyndnes fand.
The Sutheron part ſaw weill the toun was tint,
Fierflie they fled as fyre doth aff the flint.
Sum fled, ſum fell into drayd dykis deip,
Sum to the Kirk their lyues gif they micht keip,
Sum fled to Tay and in ſmall veſſels zeid,
Sum verflie diet and drounit in that ſteid.
Sir Iohn Pſewart at the Weſt zet out paſt,
To Methuen wood he ſped him wonder faſt.
Ane hundreth men the Kirk tuik for ſuccour,
Bot Wallace wald na grace grant in that hour.
He bad ſlay all of cruell Sutheron kin,
Them for to ſlay he ſaid it was na ſin.
Four hundreth men without the toun was deid,
Sevin ſcoir on lyfe chaipit out of that ſteid,
Wyues and bairnis they maid them for to gae,
With Wallace will he wald ſlay nane of thae.

Riches

Riches they fand that Inglilmen had brocht new,
Plenelt the toun with worthie Scots and trew,
Sir Iohn Pſewart left Methuen Forreſt ſtrang,
Went to the Gaſk ful ſkill Sutheron amang.
And ſyne in Fyfe quhair Wallange Shireff was,
Baid ſcurriours ſone out throw the land to pas.
And gatherit men ane ſtalwart cumpanie,
To Ardchatane he drew them priuilie.
Ordainit them in reddy bargan boun,
Againe he thocht to ſailzie Sanct Iohnſtoun.
Quhair Wallace lay and wald na langer reſt.
Reulit the toun as then him lykit beſt.
Sir Iohn Ramſay greit Captaine ordainit he,
Ruthuen Shireff at ane accord to be.
This charge he gaue if men them warning maid.
To cum to him withouttin mair abaid.
And ſa thay did quhen tythings was them brocht,
With an hundreth Wallace furth fra them ſocht.

The battell of black Irne ſyde Forreſt. Chap. II.

IN Fyfe he paſt to bely that countrie,
Bot wrang warnit of Inglilmen was he.
Sir Iohn Pſewart quhen they wer paſſit by,
Fra the Ochell he ſped him haiſtely.
Upon Wallace followit with all his micht,
In Abernethie tuik ludging the firſt nicht.
Upon the morne with fyftein hundreth men,
To Black Irneſyde as his gydis couth him ken.
There Wallace was and micht na meſſage ſend,
To Sanct Iohnſtoun to make his journey kend.
For Inglilmen that full ſubtill hes bene,
Greit watches warnit that nane ſould pas betuene.
Than Wallace ſaid this mater pleiſis not me.
He callit to him the Squyar gude Guthrie,
And Biſſet als that knew full weill the land,
And askit at them quhat deid was beſt on hand,
Meſſage to make our power for to get,

With feill Sutheron we will be vnbeſet,
And wickit Scots that knawis the Forreſt beſt,
They ar the cauſe that we may haue na reſt.
I dreid far mair Wallange that is the gyde
Then all the laue that cums vpon that ſyde.
Then Guthrie ſaid, micht we get anes ouer Tay
To Sanct Iohnſtoun it wer the gaineſt way,
And warne Ramſay we wald get ſuccour ſone,
Quir ſuith it is that can not weill be done.
Richt weill I wat beſhell is leuit nane,
Fra the Wood-hauin to the ferrie callit Arrane.
Then Wallace ſaid the water awfull is,
Vy ſelfe can ſwim I trow and aill na mis.
Bot curriour vſe accords nocht for me,
And leaue zou heir, zit I had leuer die.
Throw Gods grace we ſall better eſchew,
The ſtrenth is ſtrang and we are men anew.
In Elchock Park bot fourtie men war we,
For ſeuin hundreth and gart feill Sutheron die.
Eſchaipit weill in mony vnlyklie place,
Sa ſall we heir throughe help of Gods grace.
Quhill we may ſaik we may this wood hald ſtill,
For thy ilk man be true of hardie will.
And that we do ſa noblie into deid,
Of vs be found efter na lacke to reid.
The richt is ours we ſould mait ardent be,
I think to freith this land or els to die.
His wailit ſpeich with wit and hardiment,
Maid all the laue ſa cruell of intent.
Sum bad take field and giue battell in plaine,
Wallace ſaid nay, thae words are all in baine,
We will not leaue that may be our vantage,
This wood to vs is worth ane zeiris wage.
Of hewen timber in haſte he gart them take,
Syles of aik, and a great Barreris make
At ane fore-front into the forreſt ſyde,
Vade a greit ſtrēth quhair they purpoſd to byde.

Stel-

Stellit thame fall to tries that growand was,
That thay micht weill in fra the Barreris pas.
And se thair availl on ather syde about,
Syne cum again quhen they saw there was doubt,
Be that this strenth arrayit was at richt,
The Inglish oist approachit to thair sicht,
Than Pfewart came that way for to haue wend,
That thay war wont his gydis sa him kend,
At thair entrie they thocht to haue passage,
Bot sone thay fand that made them great stopage.
Ane thousand he led of men in armes strang,
With fyue hundreth he gart Iohne Wallange gang,
Without the wood that nane sould chaip thame fra,
Wallace with him had fourtie Archers tha.
The laue was speirs full Nobill in ane neid,
On thair enemies thay bikker with gude speid,
Ane cruell counter was at the Barreris sein,
The Scots defence sa sliker was and kene,
Sutheroun sude aw to enter thame amang,
Feill to the ground thay ouerthrew in that thrang.
Ane rowm was left quhair pairt in front micht fair,
Quha enterit in, again zeid neuer mair.
Fourtie thay slew that ganeward wald haue past,
All disarrayit, the Dist was all agast.
Ane pairt of horse throw schot to deith was brocht,
Brake to ane plaine the Sutheroun to them socht,
Then Pfewart said allace how may this be,
And do na harme, ouir greit rebute haue we.
He callit Wallange, and askit his counsaill,
Schirrek thou art quhat may vs best auaill.
Bot few thay are that makis this great debait,
Iohn Wallange said this is the best I wait.
To ceis heirof and remaine heir beside,
For thay may not long in this Forrest byde.
For fault of fude they man in the countrie,
Than war mair time to make on thame mellie.
Or thay be win on force into this strife,

Feill

Feill that ze leid ſall erar lois the life.
Than Pſewart ſaid this rede I will nocht take,
And Scots be warnit reſkew ſone wil thay make,
Of this diſpyte amends I think to haue,
Di die thairfoꝛe in number with the laue.
Into ane range my ſelfe on fute will fair,
Aucht hundꝛeth he tuik the likliеſt that was thair
Syne bade the laue at the Barrers byde ſtill,
With Iohn Wallange to rule them at his will,
VVallange he ſaid be foꝛwart in this cace,
In ſik ane ſnair we couth not get Wallace,
Tak oꝛ ſlay him I pꝛomeis be my lyfe,
That King Edward ſall mak thée Erle of Fyfe,
At ꝛon eiſt pairt we think to enter in,
I bad na mair micht ze this Barrers win,
Fra they be cloſit graithlie amang vs ſa,
Bot maruell be thay ſall na farther ga,
Aſſailzie ſair quhen ze wit we cum neir,
On ather ſide we ſall hald them on ſteir,
Thus Pſewart thair vpon ane apꝛfull wiſe,
Wallace hes ſéene quhat hes bene thair deuiſe,
Gude men he ſaid ze vnderſtand this deid,
Foꝛſuith he ſaid thay are richt mekill to dꝛeid,
Zone Pſewart is ane woꝛthie nobill Knicht,
Foꝛdwart in weir richt hardie wiſe and wicht,
His aſſailzie he oꝛdains wonder ſair,
Vs foꝛ to harme mans wit can do na mair.
Pleaſand it is ane wiſe Chiftane to gae,
Sa Chiftane like, it ſould greit comfoꝛt mae,
To his awin men and they of woꝛſhip be,
Than foꝛ to ſie ten thouſand cowarts flie.
Sen we are ſet with enemies on ilk ſyde,
And heir on foꝛte mon in this Foꝛreſt byde,
That all the laue of vs abaiſit be,
Aſſay the firſt foꝛ Gods ſaik cruelly.
Craufurd he left and Longouell the knicht,
Fourtie with them to keip the Barreris wicht,

With

With him ſartie all worthie men in weid,
To meit Pſewart with hardie will thay zeid.
Ane maner of dyke into the wod was maid,
Of thortour treis baldly he thair abaid.
Ane dounwith wall the Sutheroun to thame had,
Swne ſemblit they with ſtraiks ſair and ſad,
Scharpe ſpeirs than duſchit on ather ſyde,
Throw birneis bricht maid wounds deip and wyde,
The vantage was the Scottis them dantit ſa,
That na Inglilhman durſt fra his fellow ga,
To brek array or fozmeſt enter in,
Of chryſtinit blude to ſe it was great ſin,
For wrangous cauſe and hes bene mony day,
Feill Inglilhmen in the dyke deade there lay,
Speirs full ſone all into ſplenders ſprang,
With ſcharp ſwords they hewit on in thrang,
Blude brylit out throw ſyne harnes and maill,
Iohn Wallange als full ſharplie can aſſaill,
Upon Craufurd and the knicht Longoveill.
With their power keipit the Barres weill.
Maid gude defence, be wit manheid and micht,
At the entrie feill men to deith they dicht.
Thus all at anis they ſailzeit ather place,
Nane that was thair durſt turne fra the Barrace
To help Wallace: na man of his durſt pas
To reſkew them, ſa fell the fechting was,
At ather hand thay handlit was ſa hait,
Wot do or die na ſuccour els they wait,
Wallace was ſad into that ſtalwart ſtoure,
Guthrie Biſsit with men of greit valour,
Richard Wallace that worthy was of hand.
Pſewart meruelit that contrair them micht ſtand,
That euer ſa few micht byde in battell place,
Againſt thame and matchit face for face,
He thocht him ſelfe to ende that mater weill.
Fall preaſit in with ane gude brand at ſteill.
Into the dyke ane Scottiſman he gart die,

Wallace

Wallace thairfoir in heart had greit pitie,
Ane mends to haue he followit on him fall,
Fot Inglishmen sa thick betuirt them pall,
That vpon him ane straik get could he nocht,
Uther worthy derflie to deith he brocht
Slopis he maid throw all the cheualrie,
The hardy Scots that wrocht sa worthely.
Quhen Sutheron saw thir gud men was sa drell
Langer to byde they thocht it not the bell,
Four scoir wer slane or they wald leaue that steid
And fyftie als was in the Barreris deid,
Ane trumpet blew and fra the wood can draw.
Wallange left off, that sicht quhen that he saw,
To sailzie mair thay thocht it was na speid.
Without the wod to counsell sone they zeid.
The worthie Scots to rest them was richt faine,
Feill hurts they had bot few of them was slaine.
Wallace bad all of gude comfort to be,
Thankit be God the fairer pairt haue we,
Yon knicht Pfewart hes at greit iournayis bene.
Sa fair assay I haue bot seldome sene,
I had leuer on Wallange wroken be,
Than ony man that is in yon menzie.
The Scots all into the Barrers zeid,
Stanchit wounds that couth full braithly bleid,
Sum Scottis men had bled full mekill blude,
For fault of drink and als wanting of fude,
Sum feiblit fast that had feill hurts thair,
Wallace thairfoir sichit with heart full sair,
Ane hat he hint to get water is gane,
Uther refuge as then he wist of nane.
Ane lyttill strand as then he fand him by,
Of cleir water he brocht them boundantly,
And drank him selfe syne said with sober mude,
The wine in France me thocht not half so gude,
Than of the day thrie quarters was ouir went,
Sir John Pfewart hes caskin in his intent,

To

To ſailzie mair as than he couth not preue,
Quhile on the morne that new men couth releue.
And keipe thame in quhill they for hunger ſore,
Cum in his will or ellis to die thairfore,
Wallange he ſaid I charge thée for to byde,
And keip them in quhill I to Colwper ryde,
Remaine thou with fyue hundreth at thy will,
And I the morne with power ſall cum thée till.
Iohn Wallange ſaid this charge I heir forſake,
Efter this day all nicht I may not wake.
Bot traiſt ze weill they will iſſh to the plaine,
Thoch ze bide als or els die in the paine.
Pſewart bad byde or vnderly the blame,
I thée command in gude King Edwards name.
Or heir to God a vow I make before,
And they breke out to hang thée hie the morne,
Of this command Iohn Wallange had greit dreid,
Pſewart fra them with nyne ſcoir into deid,
Nixt hand the wood and his gude men of Fyfe.
The Scots was blyth quhen that they heard ſik ſtryfe,
Wallace drew neir his tyme quhen that he ſaw,
To the wood ſyde and couth on Wallange caw.
That knicht hes hecht the morne to hang thee hie,
Cum into vs I ſall thy warrand be,
In contrair him and all King Edwards micht,
Take we him quick we ſall him hang on hicht,
Ane gude Lordſhip I ſall thée gine heir eiſt,
In this ilk Land that thy brother hes leſit,
Wallange was wyſe full ſone couth vnderſtand,
Be liklienes Wallace ſould wyne the land,
And better him war into the richt to byde.
Than be in weir vpon the other ſyde,
With thort auyſement to Wallace ſone they ſocht.
Then Pſewart cryit and ſaid that beis for nocht,
And als of kynd thou art of heritage,
Cowart on thée is euill wairit greit wage.
Heir I ſall byde my purpois to fulfill,

Outher

Outher to die or haue thée at my will,
For all his ſpeich to pas thay would not ſpair,
With full glade heart Wallace reſauit him thair,
Be that Ruthuen and Ramſay of renoun,
Be ane true Scot that paſt to Sanct-Iohnſtoun,
Thame warning maid that Pſewart followit faſt
Upon Wallace, than wer they fair agaſt,
Out of the toune iſhit in all thair micht,
With thrie hundreth that worthie were & wicht,
To blake Irneſyde aſſemblit in that place,
As Wallange was gane in to gude Wallace.
The knicht Pſewart hes weil thair cumming ſene
Ane fair plaine feild he cheiſit them betuene,
Elleuin hundreth and four ſcoir then had he,
The Scottis men wer fyue hundreth and ſixtie,
Thir were bot few ane plaine feild for to take,
Out of the wood gude Wallace can him make.
He will na wit of them that cummand was,
Nair hardiment was fra the ſtrenth to pas,
Bot quhen he heard Ruthuen and Ramſay cry,
Of Ouchterhous blyth was his Cheualrie.
Micht thay of gold haue brocht ane Kings rent,
The gude Wallace micht not ſa weill content.
Than to array they zeid on ather ſyde,
In cruell ire in battell boun to byde,
Worthyar men then Pſewart ſemblit thair,
In all his tyme Edward had neuer mair.
Bot Pſewart ſaw his number was far ma,
His power ſone he gart diuyde in twa.
To fecht in that caus knichtlie he them kend,
In that iourney outher to win or end.
The worthie Scottis that firſt amang them baid,
Full greit ſlanchter on Inglishmen thay maid.
Into the wood befoze had preuit ſa weill,
That on the plaine they ſonzeit neuer a deill,
In courage grew as they were new begun,
Schozt reſt they had fra ryding of the Sunne,

Be that Ramsay and gude worthie Ruthuene,
Throw out the thickest of the preis is gane,
Slopis they maid amangs the Inglishmen,
Disseuerit them be twentie and be ten,
Quhen speiris were gane with swords of mettell cleir,
To Inglishmen their cumming sauld full deir,
Wallace and his be worthynes of hand,
Feill Sutheroun blude gart licht vpon the land.
The twa feilds togider reilit than,
Sir Iohn Psewart with monie nobill man.
To help thair Lord thrie hundreth in ane place,
About him stude and did their bissines,
Defendand him with monie awfull dint,
Quhill all the outwart of the field was tint.
Of commons pairt into the forrest fled.
Succour to seik thir men sa had them led,
The Scots hes sene sa mony in ane rout,
With Psewart stand that gairdit him about,
Vpon the syds assailzeit wonder fair,
The poleist plaits with points peirsit bair,
The Sutheroun maid defence full cruellie,
All occuppyit was this nobill Cheualrie.
Sir Iohn Ramsay wald thay had zolden bene,
Wallace said nay it is ane wrang ze mene,
Ranson to tak we can not now begin,
On sik ane wise this land we may not win,
Zon Knicht of auld our enemie hes bene,
Sa fell to vs of thame I haue not sene.
Now he sall die throw help of Gods grace,
He come to pay his ransone in this place.
The Sutheroun saw and wist plainly to die.
Reskew was nane suppois that they wald flie,
Freshlie they faucht as they had enterit new,
Vpon our syde part worthie men they slew.
Then Psewart said alace in wrang doing,
Our lynes we lose for pleasure of our king,
That felloun knicht doutit his life richt nocht,

Amang the Scots full hardelie he wrocht.
Bisit he strake to deith withoutin mair
Wallace preissit with his sword birnist bair.
At Pfewartis hals he ettellit with greit ire,
Throw pelane stiff in sunder strake the swyre,
Deid to the ground he rushit for all his micht,
Be Wallace hand thus endit that gude knicht,
The remanent without mercie thay slae,
For gude Bisit the Scots was wonder wae,
In hands sum thay stickit but remeid,
Na Sutheroun past with lyfe out of that steid.
Than to the wode for thame that left the feild,
Ane range they set, thus micht thay gat na beild,
Zeid nane away was contrair our opinioun.
Gude Ruthuen past againe to Sanct-Iohnstoun,
Sir Iohn Ramsay to Cowper-Castell raid,
That hous he tuik for defence nane was maid.
Wallace Crawfurd and with them gude Guthrie
Richard Wallace had lang bene in mellie.
And Longueill into Lundoris baid still,
Fastit they had to lang agains their will.
VVallange thay made thair stewart for to be,
Of meit and drink thay fand aboundantlie.
The power fled and durst na langer byde,
That was befoire vpon the Sutheroun syde,
Upon the morne to Sanct-Androes thay past,
Out of the toun that Bishop bounit fast,
The King of England had him thither send,
That rent at will he gaue him in commend.
His Kingis charge as then he durst not hald,
Ane wrangous Pape that Tyran micht be cald,
Few fled with him and gat away be sie,
For all Scotland Wallace he wald not sie,
Of him as than he maid bot licht record,
Gart restore him that their was richteous Lord,
The worthie knicht that into Cowper lay,
Gart spulzie it vpon the secund day,

Syne

Syne ordanit men at command of Wallace,
But mair preces for to cast down the place,
Pyndores they gart some pearce out throu the wall,
Soone punsions fyrit unto the ground kest all,
Sir Iohn Ramsay syne to Carraill can fair,
Sutheroun was fled and left bot walles bair,
Efter Pstewart they durst not tarie lang.
The Scots at large out throu all Fyfe they rang,
Na Inglishmen was left in that countrie,
Bot in Lochleuin thair baid ane cumpanie,
Upon that Inch in small houses they licht,
Castell was nane bot wallit with water wicht,
Besyde Carraill semblit Wallace besome,
His purpois was for to assay Kingorne.
Ane Knicht Musgraue Capitane in it was,
Be schort auyse he purpost for to pas.
Erar he wald byde challainge of the King,
Than with Wallace to reckin for sik thing,
That hous he tuik and kittill tarie maid,
Upon the morne without turmair abaid,
At ouer the mure quhair thay the tryst had set,
Neir Scotland well thair lodging tuik but let,
Efter supper Wallace bad them ga rest,
My selfe will wake me think it may be best.

The winning of Lochleuin, Chap. III.

AS he commandit but graithing they haue done,
Unto their sleip, Wallace syne greithit him sone,
Past to Lochleuin as it was neir midnicht,
Auchteine with him that he had warnit richt,
Thir men weint weill he come to besy it,
Fellowis he said I do you weill to wit,
Consider weill this place and understand,
That it may do full greit skaith to Scotland.
Out of the south and power come them till,
They may take in to keip at their ainin will,
Upon yon inch richt mony men may be,

And syne ilke out thairtyme quhen that they se,
To byde lang heir we may not weill for chance,
Zone folke hes sude trast weill at sustinance,
Water fra them forsuith can not be set,
Sum vther wyle behoues vs to get,
Ze sall remaine heir at this part all still,
And I my selfe the boat sall bring you till,
Thairwith his weid in haist off cassis he,
Upon zond syde no watchman can he se,
Held on his sarke and tuik his sword sa gude,
Bound on his neck syne lap into the flude,
And ouer he swame for letting had he nocht,
The boit he tuik and to his men he brocht,
Arrayit him weill and wald na langer byde,
Bot passit in and rowit to the vther syde,
The Inch they tuke with drawin swords in hand,
They sparit nane that they before them fand.
Strak dures vp and slikit men quhair they lay,
Upon the Sutheroun thus sadly semblit they,
Threttie they slew that was into that place,
To make defence the Inglismen had na space,
Thair wemen syne was send out of that steid,
Wemen nor bairnis he neuer put to deid.
The gude they tuik as it had bene thair awin,
Than Wallace said fellowes I mak you knawen,
The purueyance that was within the wanis,
We will not tyne gar sembill vs all atanis.
Let warne Ramsay and our gude men ilk ane.
I will remane quhill all this stuffe be gane.
Send furthane man their horses for to kepe,
Drew vp the boate, syne beds tuke to slepe.
Wallace power neere Scotland weill quhilk lay,
Before the Sunne they missit him away.
Sum meaning maid and meruelit of that cace,
Ramsay bad ceis and murne not for Wallace.
It is for gude that he is from vs went,
That sall ze se and traist weill verament.

My heid to wed Lochleuin he pall to ſe,
Bot in that place na Inglilmen fand he.
Into this land betuixt thir waters left,
Tythings of him full ſone ze ſall heir eft.
As they about were talkand on this wiſe,
Meſſage ſone come and chargit them to ryſe,
My Lord he ſaid to dinner hes zou cald,
Into Lochleuin quhilk is ane liklie hald,
Ze ſall fair weill thairfoze put off all ſoztow,
Thay graithit them richt airlie on the mozrow,
And thidder paſt of Wallace will to wit,
Than ſemblit in ane full blyth fellowſhip,
They ludgit them thair quhill aucht dayes was at end,
Of meit and drink they had eneuch to ſpend,
Turſit furth geir that Sutheroun had brocht thair,
Gart birne the boit to Sanct-Iohnſtoun they fair,
Biſhop Sinkler that worthy was and wyſe,
To Wallace come and tald him his auyſe.
Thus he deſyzit Wallace with him wald ryde,
And in Dunkeld ſoiozne that winter tyde,
Bot he ſaid nay that hald I nocht the beſt,
And Scotland thus, in peice we can not reſt,
The Biſhop ſaid plainlie, we may not wend,
Into the Nozth foz men Ireid zou ſend,
I grant (quod he) and cheiſit ane meſſenger,
The worthy Iop was with the biſhop thair.
And Maiſter Blair quhill Wallace come they baid,
With that gude Lord that nobill rheir them maid,
Wallace ſend Blair into his Pzeiſts weid,
To warne the weſt quhair freinds had greit dzeid,
How they ſould pas oz to gude Wallace wyn,
Foz Inglilhmen that held them lang in twyne,
Adame Wallace and Lindſay that was wicht,
Rauthlie they left and went away be nicht,
Thzouchout the land to the Lennox they fair,
To Erle Malcolme that welcomet them full zair,
Maiſter Iohn Blair was blyth of that ſemblie,

Gud Grahame was thair and Richard of Lundie
Als Robert Boyde out of Bute to thame socht,
Gat thay Wallace of nathing than thay rocht.
Bot Inglishmen betwix thame was sa strang,
That thay in plaine micht not weill to him gang.
Iop pallit on for nathing wald he let,
Greit power than as thair he micht not get.
The Lord Cummyng that Erle of Buchane was,
For ald inuy he wald let no man pas,
That he micht let in gude Wallace supplie,
The Erle Patrike at plaine feild keipit he,
Zit pore men come and preiuit all thair micht,
To helpe Wallace in fence of Scotlands richt.
The gude Randall in tender age was kend,
Part of gude men out of Murray he send.
Iop past againe and come in presence sone,
Before Wallace and tauld how he had done,
Bot Maister Blair sa gude tythings him brocht,
That of Cumming Wallace full littill rocht.
Als Inglismen than had full mekill dreid.
Fra Fyfe was tint the war they trowit to speid.
The Duke and Erle that time in Scotland led,
Captaines thay maid in England syne thay sped,
Wallace him bounit quhen he thocht tyme suld be
Fra Sanct Iohnstoun and take with him fyftie.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie that was wicht,
From Inglismen they had haldin the richt,
In watchmen weid and fendit them richt weill,
To gude Wallace they wer als true as steill,
To follow him thay t wa thocht never lang.
Throw the Ochel they made them for to gang,
On mair power he taryit not that tyde,
To keip the Land the laue he gart abyde.
To Striuiling brig as than he wald not pas,
For strang power of Inglismen there was.

TO Airth Ferray they passit priuatlie,
And buskit them in ane derne steid thereby.
Ane cruell Captaine in Airth dwelt that zeir,
In Ingland borne that hecht Tomlin of Weir.
Ane hundreth men was at his leiding still,
To bruik that land they did power and will,
Ane Scottis fisher quhilk they had tane beforne,
Contrair his will gart him be to them sworne.
In their seruice they held him day and nicht,
Befoir the Sunne Wallace gart Iop him dicht.
And send him furth the passage to espy,
On the fisher they hapnit suddanly.
All him alane bot ane boy that was thair,
Iop hint him soone and for na feir wald spair.
Be the coller and out ane knyfe pullit he,
For Gods saik this man askit mercie.
Iop speirit soone, of quhat Nation art thou,
Ane Scot he said bot Sutheron gart me vow.
In their seruice againis my will sa sair,
Bot for my lyfe that I remainit thair.
To seik fish I come on this North syde,
Be ze an Scot I wald faine with zou byde,
Than he him brocht in presence of Wallace,
The Scots was blyith quhen they haue seene this cace.
For with his boat they micht well passage haue,
For ferray craft he thocht not for to craue.
Into that syde lang space they taryit nocht,
In the South land with glaid hearts they socht.
Syne brak the boat quhen they were landit thair,
Seruice of it Sutheron micht haue na mair.
Then throw the Mosse they passit full gude speid,
To the Torwood that man with them they leid.
The widow there brocht tythings to Wallace,
Of his trew Eme that dwelt at Donypace,
Thomlin of Weir in prison had him set,
For mair treasour than he befoir micht get.
Wallace said Dame he sall weill lousit be.

The morne be noone or mae thairfore sall die.
Sho gat them meit and in quyet they baid,
Quhill it was nicht syne readie soone they maid,
Towart Airth hill richt suddanlie they drew.
Ane strenth there was that weill the fisher knew.
Of draw dykes and full of water wan,
Wyselie thairof he watchit them this man.
On the back syde he led them priuatlie,
Fra the water as wont to come was he.
Ouir ane small brig gude Wallace enterit in,
Into the hall himselfe thocht to begin.
Fra the supper as they were boun to ryse,
He salust them vpon ane awfull wyse.
His men him followit suddanlie atainis,
Haistie sorrow was raisit in thay wainis.
With sheirand swords sharplie about them dang,
Feill in the flure was fellit them amang.
With Tomlin Weir Wallace himselfe hes met,
Ane felloun straik sadlie vpon him set,
Throw heid and swyre all throw the coist him claue.
The worthie Scots fast stickit of the laue.
Keipit weill duris and to the death them dicht,
To chaip away the Sutheron had na micht.
Sum windois socht for to haue brokin out,
Bot all for nocht full fey was all that rout.
About the fyre bushit the blude fa reid,
Ane hundreth men was slaine into that steid.
Than Wallace socht quhair his Uncle micht be,
In ane deip caue he was set duilfullie.
Quhair water stude and he in irnis strang,
Wallace full soone the braisses vp he dang.
Off that mirk hoill brocht him with strength and list,
Bot noyis he heard of nathing els he wist.
Sa blyth befoir in warld he had not bene,
And thairwith sichit quhen he had Wallace sene.
In dykis out the deid bodies they kest,
Graithit the place as then thame lykit best.

Maid

Wald full gude cheir and wyle watchis they set,
Quhill neir the day they sleipit withouttin let.
Quhen they had sicht spulzeit the place in hy:
Fand gainand geir baith gold and Jowalry.
On all that day in quyet held them still,
Quhen Sutheron come refanit them with gude will,
In that labour the Scottis was full baine,
Sutheron come in bot name went out againe.
Wemen and bairnis put in prison and cave,
Sa they micht make na warning to the lave.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie that was wicht,
Keipit the port, vpon the second nicht,
Befoir the day the worthie Scottis rais,
Tursit gude geir and to the Torwood gais.
Remainit there quhill nicht was cumming on hand,
Syne bownit them in quyet throw the land.
The widow sone fra they wer passit dout,
Ane servant send and let the wemen out,
To pas fra Airth quhair that them lykit best,
Now speik of them that went into the West.

¶ How Wallace brint the Inglismen in Dumbartane. Chap. V.

WAllace him selfe was sicker gyde that nicht,
To Dumbartan the way he cheisit richt,
Bot it was day fer than the nicht was lang,
Vnto the toun full privatlie they gang,
Weikill of it then Inglishmen occupyit,
Gude Wallace sone throw ane dark garth him hyit,
Vnto the hous quhilk he was wont to ken,
Ane widow dwelt that was friend to our men.
About hir bed on the back syde was maid,
Ane derne window was nouther lang nor braid.
There Wallace callit and sone fra tho him knew
In haist tho rais and privatly him drew,
In ane close barn quhair thay micht keipit be,

Baith meit and drink thoe brocht them in plentie.
Ane gudelie gift to Wallace als thо gaue,
Ane hundreth pound, and mair ateuer the laue,
Syne sonnes thо had was lykelie men and wicht,
Ane aith to him thoe gart them sweir full richt.
In peice they dwelt in troubill they had bene,
And tribute payit to Inglis Captaines kene.
Sir Iohn Menteith the Castell had in hand,
Bot sum men said there was ane prinie band.
To Sutheron maid be meanis of that knicht,
Of their supplie to be at all his micht.
Thairof as now I will na proces make,
Wallace that day ane thrist purpose can take.
Quhen it was nicht he bad the widow pas,
And mark the durris quhair Southeron dwelland was.
Syne efter this he and his Cheualrie,
Graithit them weill and wapouns tuik in hy.
Went on the gait quhair Southeron were on sleip.
Ane greit Dissolarie our Scots tuik to keip,
Ane Inglis Captaine was sittand vp sa lait,
Quhen he and his with drinking was maid hait.
Syne was there with him on hie courage,
Sum wald haue had gude Wallace in that rage.
Sum wald haue bound sir Iohn the Grame throw strenth.
Sũ wald haue had gude Boyd at swords lenth,
Sum wissit Lundie that chaipit was in Fyfe,
Sum wichter was nor Setoun than in Stryfe,
Quhen Wallace heard the Southeron make sik din,
He gart all byde and him alane went in.
The laue remainit to heir of their tythance,
He salust them with sturdie countinance.
Fellowis he said sen I come last fra hame,
In trauell I was in land ouir vncouth laine.
Fra South Ireland I come in this countrie,
The new conquels of Scotland for to see.
Part of your drink and sum guid I wald haue,
The Captaine than ane schew answer him gaue.

Thou

Thou ſemis ane Scot lyklie to be ane ſpy,
Thou may be ane of Wallace cumpanie,
Contrair our king he is riſin againe,
The land of Fyfe he hes riddin in plaine,
Thou ſall heir byde quhill we wit how it be,
Be thou of his thou ſall be hangit hie,
Wallace thocht thairit was na time to ſtand,
His noble ſword he gripit ſone in hand,
Duir thort the face drew the Captaine in tene,
Strak all away that grew aboue the ene,
Ane vther braithlie in the breiſt he bair,
Baith braine and bane the buirly blaid throw chair,
The laue ruſht vp, then Wallace in greit ire,
The third he fellit derflie into the fyre.
Steuin of Ireland and Keirlie in that thrang,
Keipit na charge bot enterit thame amang.
And vther ma that to the dure can preis,
Quhill they him ſaw their could na thing them reis.
The Southeroun men full ſone was brocht to deid
The Oſtler bad them all gyde aill and breid.
Wallace ſaid nay quhill we haue laſer mair,
To be our gyde thou ſall before vs fair,
And begin fyre quhair that the Southeron lyis,
The Oſtler ſone vpon ane haiſtie wyes,
Hint fyre in hand and to ane greit hous zeid,
Quhair Inglishmen wer into mekill dreid.
For they wiſt not quhill that the reid low rais,
Als woode as beiſtis amang the fyre than gais,
With painis fell ruſhit full ſorrowfully,
The laue without of our gude Cheualrie,
At ilk hous quhair the Oſtlar began,
Keipit the duris fra them chaipit na man.
For all thair micht thocht King Edward had ſworne,
Gat nane away that was of England borne.
Bot outher brynt or but reſkew was ſlaine,
And ſum throw force dreuin in the fyre againe,
Sum Scottis folke in ſeruice them amang.

Fra

Fra ony paine freelie thay leit them gang.
Thrie hundreth men was to Dumbartane send,
To keip the land as thair Lord had them kend.
Skaithles of thame for ay was this regioun,
Wallace or day maid him out of the toun,
Unto the caue of Dumbartane they zeid,
And all that day thair soiourned but dreid,
Baith meit and drinke the Offiser gart be brocht,
Quhen nicht was commin in all the haist they mocht,
Towart Rosneth ful earnestlie they gang.
For Inglismen was in that Castell strang.
Dri the Garloch they purposit them to byde,
Betuix the Kirk that neir was thair besyde,
And to the Castell full priuatlie they draw,
Under ane bray thay lodgit them full law,
Besyde the water quhair common ble had they,
From Castell to the Kirk to pas ilk day,
Ane marriage als was that day to begin.
All ishit out and left na man within,
That fence micht mak but seruands in that place.
Thus to that tryst thay passit vpon cace,
Wallace and his drew them full priuily,
Neir hand the place quhen they were passit by,
Within the hall and thocht to keip that steid,
Fra Sutheroun men or ellis thairfore be deid.
Compleit was maid the mariage into plane,
Unto Rosneth they passit hame againe.
Fourscore and mae was in that company,
Bot not arrayit as was our Cheualrie.
To the Castell they wend to pas but let,
The worthy Scots so hardlie on them set,
Fourtie at anis derflie to deith thay bair,
The remanent affrayit was sa sair,
Langer in field they had na micht to byde,
Bot fearflie fled fra them on ather syde,
The Scots thairwith weill hes the entrie win,
And slew all still as the hous was found in,

Syne

Syne on the flears followit wonder faſt,
Na Inglifhmen with lyfe thair fra them paſt,
The wemen ſone they ſeaſit into hand.
Keipit them cloſe for warning of the land,
And deid bodyes all out of ſicht they keſt,
Than at gude eaſe thay maid them for to reſt.
On thair puruepance ſeuin dayes lugit thair,
At rude coaſt to ſpend they wald not ſpair.
Quhen Sutheroun come they tuik them glaidly in.
Bot out agane they let nane of that kin,
Quha tydings ſend the Captane of that ſteid,
Their ſeruitours the Scottis put to deid.
Spuilzeit the place and left na gudes thair,
Brake wallis doun and maid the biggings bair,
Quhen thay had ſpilt all ſtane wark that thay mocht,
Thay kendelit fyre and fra Roſneth they ſocht.
Quhen thay had brint all trein warke in that place,
Wallace gart treith the wemen of his grace.
To do thame harme his purpoſe neuer was,
Than to Falkland the worthie Scots can pas,
Quhair Erle Malcolme was bydand at defence,
Richt blyth he was of Wallace gude preſence.
Than he fand thair ane nobill cumpanie,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Richard of Lundie,
Adame Wallace that worthy was and wyſe,
Barklay and Boyd with men mekill to pryſe.
At Chriſtmas thair Wallace ſolournit ſtill,
Of his mother tythings was brocht him till,
In tyme befoire ſcho had left Ellerſlie,
For Inglifmen ſcho durſt not in it be,
Fra tyne diſguyſit ſcho paſt in pilgryme weid,
Sum girth to ſeik to Dumfermling ſcho zeid,
Seiknes ſcho had forſuith into that ſteid,
Deceiſſit ſcho was, God tuik hir ſpirit to leid.
Quhen Wallace heard that thir tythings was trew,
Than ſadnes fair on ilk ſyde did perſew.
In thank he tuik becaus it is naturall,

He

He louit God with ſiker hairt and haill.
Better him thocht that it was hapnit ſa,
Than Suheroun ſould put her to vther wa,
He ordainit Iop and alſwa maiſter Blair,
Thither to pas and for na coiſt to ſpair.
Bot honorablie put corps in ſepulture,
At his command they ſeruit all the cure,
Doand thairto as deith requyrit to haue,
With rich entier the corps thay put in graue.
Agane they turnit and ſhewit of her end,
He thankit God quhat grace that euer he ſend.
He ſaw the warld was ful of fantaſie,
Comfort he tuike let all murning ga by,
His maiſt delyte was for to freith Scotland,
Now will I tell quhat cace than come on hand.

HOW SIR WILLIAM DOWGLAS WAN the Caſtell of Sanquhair by a jeopardie and how William Wallace reskewed him from the Engliſhmen and put them out of that part. Chap. VI.

SIr Williame lang of Dowglaſdaill was Lord.
Be his firſt wyfe as richt is to record,
Deceiſſit than out of this warldlie cair,
Twa ſonnes he had with her that liuit thair,
Quhilk likelie was and abill in courage,
To Scuill was ſend into thair tender age,
Iames and Hew ſa hecht thir brethren twa,
And efter ſone their vncle couth them ta,
Gude Robert Keith had them fra Glaſgow toun,
And ouir the ſey to France he made him boun.
At ſtudy ſyne he ſet them in Pareis,
With ane maiſter that worthie was and wiſe,
The King Edward tuik thair father that knicht,
And held him ſtill thoch he was neuer ſa wicht,
Quhill time he had aſſentit to his will,
Ane mariage als they had ordainit him till.
The Ladie Ferres of power and hie blude,

Bot

Bot thairof come to his life littill gude,
Twa ſonnes he gat on this Ladie but mair.
With Edwards will he tuik his leiue to fair,
In Scotland come and broght his wife in peis,
In Dowglas dwelt, forſuith this is na leis,
King Edward trowit that he had ſteidfaſt bene,
Fall to thair faith bot contrair ſone was ſene,
Ay the Scots blude remained in Dowglas,
Againe England quhilk preuit in mony place.
The Sanquhair was ane Caſtell fair and ſtrang,
Ane Inglith Captaine had done keill Scots wrang,
Into it dwelt and Bewfurd he was cald,
That held all waiſt fra thine to Dowglas hald,
Richt neir of kyn was Dowglas wife and ſhe,
Thairfore he trowit in peace of him to be.
Sir William ſaw that Wallace rais in plaine,
And richt likelie to freith Scotland againe,
To help him pairt into his minde he keſt,
For in that life richt lang he could not reſt.
He thocht na charge to brek vpon England,
It was throw force that euer he maid them band.
Ane young man than that hardie was and bald,
Borne with himſelfe and Thomas Dikſone cald.
Their freind he ſaid I wald preiue at my micht,
And make ane fray to fals Bewfurd the knicht,
In Sanquhair dwellis and dois full greit outrage.
Than Dickſone ſaid my ſelf in that veyage,
Sall for you pas with Anderſone to ſpeake,
Freindſhip to me my Couſing will not breake,
He is the man that fyre leidis them till.
Throw his help we our purpoſe will fulfill,
Sir Williame than in all the haiſt he micht,
Threttie true men in that veyage he dicht,
And tald his wife to Dunfreis he wald fair,
Ane tryſt he ſaid of England he had thair.
Thus paſſit he quhair that na Sutheroun wiſt,
With thir threttie throw waiſt land at thair liſt.

Quhill

Quhill nicht was cummin they coutched them full law,
Into ane cleuch neir at the water Craw,
To the Sanquhair Diksone allane he send,
And he soone maid with Andersone this end,
Diksone sould take baith his horse and his weid,
Be it was day ane draucht of wood to leid.
Againe he past and tauld the gude Dowglas,
Quhilk drew him soone into ane priuat place,
Andersone tauld quhat stuffe thair was thairin,
To Thomas Diksone that was richt neir of kin,
Fourtie they are all men of mekill vaill,
Be they on fute they will zou sair assaill,
Gif thou happin the entrie for to get,
On thy richt hand ane stalwart air is set,
Thairwith thou may defend thée in ane thrang,
Be Dowglas wise he byde not fra thee lang,
Andersone zeid to the bushment in hy,
Neir the Castell he drew them priuily.
Unto ane shaw Sutheroun mistraistit nocht,
To the nixt wood with Diksone soone he socht,
Graithit ane draucht on ane braid slipping law,
Chargit ane hors and to the toun can draw.
Arrayit he was in Andersones weid,
And bad haue in the Porter come gude speid.
This hour he said thou micht haue bene away,
Untymous thou art for it is scantly day,
The zet zeid vp Diksoun zeid in but mair,
Ane thortour band that all the draucht vp bair,
He cutted it the slip to ground couth ga,
Cummerit the zet steiking they micht not ma,
The Porter soone he hint into the strife.
Twyis throw the heid and reft him soone his life,
The are he gat that Andersone of spake,
And bekning maid thairwith the bushment brake,
Dowglas himself was formest in that preis,
In ouer the wood enterit or he wald ceis.
Thrie watchmen was fra the walles cummin new,
Within

Within the close the Scotismen them slew.
Or ony scry was raisit in that stour,
Dowglas had tane the zet of the greit toure.
Ran vp the stare quhair that the captaine lay,
On fute he gat and wald haue bene away,
Quer late he was Dowglas strake vp the dure,
Bewfurd he fand in mids of the flure.
With ane stiff sword to death he hes him dicht,
His men followed fast that worthy were and wicht.
The men they slew that was within thay wainis
Syne in the close thay semblit all atainis,
The house thay tuik and Southeroun put to deid,
Gat nane bot ane with lyfe out of that steid.
For that the zet sa lang vnsteikit was,
This spy he fled and to Duresdeir can pas.
Tauld that Captaine that they had hapned sa,
Ane vther he gart into the Ennoch ga,
And Tyberis mure was warnit of this cace,
And Lochmabane all semblit to this place.
The countrie als quhen they heard of sik thing,
Wald seige Dowglas and hecht thay sould him hing,
Quhen Dowglas wist that ane was fra them chaip,
To sailzie him he trowit that they wald chaip,
Diksoun he send vpon ane Cuirsour wicht,
To warne Wallace in all the haist he micht.
In the Lennox Wallace had tane the plaine,
With four hundreth that was of mekill mane.
Kilsyth Castell he thocht to bely it,
That Rauindaill held bot true men let him wit,
That he was out that time in Cumbernald,
Lord Cumming dwelt on tribute in that hald.
Quhen Wallace wist he gart Erle Malcolme ly,
With twa hundreth in bushment neir thairby,
To keip the hous that nane sould to it fair,
He tuik the laue in the wood syde neir thair.
Ane Scurriour set to warne gif he saw orcht,
Swone Rauindaill came of thame he had na thocht,

Quhen

Quhen he was cummin the twa bushements betwéne,
The Scurriour warnit thir cruell men and kene,
Quhen Erle Malcolme had barrit them from the place,
Na Sutheroun zeid with lyfe they did that grace.
Part Lennox men they left the house to ta,
On spulzeing than they wald na tarie ma,
To seige houses than Wallace couth not byde.
Thrawout the land in awfull wyse thay ryde,
Than Linlithgow they brint into thair gait,
Quhair Sutheroun dwelt thay maid thair biggings hatt
The Peill they tuke slew them that was thairin,
Of Sutheroun blude the Scots thocht na sinne,
Syne on the morne brint Dalkeith in ane gleid,
Sowne to ane strenth to Newbottell wod they zeid.
Be that Lawder and Christell of Seyroun,
Come fra the Bas and brint Northberwick toun,
That Inglishmen they sould na succour get,
Quhom thay quirtuik they slew withouttin let.
To meit Wallace they past in all their micht,
Ane hundreth with thame of men of armes bricht,
Ane blyth meiting that tyme was them betwéne,
Quhen Erle Malcolme and Wallace hes thame sene.
Thomas Dickfone als met with gude Wallace,
Quhilk granted sone to to reskew Dowglas,
Dickfone he said wait thou of thair multiplie,
Thrie thousand men thair power may not be,
Erle Malcolme said thoch they were thousands fyue,
For this actioun me think that we sould stryue,
Than Hew the Hay that dwelt vnder trewage,
Of Englishmen, some he gaue ouer that wage,
Wair for to pay as than he lykit nocht,
With fyftie men to Wallace furth he socht,
To Peiblis fast but na Sutheroun them baid,
Thair at the Croce ane plaine cry they maid,
Wallace commandit quha wald come to his peace,
And byde thair at reward sould haue but leis,
Gude Rutherfurd that euer true had bene,
In Ettrick wod againft the Sutheroun kene.

Widri

Biddin he had and dons them meikill deir,
Sextie he had of nobill men of weir,
Wallace him welcumit that come in his supplie,
With Lordlyke feir and chiftane like was he,
Than to array they went about the toun,
Their number was six hundreth of renoun,
In birnes bricht all men of meikill vaill,
With glaid hearts they past throw Cliddisdaill,
The seige began and to the Sauquhair set,
Bot tythings come that maid thairin ane let,
Quhen Sutheroun heard that Wallace was sa neir,
Throw haistie fray the Oist was all on steir.
Na man was thair wald for ane vther byde,
Purpose they tuik in England for to ryde,
The Chiftane said sen thair King had before,
Fra Wallace fled thair causes was the moir,
Fra South they socht to byde it was greit wraith
Dowglas as than was thus quyte of thair skaith,
In Crawfurd mure be than was gude Wallace,
Quhen men him tald that Sutheron vpon cace,
Wer fled away and durst him not abyde,
Thrie hundreth than he cheisit with him to ryde.
In licht harnes and hors that they wald waill,
The Erle Malcolme he bad byde with the staill,
To follow thame ane bake gaird for to be,
To stufe the chafe in all haist bownit he.
Throw Durisdeir he tuik the ganest gait,
Richt fane he wald with Sutheroun maid debait
The plainest way aboue Mortoun they hald,
Rydand the hicht gif that the Sutheroun wald,
Was to persew or turne to Lochmabane,
Bot tent thairto the Inglismen tuik nane,
Doun richt they held graith gyds coold them leir
Aboue Closburne Wallace approachit neir.
In ire he grew quhen they wer in his sicht,
To them thay sped with will and all the mnicht,
On an out part the Scottis set that tyde,

Seuin scoir at eird they had scone at ane syde.
The Sutheroun saw that it had hapned sa,
Turnit in againe than sum reskew to ma.
Quhen they trowit best with gude Wallace to stand,
Erle Malcolme come than richt neir at their hand,
The haill powertuik plaine purpose to flée,
Quha wer at eird Wallace gart let them be,
Vpon the formest followit with all his micht,
The Erle and his amang the laue can licht,
Did all to death that vnhorsit were that tyde,
Efter the hors full freshlie than they ryde,
Fyue hundreth haill or they past Dalswyntoun,
On Sutheroun syde to ground thair was brocht doun,
Of Scots hors mony began to tyre,
Suppois their selfe was feirs as ony fyre,
The flears left baith wood waters and hill,
To take the plaine speidfull they thocht them till,
In greit battell away full fast they raid,
Into the strenths they thocht to make na baid;
Neir Lochmabane and Ouchterhous thay went,
Besyde Crochmad quhair feill Sutheroun was shent,
Richt monie hors that riddin had sa lang,
And trauellit sair they micht na farther gang.
Sir Iohn the Grahame vpon his fute was set,
Than Wallace als lichtit withouttin let,
Thir twa on fute amang their enemies zeid,
Was nane bot hors micht fra them pas for speid.
On Inglishmen sa cruellie they socht,
Quhom they ouertuik againe harmit vs nocht,
To Wallace come ane pairt of power new,
On restit hors that peartlie couth persew,
Adame Currie with gude men of greit vaill,
And Iohnstoun als that dwelt into Eskdaill.
And Kirkpatrik was in that company,
And Haliday quhilk semblit sturdelie,
Quhair they enterit the sailzie was so sair,
Dead to the ground feill fleares doun they bair.

Seuin

Seuin scoir war haill of new cume men in deid,
The South pairtie of them had mekill dreid.
Wallace was horsit vpon ane Cursour wicht,
That gude Curry had brocht into his sicht,
To stuff the chase with the new cheualrie,
Commandit Grahame and his gude men for thy,
Togither byde and follow as they micht,
Thrie Captains thair full soone to death he dicht,
That restit horse sa wonder weill him bair,
Quhom he ouertuik again rais neuer mair.
Raithlie he raid and wrocht full monie wound,
Thir thrie Captains he stickit in ane stound,
Of Durisdeir Ennoch and Tybers mure,
Lord Cliffurds Eme away to Cairlile fure,
The quhilk before had keipit Lochmabane,
Na landit men chaipit with him bot ane.
For Maxwell als out of Carlauerok drew,
On the Sutheroun the gainest way can sew.
Into the chase sa wilfullie thay ryde,
Few gat away that come vpon that syde,
Besyde Cokpule full feill fechting thay fand,
Sum drownit was sum slane vpon the land,
Quha chaipit was in England fled away,
Wallace returnit na presoner tuik they,
In Carlauerok that nicht resting they maid,
Vpon the morne to Dumfreis blythly raid,
Thair Wallace cryit quha wald cum to his peis,
Agains Sutheroun thair malice for to ceis,
To true Scottis he ordained warisoun,
Quha falt it had he grantit remissioun,
In *D*umfreis then he wald na langer byde.
The Sutheroun fled off Scotland on ilk syde,
Be sea and land without langer abaid,
Of Castellis tounis than Wallace chiftanis maid,
Reulit the land and put it in gude rest,
With true keipers the quhilk he traistit best,
The gude Dowglas quhilk I zou tauld of air,

Keiper he was fra Drumlanerik to Air.
Becaus he had on Sutheron sic thing wrocht,
His wyfe was wraith bot that sho shew it nocht.
Under couert hir malice held perfyte,
Ane Serpent waits hir tyme that scho may byte.
To Dowglas oft scho wrocht full mekill cair,
Of that as now I leaue quhill farther mair.
Bot Sutheroun men durst than na Castels hald.
They left Scotland before as I you told.
Saif ane Mortoun ane Captane fers and fell,
That held Dundy bot Wallace wald not dwell.
Bot thither past and laid it round about,
Quhen Mortoun saw that he was in that dout,
He askit leiue with thair lyfis to ga.
Wallace denyis and sayis it beis not sa,
The last Captain of England that heir was,
I gaue him leiue haill with his men to pas.
Thou sall forethink sik maistrie for to make,
All England sall of thee example take,
Sic men I weind fra thyne for to haue worne,
Thou sall be hangit suppose thy king had sworne,
He gart command na Scots sould to him speik,
Confirmit the feige and said we sall vs wreke,
On Inglishmen as skill will of Dundie,
Scrimgeour he maid thair Constable to be,
Ane Ballinger of England that was thair,
Past out of Tay and came to Quhitbie fair,
To Londoun send and tauld of all this cace,
To hing Mortoun sa vowit had Wallace.
Before this time Edward with power zeid,
To weir on France for than he had na dreid.
Before he trowit Scotland to be his awin,
Quhen they him warnit how his men wer ouerthrawin,
Againe he tuike to England haistilie,
And left his turne all fiklit in follie,
Gascoun he clamit all into heritage,
He left it thus with all his hie barnage,

And

And Flanders als he thoght to take on hand,
All thir he left and come to reaue Scotland.
Quhen that this King to England was cummin hame,
Summonds they maid and chairgit the Bruce be name,
And vther ma that limit vnder his croun,
Bishop Barroun to com at his summoun.
Quhen Wallace twyis throw force had fred Scotland,
This tyrane King tuik plainlie vpon hand,
For greit desire he micht na way take rest,
He thocht to him to make it plaine conqueist.
In couetyse he had rungin sa lang,
Chiftanis he maid that they sould not ga wrang.
Gyois they cheis for strenths them to gy,
They thocht na mair to byde at jeopardie,
In plaine battell that they micht Wallace win,
He trowit for weir they wald na mair begin,
Leaue I this King makand this ordinance,
My purpose is to speik sum thing of France,
The Inglish men than Guyan held in weir,
To French folke they did full mekill deir,
King and counsall sone in thair wits kest,
To get Wallace them thocht it was the best.
For Guyan land the Inglishmen had they,
Than thupe thay thus in all the haist they may,
For theytr a litit gif Scotland wer weill stad,
Wallace wald come as he them promeist had,
The samin Herald that in Scotland was,
Thay him commandit and ordainit him to pas,
Into Scotland without langer delay,
Out of the Sluce as gadlie as he may,
Readie he was in thip he past on race,
In Tayes mouth but baid the hauen he tais,
Quhair Wallace than was at the faulzie still,
And he resauit the Herald with gude will,
Thair writ he reade and said them on this wise,
Ane answeir sone he couth them not deuise,
To honest Innis the Herald sone he send,

On Wallace colk richt baldly for to spend,
Quhill time he saw that vther maters zeid.
Than answeir he sould haue withoutin dreid,
The wit of France thocht Wallace to commend,
Into Scotland with this herald they send,
Praise of his deid and als the descriptioun,
Of him tane there be men of discretion,
Clarks Knichts Heralds that him saw,
Bot I heirof cannot rehearse it aw.
Wallace stature of greitnes and of heicht,
Was iudgit thus be discretioun of sicht,
That saw him baith on cheuall and in weid,
Nyne quarters large of heicht he was indeid,
Thrid pairt that lengthin shoulders braid was he,
Richt semlie strang and lusty for to see.
In lymmis greit with stalwart pace and sound,
His brands hard with armes lang and round,
His hands maid richt like to ane palmeir,
Of man lyke make with naillis lang and cleir,
Proportionit fair and lang was his visage,
Richt sad of speich and abill of courage,
Baith breistit heich with sturdie craig and greit,
His lips round his neise squair and neit,
Birnand broun hair on browdes and breis licht,
Cleir asper ene like Diamondes bricht,
Under his chin on his left syde was sene,
Be hurt ane wan, his cullour was sanguene,
Wounds he had in mony diuers place,
Bot fair and haill weill keipit was his face,
Of riches als he keipit na proper thing,
Gaue that he wan like Alexander the King,
In tyme of peice meik as ane mynde sould be,
Quhan weir approachit the richt Hector was he,
To Scots men richt gude credence he gaue,
Bot knawen enemies they couth him nocht disaue,
Thir properties wer iudgit into France,
Of him to be ane gudlie remembrance,

Quhilk

Maister Iohn Blair this patroun couth ressaue,
In Wallace buik he breuit it with the laue,
Bot he thairof as than tuik littill heid,
His laborous mynd was all of vther deid.
At Dundie seige thus earnest as he lay,
Tythings to him Iop brocht vpon ane day,
How King Edward with likelie men of vaill,
Ane hundreth thousand come for to assaill,
And Scots ground they had tane vpon cace.
Into sum pairt it greiuit gude Wallace
He maid Scrimgeour at this hous for to ly,
With twa thousand and chargit him for thy,
That nane sould chaip with lyfe out of that steid,
That Sutheroun wer, bot put them all to deid
Scrimgeour grantit richt faithfullie to byde,
With aucht thousand Wallace can fra him ryde,
To Sanct Iohnstoun thrie dayes he graithed thair,
With sad auise towart the South can fair,
For King Edward that time ordainit had,
Ten thousand haill to pas that was full glaid,
With zong Wodstoke ane Lord of mekill micht,
At Striuiling brig he ordainit them full richt,
And thair to byde the entrie for to weir,
Of Wallace than he trowit to haue na deir,
Richt royallie vpon ane gude array,
Than leiue they tuik and past out but delay,
To Striuiling come and thair wald not abyde,
To sée the North bezond Forth can they ryde.
Sic new courage sa fell in his intent,
Quhilk maid Sutheroun full sair for to repent.

THE ELLEVINT BOOKE DECLAres the Battell of the Fawkirk, Chap. I.

THis Wodstock raid into the North gude speid,
Of Scottis as then he had but littill dreid.
For weill they trowit for to reskew Dundie,
There ships come to Tay in be the see.
His gydis said that they sould leid him by,
Sanct Iohnstoun quhair passage lay plainely,
The heicht they tuik and luikit them about,
Sa ware they wer of Wallace and his rout,
Than in sumpart he remordit his thocht,
The Kings comm and becaus he keipit nocht.
Bot quhen he saw they fewer was nor he,
He wald them byde and outher do or die.
Sir Iohn Ramsay formest his power saw,
Said zon ar they that ze see hither draw.
Outher Sutheron that cummis sa cruellie,
Or Erle Malcolme to seik zou for supplie.
Than Wallace smylit said Inglismen they are,
Ze may them ken richt weill quhair that they fair.
On Shireff mure Wallace the field hes tane,
With aucht thousand of worthie men in wane.
The Sutheron wer richt douchtie into deid,
Togither strake weill stuffit in steill weid.
Than speiris soone all into splenders sprent,
The hardie Scots out through the Sutheron went.
In rayit battell seuin thousand doun they bair,
Deid on the bent recouerit neuer mair.
Richt feill fechting with wapins groundit kene,
Blude than fra birnes was bushit on the greene.
The stalwart stour richt felloun was and strang,
The worthie Scots sa derflie on them dang.
That all was deid within a littill stound,
Naue fra that place had power for to sound.
Zoung Wodstock hes baith lyfe and Oist forlorne,
The Scots spulzeit all gude geir them beforne.
Quhat them thocht best of fyne harnesse they waill,
Baith gold and gude, and hors that micht abaill,
To Striuiling brig without resting they raid,

Or ma sould come Wallace this ordinance maid.
Past ouir the brig Wallace gart Wrichtis call,
And with craftismen vndid the passage all.
Syne thay same folk he send to the Dripfurde,
Gart set the ground with stark staikis and burde,
With nyne or ten syllis he kest the gait befoir,
Endlang the shald maid it als deip as shoir.
Then Wallace said we sall on ane syde be.
Zone king and I bot gif he southwart flee.
He send Lawder quhilk had in hand the Bas,
Endlang the coist quhair ony vesbell was.
And men with him that bissie could luik,
Of ilk boat ane buird or twa they tuik.
Shippis they brint of strangers that was thair,
Setoun and he to Wallace thus can fair.
In Striuiling lay vpon his purpois still,
For Inglismen to see quhat way they will.
The Erle Malcolme Striuiling in keiping had,
To him he come with men of armes sad,
Three hundreth haill that sicker was and trew,
Of Lennox folk their power to renew.
Sir Iohn the Grahame fra Dundaf sickerlie,
To Wallace come with ane gude Cheualrie.
Tythings him bracht that Sutheron come at hand,
In Torphichin king Edward was ludgeand.
Destroyand the place of purueyance was thair,
Sanct Iohnes gude as then they wald not spair.
Gude Stewart of Bute came vnto Wallace thair,
With him he had twelfe hundreth men and mair,
The Cumming than was past in Cummernald,
Vpon the morne bounit the Stewart bald,
Soone to array with men of armis bricht,
Tuentie thousand then semblit to thair sicht.
The Lord Stewart and Cumming furth they ryde,
To the Fawkirk and thocht thair to abyde.
Wallace and his then to array they zeid,
With ten thousand of worthie men in deid.

Quha

Quha could behald his awfull Lordlie bult,
Sa weill beſene ſa fordwart ſterne and ſtout,
Sa gude Chiftanis as with ſa few thay bene,
Without ane King was neuer in Scotland ſene.
Wallace him ſelfe and Erle Malcolme the Lord,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and Ramſay at record.
Setoun, Lawder, and Boyd that was full wicht,
Adame Wallace was to that iourney dicht.
And monie vther that preiſit weill in preis,
Thair namis all I may not heir rehers.
Sutheron or than out of Torphichin fure,
Thair paſſage maid into Sälmanane mure,
Into ane plaine ſet Tents and Pauilliouns,
South the Fawkirk ane littill abone the toun.
Gude Iop him ſelfe judgit be his ſicht,
In haill number ane hundreth thouſand richt.
Of Wallace comming the Scots ſik comfort tuik,
Quhen they him ſaw all dredour they forſuik.
For of inuy was few thair that it wiſt,
Treaſonabill folk thair matter wirks at liſt.
Poyſoun ſenſyne at the Fawkirk is cald,
Throw greit treaſoun and corruptio un of ald,
For Cumming had inuy at gude Wallace,
For Erle Patrik as hapnit vpon cace.
Countéſſe of Marche was Cummings ſiſter deir,
Under cullour he wrocht on this maner.
Into the Mill had ordainit Wallace dead,
And maid Stewart to tall with him at plead.
That Lord he ſaid that Wallace had na richt,
Power to leid and he preſent in ſicht.
He bad him take the vangaird for to gy,
Sa wiſt he weill that he ſould ſtryne for thy.
Lord Stewart askit at Wallace his counſall,
Said ſir ze knaw, quhat may vs beſt availl.
Zone awfull King is felloun for to byde,
Richt vnabaiſſit Wallace anſwerit that tyde.
And I haue ſéne na twiſe into Scotland.

Wallch

With zone ilk King quhen Scottismen tuik on hand,
With fewer men than now hither is socht,
This Realme againe and to gude purpois brocht.
Sir we will fecht for we haue men anew,
As for ane day sa that we all be trew.
The Stewart said, the bangaird we wald haue,
Wallace answerit and said, sa God me saue,
That sall ze not sa lang as I may ring,
For na man els except my richteous King.
Gif he will cum and take on him the Croun,
At his command I sall be readie boun.
Through Gods grace I reskewit Scotland tuyse,
I wer ouer mad to tyne it on sik wyse.
To tyne for boist that I haue gouernit lang,
Thus halfe in wraith frawart him can he gang.
Stewart thairwith all bowdinnit into baill,
Wallace he said, be thir I tell ane taill.
Say furth (quod he) of the fairest ze can,
Unhappilie his taill thus he began.
Wallace he said thou takis thé meikill cure,
Sa faired it be wirking of Nature.
How ane Howlat compleinit of his fethzame,
Quhen dame Nature tuik of ilk birk but blame,
Ane fair fether and to the Howlat gaue,
Than he throw pryde rebutit all the laue.
Quhairfoir sould thou thy senzie schaw sa hie,
Thou thinkis nane heir that sould thy fellow be.
This makis it, thou art cled with our men,
Had we our awin thine wer bot few to ken.
At thir wordis gude Wallace brint as fyre,
Quhairfoir haistelie he answerit him in yre.
Thou leid he said thy saith full oft hes bene,
Thair haue I biddin quhair thou durst not be sene,
Contrair thy enemies na mair for Scotlands richt,
For dar the Howlat quhen that the day is licht.
That taill full neir thou hes tauld be thy sell,
To thy deslyre thou sall not me compell.

Cumming

Cummyng it is hes giuen thée this counsaill,
Will God ze sall of zour first purpose faill.
That fals traitour that I from danger brocht,
Is wonder like to bring this realme to nocht,
For thine oggart outher to do or die,
To presoun led or cowartlie to flie,
Reskew of me thou sall get nane this day,
Thairwith he turnit and fra him raid his way,
Ten thousand haill away with Wallace raid.
Nane better was in all the warld sa braid.
As of sic men that liuand was on life.
Allace greit harme fell Scotland for that stryfe,
Past to the wood fra the Fawkirk be eist,
He wald not byde for command nor requeist.
For charge of nane bot it had bene the King,
That micht that tyme bring him fra his etling.
The vther Scots that saw this dissentioun,
For discomfort to leaue the feild was boun,
Bot that thay men was natiue to Stewart,
Principall in Bute tuik hardiment in hart.
Lord Stewart was at Cumming greuit thair,
Hecht and he liuit he sould repent it sair,
The greit trespas that he throw misknawledge,
Had gart him make to Wallace in that place,
Of thair debait it was ane greit pittie,
For Inglishmen than micht na blyther be.
Haistit sa fast in battell to the feild,
Threttie thousand that weill couth wapinis weild.
The Erle Hartfurd was chosen thair Chiftane,
The gude Stewart to that array is gane,
The feild he tuik as true and worthie Knicht,
The Inglishmen come on with full greit micht,
Thair fell meiting was awfull for to se,
At that counter they gart feill Sutheroun die,
Quhen speirs were spilt hint out with swords soone,
On ather syde full douchtie deids wer done,
Feill on the gronnd was fellit in that place,

Stewart

Stewart and his can on thair enemies race,
Blude bristit out throw maitzie birneist bright,
Tuentie thousand with dreidfull wapins dicht,
Of Sutheroun men derflie to deith they ding.
The remanent againe fled to the king,
Ten thousand then efter the deid eshewit,
With that Chiftane vnto the Oist relieuit.
Agane to ray the hardie Stewart zeid,
Nuhen Wallace saw that worthie nobill deid.
Held vp his hands with humble prayer prest,
O God he said gif zone Lordis grace to lest.
And power haue his worship to attend,
To win thir folk and take the haill commend.
Greit harme it wer that he sould be ouerset,
With new power they than on him rebet,
Be that the Bruce ane awfull battell rayit,
The Bishop Beik that oft had bene assayit,
Fourtie thousand vpon the Scots to fair,
With full effeir they raisit vp richt thair,
The Bruces baner with gold and goulles cleir,
Nuhen Wallace saw the battels approachit neir,
The richt Lyoun agains his owne Kinrike,
Alace he said the warld is contrair like,
This land sould be zon tyrans heritage,
That cummis thus to stroy his awin barnage,
Sa I war frie of it that I said air,
I wald forsweir Scotland for euermair,
Contrair Bruce I sould reskew them now,
Or die thairfore to God I make ane vow,
The greit debait in Wallace wit can waid,
Betuixt kindnes and wilfull vow was maid,
Kyndnes bad him reskew them fra thair fa,
Than will said nay quhy suile will thou do sa,
Thou hes na wit with richt thy selfe to leid,
Sould thou help him that wald put thee to deid,
Kyndnes said zit they are gude Scottismen,
Then will said, wit, the veritie thou may ken,

Had

Had they bene gude all in ane we had bene,
Be ressoun heir the contrair weill is sæne,
For they vs hait mair then the Sutheroun leid,
Kyndnes said nay, that schaw they not in deid,
Thoch ane of them be fals into their saw,
Becaus of him thou sould not lose them aw.
They haue done weill into zone felloun stour,
Reskew them now and take ane hie honour,
Will said they wald haue reft from me my life,
I baid for them in monie ane felloun stryfe.
Kyndnes said helpe, thair power is bot nocht,
Syne wreak on him, that all the malice wrocht,
Will said this day thay sall not helped be.
That I haue said sall ay be said for me,
Thay are bot deid God grant them of his blis,
Inuy lang syne done hes greit harme and mis,
Wallace thairwith turnit in ire and tene,
Teirs for baill brist out fra baith his ene,
Sir Iohn the Grahame and mony worthie wicht
Weipit for wo for sorraw of that knicht.
Quhen Bruces battell vpon the Scots straik,
Thair cruel cumming maid cowarts for to quaik
Lord Cumming fled in Cumberland away,
About the Scots the Sutheroun lappit thay.
The men of Bure before thair Lord thay stude,
Defending him, quhen feill streimes of blude,
Wer thame about, in floats quhair thay zeid,
Bathit in blude was Bruces sword and weid.
Throw fell slauchter of feill men of his awin,
Soone to the deid the Scots was ouerthrawen,
Syne slew the Lord for he wald not be tane,
Quhen Wallace saw that thair gude men was gane,
Lordis he said quhat now is zour counsaill,
Twa choisis thair is I reid the best ze waill,
Zonder the King his Oist abandounand,
With Bruce and Beik in zon battell to stand,
Zone King in weir, richt wise and fell hes bene.

Thair

Thair Captains als full cruell are and kene,
Better of hand is not liuand I wis,
In tyrannie ze trow me weill of this,
Nor Bruce and Reis, to quhat syde they be set,
We haue ane choise, quhilk is full hard but let.
And we turne eist for strenth in Lowthiane land,
They stufe ane chase richt hard I vnderstand,
Take we the mure zone king is vs before,
Thair is bot this withouttin words more,
To the Torwood, for our succour is thair,
Through Bruceis Oist, forsuith first man we fair
Amang vs now thair neids na debait,
Zone men are deid we neid not stryue for stait,
They all consentit to wirk richt as he will,
Quhat him thocht best they grantit to fulfill,
Gude Wallace than, that stoutly couth them steir
Before them raid into his armour cleir,
Reulit their speirs all in ane number round,
And we haue grace for to pas throw them sound,
And few be loist, to our strenth will we ryde,
Want we mony, in faith we sall abyde,
With thair armit hors fast on the oist they raid,
The reird than rais quhen speirs in sunder glaid.
Dushit in drosse duntit with speirs dynt,
Fra forgit steill the fyre flew furth but stint,
The felloun thrang quhen hors and men renewit
Vp draue the dust, quhair they their piths preuit.
The vther Oist micht nocht their deids sie,
For stour that rais, quhill they disseuerit be,
The worthy Scots aucht thousand doun thay bair
Few fell on eird, that gude Wallace brocht thair.
The King cryit hors vpon them for to ryde,
Bot this wyse Lord gaue him counsall to byde,
The Erle of Zork said Sir ze wirk ane mis,
To brek array, zone men quyte throw them is,
They ken the land and will to strenths draw,
Tak we the plane we are in perrell aw,

The

The King consauit, that his counsall was richt,
Reullit his Dist, and baid still in thair sicht,
Or Bruce and Beik micht [illegible] thair battaill,
The Scots war throw and had ane greit auaill.
Wallace commandit the Dist suld pas away,
To the Torwood in all the haist they may,
Him selfe and Grahame and Lawder turnit in,
Betwix battels, price and prones to win.
And with them baid in that place hundreths thre,
Of westland men vsed in jeopardie,
Upon wicht horse that richt warlie couth ryde,
Ane slop they maid quhair they set on ane syde,
Na speirs they had bot swords of gude steill,
Thairwith in stour they leit their enemies feill.
How they full oft had preuit dene in preis,
Of Inglishmen they maid feill to deceis,
Or Bruce thairof micht weill persauing haue,
Thre hundreth thair was graithit to thair graue,
The hardie Bruce ane Dist abandounit,
Threttie thousand he reulit be force and wit,
Upon the Scots, his men for to reskew,
Seruit they wers with gude speiris anew,
And Bishop Beik ane stuffe to him to be,
Quhen gude Wallace thair ordinance can se,
Allace he said, zone man hes meikill micht,
And ouir gude will to vndo his awin richt,
He bad his men towart the Dist in ryde,
Them for to saue he wald behind them byde,
Meikill he trowit in God and his awin deid,
To saue his men into his douchtie weid,
Upon himself mekill trauell he fais,
The greit Battell compleit vpon him gais,
In the fore brunt, turnit he full oft,
Quhome euer he hit, thair fauchning was vnsoft.
That day in warld knawin was nocht his maik,
Ane Sutheroun man ay he slew at ane straik.
Bot his awin strenth micht not agains thame be,

To

Towart his Oist behoued him to flie,
The Bruce him hurt at his returning thair,
Under the hanche ane deip wound and ane fair.
Blude brisit out braithlie ane speirs lenth,
Fra the greit Oist he fled toward his strenth.
Sic ane flear before was neuer sene,
Nocht as Gaderis of Gaudifere the tene.
Quhen Alexander reskewit the forreouris,
Micht not to him be compared in thay houris.
The feill turning of forreours he maid,
How baldlie als before the Oist he baid.
Nor how gude Grahame with cruell hardiment,
Nor how Lawder amang his fais went.
How them allane into the stour they stude,
Quhill Wallace was in stanching of his blude.
Be than he had stemit full weill his wound,
With thrie hundreth vnto the feild can found,
To reskew Grahame and Lawder that was wicht,
Bot Bishop Beik come with sik strenth and slicht,
The worthy Scots they reteirit far on bake.
Seuin aiker braid vnto their awin greit wrake,
Zit was thay twa delyuerit thair full weill,
Be his awin hand and ane gude sword of steill.
The awfull Bruce amang them with greit mane,
At the reskew thrée Scottismen hes slane,
Quhom he hit richt ay at ane straik was deid,
Wallace preassit in thairfore to set remeid,
With ane gude speir the Bruce was feruit but baid,
With greit Jimy, to Wallace fast he raid.
And he to him affonzeit nocht for thy,
The Bruce him mist as Wallace passit by.
Akwart he strake with his schairp groundin glaue,
Speir and hors craig he all in sunder draue.
Bruce was at eird, or Wallace turnit about,
The greit battell of Sutheroun sterne and stout,
They horsit Bruce with men of greit valour,
Wallace allane was in that stalwart stour,

Grahame preissit in and strake ane Inglish Knicht,
Before the Bruce vpon the Basnet bricht,
That friuoll stufe and all his vther weid,
Baith baine and braine the nobill sword throw zeid,
The knicht was deid gude Grahame returnit richt,
Ane subtill knicht thairat had greit despite,
Followit at wait and hes persaued weill,
Grahames birny too narrow was sum deill,
Beneth the waste that close it micht not be,
On the fillat full sternely struik than he.
Peirsit the bak in the bowels him bair.
With ane scharp speir that he micht liue na mair,
Grahame turnit thair, and smot that knicht in tene,
Throw the Visar ane littill beneth the ene.
Deid of that dynt to the ground he dushit doun,
Sir Iohn the Grahame swounit on his arsoun,
Or he ouercome to pas to his party,
Feill Sutheroun men that was on fute him by,
Stikit his hors that he na farder zeid,
Grahame zeild to God his gude spreit and his deid.
Quhen Wallace saw this gude knicht to deid brocht,
The piteous pain sa sair thirlit his thocht,
All out of kynde alterit his courage,
His wit in weir was than bot ane wood rage.
The hors him bair in feild quhair sa him list,
For of himselfe, as than he littill wist,
Lyke ane wood beist that wer fra ressoun rent,
As witles wicht into the Dist he went,
Dingand on hard, quhat Sutherouu he richt hit,
Stracht vpon hors againe micht neuer sit,
Into that rage full feill folke he dang doun,
All him about was red ane full greit roume,
Quhen Bruce persauit, with Wallace it stude sa,
He chargit men lang speirs for to ta,
And slay his horse sa he could nocht eschaip,
Feill Sutheroun than to Wallace can them schaip,
Peirsit his horse with speirs on ather syde,

Woundis

Wounds thay maid that war baith deip and wyde,
Of schafts pairt Wallace in sunder schair,
But feill heids into his horse left thair,
Sum wit agane to Wallace can redoun,
In his awin minde sa reulit him reffoun,
Sa for to die he thocht na vassalage,
Than for to flie he tuike intill ane rage
Spurrit the horse he ran in ane randoun,
To his awin folke was bydand on Carroun,
The sey was in, they stoppit and still stude,
On loud he cryit and bad them take the stude,
Togidder byde ze may not lose ane man,
At his command they tuik the water than.
He returnit the entrie for to keip,
Quhill all the Dill was passed ouir the deip,
Syne followit fast and dred his hors sould faill,
Him selfe was cled in heavy plait of maill,
Thoch he couth swoume he trowit he micht not weill,
The cleir watter cuillit the horse sum deill,
Atouir the stude he bair him to the land,
Syne fell doun deid and micht na langer stand,
Keirlie full sone ane Cursour to him brocht,
Than vp he lap, amang the Dill he socht.
Grahame was away, and vther tyuetene wicht,
On Magdalene day thir folke to deith were dicht,
Threttie thousand of Inglish men for true,
The worthy Scots vpon that day they slewe.
Quhat be Stewart and syne be wicht Wallace,
For all his price King Edward rewit that race,
To the Torwood, he bad the Dill sould ryde,
Keirly and he passed on Carroun syde,
Behaldand ouir vpon the south party,
Bruce formest come and conth on Wallace cry,
Quhat art thou thair ane man Wallace can say,
The Bruce answerit that hes thou preuit to day,
Abyde he said thou neids nocht now to flie,
Wallace answerit I eschewit nocht for thee,

Bot that thy power hes neir thyne awin vndone,
Amends will God heirof we sall haue sone,
Language of thé, the Bruce sayes, I desyre,
Say furth quod he, thou may for littill hyre,
Ryde fra thy Dist, and gar them byde with Beik,
I wald faine heare quhat thou lykis to speik,
The Dist baid still the Bruce passit them fra,
Na man with him bot ane Scot that hecht Ra.
Quhen that the Bruce out of their hearing were,
He turnit in hy and this questioun can speir,
Quhy wirks thou thus and micht in gude peice be:
Than Wallace said bot in default of thee,
Throw thy falset thyne awin wit is miskend,
I clame na richt bot wald this land defend,
That thou vndois throw thy faks cruell deid,
Thou hes tint twa that was worth far mair meid,
Upon this day with ane gude King to sound,
For fyue Pillions of fynest gold sa round,
That euer was wrocht in wark ozeunzie bricht.
I trow in warld be nocht ane better Knicht,
Than was gude Grahame of trueth and hardiment,
Teirs thairwith fra Wallace ene doun went,
Bruce said far mair on this day we haue loss,
Wallace answeirit allace they were ill coist,
Throw thy treassoun sould be our righteous King,
That wilfullis destroyes thine awin offspring,
The Bruce answerit will thou do my devyse,
Wallace said na, thou lives in sik ane tyyse.
Thou wald me make at Edwards will to be,
Zit I had leuer the mozne be hangit hie.
Bot will thou do as I sall counsall giue,
Than as ane Lozd thou micht at lyking liue,
At thyne awin will in Scotland for to ring,
To be in peice and hold of Edward king.
Of that false king I think neuer to take,
Bot contrair him with all my power to make,
I clame nathing as he tyttill of richt,

Thocht

Thoch I micht reaue, sen God hes lend me micht,
Fra thee thy Croun of this Regioun to weir,
Bot I will nocht sik charge vpon me beir.
Greit God wait best quhat weir I tuik on hand,
For to keip free, that thou art ganestandand.
It micht be said of thee lang time beforne,
In cursit tyme thou was for Scorland borne.
Shamis thou nocht, that neuer zit did gude,
Thou renegate deuorer of thy blude.
I vow to God may I thy maister be,
In ony field, thou sall far rather die,
Than sall ane Turke, for thy fals cruell weir,
Paganis to vs dois nocht sa mekill deir.
Than leuch the Bruce at Wallace earnestnes,
And said thou sees that thus standis the cais.
This day thou art with power ouerset,
Agains zone King ouirhand ze may not get.
Than Wallace said we are be mekill thing,
Starker this day in contrarie zone King.
Than at Bigger quhair he left monie of his,
And als the field sa sall we do with this.
Or die thairfoir for all his mekill micht,
Into the field we haue loist bot ane Knicht.
And Scorland now into sik perrell stad
To leaue it thus I micht be callit mad.
Wallace he said it approachis neir nicht,
Wald thou the morne quhen that the day is licht.
Or nyne of bell meit me at the chappell,
By Donypace I wald haue thy counsell.
Wallace said nay or that ilk tyme be spent,
Were all the men hyne to the Orient.
Into ane will with Edward quha had sworne,
We sall bargane or nyne houris the morne.
Of this wrang reif outher he sall think shame,
Or die thairfoir or flee in England hame.
Bot and thou will, soone be the houre of three,
At that ilk tryst will God I sall thee see.

Quhill I may last this realme sall not forfair,
Bruce promeist him with tuelfe Scots to be thair,
Than Wallace said stuid thou richteous to me,
Ane contrapeir I sould not be to thee.
I sall bring ten and for thy power ma,
I giue na force thoch thou be freind or fa.
Thus they departe, the Bruce passed his way
To Lithgow raid quhair that King Edward lay,
The feild had left, and ludgit besouth the toun,
The supper set as Bruce at the Pauillioun,
Hes enterit in and saw vacand his seat,
No water he tuik but maid him to the meat.
Fastand he was and bene in mekill dreid,
Bludie was all his wapins and his weid,
Sutheroun Lords scornit in termes rude,
And said behald zone Scot eittis his awin blude,
The king thocht euill thay maid sik derisioun,
Bad haue water to Bruce of Huntingtoun,
Thay bad him washe he said that he wald nocht,
This blude is myne that hurts maist my thocht.
Sadlie the Bruce than in his mynde remordit,
The words suith Wallace had him recordit.
Than rewit he sair fra ressoun he had knawin,
That blude and land sould baith haue bene his awin.
With them he was lang or he gat away,
Bot contrair Scots he faucht not fra that day,
Leaue I the Bruce sair murnand in his intent,
Gude Wallace soone agane to his Oist went,
In the Torwood quhilk had their ludging maid,
Fyris they beit that was baith bright and braid,
Of nolt and sheip, they tuik at suffisance,
Thairof full soone to get them sustenance,
Wallace sleipit bot short quhile and soone rais,
To reull the Oist on ane gude pace he gais.
The Erle Malcolme Ramsay and Lundie wicht,
With fyue thousand in battell then he dicht,
Wallace Lawder and Cristell of Setoun,

Fyue

Fyue thousand led and Wallace of Ricartoun.
Full weill arrayit into thair armour clene,
Past to the feild quhair that the chace had bene.
Amang deid men seikand the worthiest,
The corps of Grahame for quhome they murnit maist,
Quhen they him fand and gude Wallace him saw.
He lichtit doun him hint befoire them aw,
In armes vp behalding his paill face,
He killit him and cryit full oft alace,
My best brother in warld that euer I had.
My ekald freind quhen I was hardest stad.
My hope my health thou was of maist honour,
My faith my helpe my strenthner into stour.
In thée was wit, fredome and hardines,
In thée was trueth manheid and nobilnes,
In thée was reull in thée was gouernance,
In thée vertue withouttin variance.
In thée lawtie, in thée was greit largenes,
In thée gentrice in thée was steidfastnes,
Thou was greit caus of winning of Scotland,
Thoch I began and tuik the weir on hand.
I vow to God that hes the warld to wald,
Thy dead sall be to Sutheroun full deir sald.
Martyr thou art for Scotlands richt and me,
I sall thee veng or ellis thairfore sall die.
Was no man thair fra weiping micht refraine,
For lois of him quhen they heard Wallace pleane,
Thay caryit him with worship and honour,
In the Fawkirk maid him ane sepultour,
Wallace commandit his men thairfore to byde,
His ten he tuik for to meit Bruce they ryde,
Southwest he past quhair that the tryst was set,
The Bruce full sone and gude Wallace is met.
For lois of Grahame and als for proper teine,
He grew in ire quhen he the Bruce hes sene.
Thair salusking was bot bousteous and thrawin,
Rewis thou he said thou art contrair thy awin,

Bruce ſaid, Wallace rebute me now na mair,
Mine awin deids hes bet me wonder ſair.
Quhen Wallace heard with Bruce that it ſtude ſa,
On knees he fell fair countinance can him ma.
In armes ſone the Bruce hes Wallace tane,
Out fra their men in counſell are they gane,
I can not tell perfytlie their language,
Bot this was it their men had of knawledge.
Wallace him prayit cum fra the Sutheroun King,
The Bruce ſaid nay thair lettis me ane thing.
I am ſa bound with witnes to be leill,
For all England I wald not fals my Seill.
Bot of ane thing I hecht to God and thee,
That contrair Scots againe I ſall not be.
Into ane field with wapins that I beir,
In my purpois I ſall thee neuer deir.
Gif God thee grants ouirhand of vs to haue,
I will not flee my awin ſelfe for to ſaue.
And Edward chaip I pas with him againe,
Bot I throw force be outher tane or ſlane.
Bark he on me quhen that my terme is out,
I cum to thee may I chaip fra that dout.
Of thair counſell I can tell zou na mair,
The Bruce tuik leaue and can to Edward fair.
Wallace in haiſt prouydit ſone his Oſt,
Richt ſad in mynd for Scottiſmen that he loſt.
Ye maid Crawfurd the Erle Malcolme to gyde,
The laich way to Innerrauin to ryde.
That thair watchis than ſould them not eſpy,
The vther Oſt himſelfe left haiſtely.
Be ſouth Manwell quhill that they wer betwene,
Of the out watchis thus chaipit they vnſene.
The Erle Malcolme on Lithgow enterit in,
There haiſtelie greit ſtryfe he can begin.
Wallace was nocht all to the battell boun,
Quhen that they heard the cry ryſe in the toun.
On Edwards Oſt they ſet full ſuddanlie,

Wallace and his maid lytill noyle and cry,
Bot occuppit with wapins in that stour,
Feill fellit to deith that was without armour.
All disarrayit the Inglish Dill was than,
Amang the Pauillions quhair Scots full many man,
Cuttit doun cords gart monie tents fall,
Nane soinzeit than at anis war fechtand all.
Baith Wallace Dill and Erle Malcolme with micht,
King Edward than with awfull feir on heicht,
Cryit to array on Bruce sa fierne and stout,
Tuentie thousand in armes him about,
Into harnelle had biddin all the micht,
Bot frayit folke sa dulefullie bene dicht.
On ilk syde fled for feirines of thair deid,
Wallace and his sa rouchlie throw them zeid.
Towart the King and fellit feill to ground,
Quha baid them thair richt fell fechting they found,
The cruell King richt awfullie abaid,
To all his folke ane greit comfort he maid,
The worthie Scots amang them in that stour,
Feill Sutheroun slew into thair fyne armour.
Befoir the King maid stops them amang,
So forduartlie thay preamit in that thrang,
Inglish commouns than fled on ather syde,
Bot Nobill men their durst nane vther byde,
The Bruce as than to Scots maid na greuance,
Bot Iudge he was with fenzeit countenance.
Sa did he neuer into na battell air,
Nor zit efter sic deid as he shew thair,
The Erle Hartfurd to flie he maid him boun.
The Erle Malcolme, be that come in the toun.
The Lennox men set their ludgis in fyre,
Than feiritlie fled monie Sutheroun fyre.
The King Edward that zit was fechtand still,
Yes sene them flie and lyhit thame full ill,
The worthie Scots fast towart him thay preis,
His bzydill neir assayit or they wald ceis,

His

His banner man in that place Wallace ſlew,
And lyne to ground the banner ſone it flew.
The Erle of Zork counſellit the King to flé,
And ſa returnit ſen na ſuccour they ſé.
The Inglíſmen hes ſéne their banner fall,
Without comfort to flé they purpoſe all.
Ten thouſand men in field and toun was deid,
Of Edwards folke or himſelfe left that ſteid.
Twenty thouſand away togither raid,
King and Chiftanes na langer tarie maid.
The Scots in haiſt then to their hors they zeid,
To ſtuffe the chace, with worthie men in weid.
The Lennox folk that wantit hors and geir,
Tuik them at will, to help them in that weir.
At ſtragill raid, quhat Scot micht formeſt pas,
On Sutheroun men full greit ſlaughter there was.
Wallace hes ſéne the Scots vnorderly,
Follow the chace he maid Waiſters in hy.
Them for to reull and altogither ryde,
Commanding them, ilk ane ſould vther byde.
Intill flæing the Sutheroun ſubtill are,
Sé they ane tyme they will ſet on full ſair.
Feill ſcaillit folk to them will ſone renew,
For ze ſé weill that they are men anew.
The followers was reulit weill with ſkill,
In gude array they raid all at his will.
And ſlew doun faſt quhat Sutheron they ourtake,
Contrair the Scots came not maiſtrie to make.
Into the chace they haiſtit all ſa neir,
Na Inglíſmen durſt fra the Diſt out ſteir.
The frayit folk at ſtragill wer flæand,
Drew to the King weill ma than ten thouſand.
Threttie thouſand in number then war they,
Into array togither they paſt away.
Feill Scots hors ſa dreuin was in trauell,
Forerun that day and irkit began to faill.
The Sutheron was with hors ſeruit ſa weill,

Of Wallace chace the Sutheroun had sum feill.
Of hors they wer purueyit in greit waine,
The King changit on sundrie hors of Spaine.
Than Wallace said, Lords ze may weill see,
Zone folke are now all that zone King may be.
For falt of stuff we lose ouir mekill thing,
Had we gude horse to pas befoir zone King,
We sould make end of all this lang debait,
Zit sum of them sall be handlit sa hait.
Part of our hors are halden fresh and wicht,
Set on them fast quhill that we at in micht.
With that the Scottis sa hard amang them drew,
Of the outmaist three thousand there they slew.
In Crawfurd mure monie ane man was slane,
Edward gart call the Bruce mekill of mane.
Than said he thus, gude Erle of Huntingtoun,
Ze see the Scots puts feill to confusioun.
Wald ze with men againe on them releiue,
And mar them anis I sall quhill that I liue,
Loue zou farmair than ony vther Knicht,
And for all this sall put zou to zour richt.
Than said the Bruce sir louse me of my band,
And I sall turne I hecht zou be my hand.
The King full soone consideritin his minde,
Quhen he heard Bruce answeir him in this kinde.
Fra Inglismen the Bruces heart set is,
Then kest he thus how he sould mend but mis.
And sa he did in England at his will,
Na Scottismen he leit with Bruce byde still.
Bot quhair he past held him in subjectioun,
Of Inglismen vnder ane greit bandoun.
He turnit not nor na mair language maid,
In rayit battell the King to Sulway raid.
With mekill paine past vpon England coist,
Fyftie thousand in that trauell they loist.
Quhen Wallace saw he chaipit was away,
Vpon command againe returnit thay,

To Edinburgh withouttin words mair,
Put in Crawfurd that Captaine was before,
Of heritage he had in Manwell land,
Wallace commandit ilk man sould hald in hand,
Thair awin office as they before tyme had,
Put in gude peice Scotland in richt he stad
On the tent day to Sanct-Iohnstoun he went,
Assemblit Lords syne shew them his intent,
Scrimgeour come that than had win Dundie,
Wallace command that tyme weill keipit he,
He sailziet sa quhill strang hunger them draue,
Fœblit them sa the hous to him they gaue,
Thay wageouris scone they put to confusioun,
Syne brocht Morsoun to make ane conclusioun.
Before Wallace and scone fra he him saw,
He gart hing him for all king Edwards aw,
Masouns myndouris with Skrymgeour furth he send,
Kest doun Dundie and thair of maid ane end.
Wallace sadlie quhen thir deidis were done,
The Lords he callit and his will schew them scone,
Gude men he said I was zour gouernour,
My mynd was set to do zou ay honour,
And for to bring this realme to richteousnes,
For it I past in monie painfull place.
To wyn our awin, my self I neuer spaird,
At the Fawkirk thay ordaind me rewaird,
Of thair reward ze heare na mair throw me,
Unto sik gifts God will full weill haue eie.

NOw ze are frée throw the maker of micht,
He grant zou grace for to defend your richt.
Als I presume gif harme be ordained me,
They are Scots men quhilk sould the wirkers be,
I haue aneuch of our auld enemies stryfe,
Me thinks our awin sould not enuy my lyfe,
My office heir ouer plainly I resing,
I think na mair to take on me sik thing,

In France I will and wyn my lining thair,
As now anplit and hame to cum na mair.
Lords gainstude, bot all that helpit nocht,
For onythair, he did as him selfe thocht.
Bithop Sinklair was helpit with seiknes,
Into Dunkeld, and then throw Gods grace,
He recouerit quhen Wallace past away,
Efter the Bruce he liuit manie ane day,
Gude Wallace thus tuik leif in Sanct Iohnstoun,
Auchtene with him to Dundie made them boun,
Longoucill past that douchtie was in deid,
The Barrouns sonne of Brechin with him zeid.
Twa brethir ald with thair vncle them dicht,
Symon Wallace and Richard that was wicht.
Sir Thomas Gray, this preiss can with him fair,
Edward Lytill gude, Iop and Maister Blair.
Gude Keirlie past had bene with Wallace lang,
And done full weill in mony fellown thrang,
This Keirly than that couth with Wallace fair,
Will Ker he hecht, myne authour will declair,
Keirlie in Irish, is bot Ker lytill cald,
In Carrik he had heritage of auld.
His forebear quhilk worthy was of hand,
Sanct Dauid King him brocht out of Ireland.
Syne at Dummoir quhair first Norways come in,
This Ker maid greit discomfit of thair kyn,
With seuin hundreth vanquest nyne thousand,
Sum drounit in Doune sum slaine vpon the land,
The lands haill the gude king gaue him till,
Now Wallace past now farther speik we will,

How Wallace met with Iohn of Lyn vpon the sea. Chap II.

Amang Merchands thus Wallace tuik the sea,
Pray we to God that he thair helper be,
They sailit furth be pairt of England schoir,
To Humber mouth quhen that they come before,
Out of the South ane greit red saill thay see,

Into

Into the Top thre Leopards standand hie.
The Merchandis than the signe quhen that they saw,
Cummand sa neir they war discomfort aw,
For weill they wist that it was Iohn of Lyn,
Scottis to slay he said it was na sin,
Thir frayit folke they zeid to confessioun,
Then Wallace said sik ane deuotioun,
Zit saw I neuer in na place quhair I past,
That for ane Schip me think zou all agast,
Zone wod cattis sall do vs littill deir,
We saw them faill twyes ma quhen that they wer,
On ane fair feild, sa sall they on the sea,
Despyte it is to se them stand sa hie.
The Steirisman said, Sir will ze vnderstand,
He saues nane that is borne of Scotland.
We may nocht flie fra zone Barge wait I weill,
Weill stuffit they are with gun and ganzie of steill,
Upon the sey zone reauer lang hes bene,
To richteous men he dois full mekill tene,
Nicht we be sauit we reck not of our gude,
This vse he hes ay short for to conclude,
Ane flude he beirs, vpon his coat armour,
Ay drounand folk, sa paintit in his figour,
Suppose we murne ze sould haue na mercaill,
Than Wallace said heir is men of mair baill,
To saill the Schip, thairfoir in how thou ga,
And thy feiris, na mair cummer thou ma.
Wallace and his than sone to harnes zeid,
Quhen they were graithed into thair worthy weid,
Him self and Blair and the Knicht Longoueill,
Thir thrie hes tane to keip the midschip weill.
Befoir was aucht, and sex be eft he kend,
Syne twa he cheisit, the Top for to defend,
And Gray he maid their steirisman for to be,
The Merchands than saw them sa manfully,
Defend them selfe, becaus they had na weid,
Out of the how they tuik skynnis gude speid,

Ay betuix twa ſtuffit twoll as they micht beſt,
Aganes the ſtraik that they micht ſum part leſt,
Then Wallace leuch and commendit them aw,
Of ſic harnes befoze he neuer ſaw.
Be that the Barge come on them woun der faſt,
Seuin ſcoir in hir that was nathing agaſt.
Quhen Iohn of Lyn ſaw them in armour bzicht,
He leuch and ſaid thir haultand wozds on hicht,
Zone glaikit Scots can vs nocht vnderſtand,
Fuillis they are new cummin off the land,
He cryit ſtryke, bot nane anſwere they maid,
Blair with ane bow ſchot faſt withouttin baid.
Oz they clipped he ſchot bot arrowes thzie,
And at ilk ſhot he gart ane reauer die,
The Bziggants than they bikkerit wonder faſt,
Amang the Scots with ſhot of gunnis caſt,
And they again with ſpeirs heidit weill,
Feill wounds maid thzough plaits of fyne ſteill,
Ather other faſtnit with clippes kene,
Ane cruell counter thair was at ſchipbuird ſene,
The derf ſchot dzaue als thick as haill ſchour,
Laſtit thair weill neir the ſpace of ane hour.
Quhen ſchot was gane the Scots greit comfozt had,
At hand ſtraiks they were ſicker and ſad,
The Merchands als with ſik thing as they micht,
Pzeuit full weill in defence of thair richt,
Wallace and his at neir ſtraiks quhen they ſaw,
With ſchairp ſwozds they gart feil bziggants die,
Thay in the Top, ſa wichtly wzocht with hand,
In the ſouth Top thair micht na Reauer ſtand.
All the mydſchip of Reauers was maid waiſt,
That to giue ouir in point they war allmaiſt,
Than Iohn of Lyn was richt greitlie agaſt,
He ſaw his folke about him failzie faſt,
With eger will he wald haue bene away,
Bad wynd the Saill in all the haiſt they may.
Bot fra the Scots than micht they nocht eſkey,

The

The Schips sa sair on ather syde they wey.
Thay saw na thing that micht be to them eis,
Crawfurd on loft thair saill brynt in ane bleis.
Or Iohn of Lyn schuip for to leif that steid,
Of his best men sextie war brocht to deid.
Thair schip by ouris, ane buird was mair of hicht,
Wallace lap in amang the Reauers wicht.
Ane man he straik ouer ship buird in the sea,
On the ouirloft he slew sone vther thrée,
Longoueill enterit, and als gude Maister Blair,
Thay gaue na grace to freik that they fand thair.
Wallace him selfe with Iohn of Lyn he met,
At his collar ane selloun straik he fet,
Baith helme and heid fra the shoulders he draue,
Blair ouer the buird in the sey keist the laue,
Of his body, than all the remanand
Enterit and slew the briggants that they fand,
The Schip they tuik baith gold and vther geir,
That they Reauers had gatherit lang in weir,
Bot Maister Blair spake na thing of him sell,
In deid of armes quhat auenture that befell,
Sir Thomas Gray was preist than to Wallace,
Put in the buik how them hapnit this cace,
That Blair was in and mony worthy deid,
Of quhilk himselfe had na pleasance to reid,
Wallace gart reull the schip with his awin men,
And saylit furth the richt course for to ken,
In the Sluce hauen quhill they enterit be,
The Merchands weill he helpit in faittie,
Of gold and geir they tuik part that they fand,
Gaue them the schip syne passit to the land.
Through Flanders raid vpon aue gudely wyse,
Enterit in France and syne past to Pareis,
The glaid tythings that to the king was brocht,
Of Wallace comming it comfort all thair thocht,
They trowit be him to get redres of wrang,
The Sutheroun had in Guyan wrocht sa lang.

The

The Peirs of France was still at their Parliament,
The King commandit with true and haill intent,
They sould forfeit ane Lordship to Wallace.
The Lords then all deimit of this cace,
For Guyan was all haill out of their hand,
They thocht it best for to giue him that land
For weill they trowit he had wrocht sa before,
He sould it wyn, or els to die therefore.
Alwa of it they micht na profite haue,
This was the cause to Wallace they it gaue.
This decreit sone they shew vnto the King,
Displeisit he was they maid him sik ane thing,
Of Guyan thus quhen Wallace had ane feill,
Na land he said lykit him half so weill.
My chance is thus for to be ay in weir,
And Inglismen hes done our Realme maist deir.
It was weill knawin my defence richteous thair,
Richt haue I heir my comfort is the mair.
I thank zou Lords maid sik reward to me,
Zour purpose is I suld not idle be,
The King bad him be Duke of Guyan land,
To that command Wallace was ganestanding.
Becaus that land was haistilie to conques,
His thocht was ay to win it throw Gods grace.
Bot neuertheles the King had maid him Knicht,
And gaue him gold for to mantein his richt.
And syne gaue charge to all weirmen in France,
They sould be haill at Wallace ordinance.
And als of him he bad him armis take.
Wallace forsuik, sik changing for to make.
Sen I began, I buir the red Lyoun,
And thinks to be ay trew man to that Croun.
I thanke zou sir of this michtie reward,
Zone men heirfoir sall not richt lang be spaird.
I thinke to quyte sum pairt ze kythit on me,
In zour seruice or ellis thairfore to die.
Gude Wallace thocht his tyme he wald not waste

Unto the weir he graithed him in haist,
All Scots men that was into that land,
To him they socht with their fewtie and band,
Longoueill als ane greit power can rais,
In Wallace help this gude knicht glaidly gais,
Ten thousand haill of noble men they wer,
The braid baner displayit of Scotland thair,
Thir weirmen soone vpon Guyan they fure,
Brak biggings doun quhilk had bene starke and sture,
Sutheroun they slew agains them maid debait,
Brichtlie on breid they raised fires hait,
Shemon they tuik that Wallace first had winnin,
And slew all men of Sutheroun thair was foundin,
Into that toun Wallace his dwelling made,
All thair about he wan the countrie braid,
The worthy Duke of Orleance was Lord,
Semblit his folke into ane gude accord.
Twelf thousand than he had in armour bricht,
And thocht to help gude Wallace in his richt,
Leaue I them thus the Duke and Wallace baith,
And speik sum pairt how Scotland tuik greit skaith.

How Edward King of England come in Scotland and maid haill Conqueis thairof. Chap. III.

THe fals inuy and the wickit tressoun,
Amang them selfe brocht feill to confusioun.
The Knicht Wallange in Scotland maid repair,
The fals Menteith sir Iohn withoutin mair,
Betuixt they twa was maid ane priuate band,
Sa on ane day they met into Annand.
Of the Lennox Sir Iohne had greit desire,
Sir Aymer hecht he sould haue it in hire,
To hald in fée and vther lands mo,
Of King Edward, sa he wald passe him to.
Thus cordit they and syne to London went,
Edward was glaid to hald that appointment,
Menteith anone was bound to that fals King,
To furder him to Scotland in all thing,

Syne

Syne paſſit hame and VVallange with him ſure,
Quhill he was brocht agane out Carlile mure,
King Edward than in ire and feirs outrage,
Be threttie days he raiſed his bairnage.
In Scotland paſt and there na ſtopping fand,
Na chiftane was that durſt againis him ſtand,
For Menteith tauld they thocht to make Bruce King,
All true Scottis wald be pleaſit of that thing,
Zit mony fled and durſt not byde Edward,
Sum into Ros and in the Illes paſt part,
Biſhop Sinkler agane fled into Bute,
With that fals King he had na will to mute.
Thus without ſtraik the Caſtels of Scotland,
King Edward hes tane into his awin hand,
Deuydit ſyne to men that he wald lyke,
Strenths and tounis to Ros throw the Kingrik,
Baith hicht and baill obeyit baill his will.
That he commandit thay purpoſe to fulfill,
The Biſhops all inclynit to his Croun,
Baith temporall and the religioun,
The Roman buiks that then wer in Scotland,
He gart them beir to Scone quhair they them fand,
And but redeeme they brynt them all ilk ane,
Sailsberie vſe our Clerks then hes tane,
The Lords he tuik that wald not of him hald,
In England ſend the Nobill blude of ald,
Sir VVilliam lang Dowglas to Londoun ſend,
In ſtrang preſoun quhair in he maid ane end.
Erle Thomas als that lord was of Murray,
And Lord Fraſer with him to pas away.
Als Hew the Hay and vther heirs ma,
He gart VVallange with them in England ga,
Na man was left all this maine land within,
Fra Edwards peice was k nawin of ony kin,
Setoun Lawder dwelt ſtill into the Bas,
With thame Lundie and men that worthie was,
The Erle Malcolme and Camp bell paſt but let,

In Bute ſucceour with Sinklar for to get.
Sir Iohn Ramſay and Ruthuen they fled north,
To thair Cuſing that Lord was of Fillorth.
He paſt with them throw Murray lands richt,
Sa fand thay thair ane gentle worthy Knicht,
That Clement hecht, full cruell ay had bene,
And fendit weill amang their enemies kene,
He thocht neuer at Edwards will to be,
Into his tyme he gart feill Sutheroun die.
He led thir Lords in Ros withouttin mair,
At the Stokfurde ane ſtark ſtrenth biggit thair.
Keipit it lang richt worthelie be weir,
To their enemies they did full mekill deir.
Adam Wallace and Lindeſay of Cragie,
Away thay fled into the nicht be ſey.
And Robert Boyd that was baith wiſe and wicht,
Arrane they tuik to fend them at their micht,
And Corſpatrik into Dumbar dwelt ſtill,
Fewtie full ſone he maid King Edward till.
Abernethie Lord Soullis and Cumming als,
And Iohn of Lorne that lang time had bene fals,
The Lord of Brechin and monie vther ma,
At Edwards peace for gifts that he them ga,
Iuſking of peace for twentie dayes ſet he,
Of Ingliſmen in Lorne that men micht ſe,
Plane to declare, bot for this cauſe I wis,
That all Scotland, be conques than was his,
The Lords than and gude Biſhop Sinklair,
Out of Bure ſyne they made ane Ballingair.
To gude Wallace tauld him thair torment haill,
Than write they thus to get help of thair baill,

OVr houp our heill and our haill gouernour,
Our gudly gyde our beſt Chiftane in flour.
Our Lord our loue our ſtrenth in richteous place,
For Gods ſaik releiue vs of this caſe.
And take the cranne to vs it war kynder,

To bruik for ay or fals Edward it heir,
The writ he gat bot yit suffer he wald,
For greit fallet that pairt him did of ald.
Mekill dollour it did him in his mynd,
Of thair missair for true he was and kynd.
He thocht to take amendis of their wrang,
He answerit not bot into weir furth rang.
Of King Edward yit mair furth will I mell,
Into quhat wise that he couth Scotland deill.
In Sanct Iohnstoun the Erle of Zork he maid,
Captaine to be of all thay lands braid.
Fra Tay to Dee and vnder him Buttellar
His Gudschir had at Kinkleuin endit thair,
His father als Wallace had them baith slaine,
Edward thairfore maid him ane man of mane,
The Lord Bewmont into the North he send,
Thay Lordships haill he gaue them in commend,
To Striuiling syne fra Sanct Iohnstoun he went,
Thair to fulfill the laue of his intent,
The Lord Cliffurd he had than Dowglasdaill,
Reular to be of the South Marches haill,
All Galloway he gaue Cummyng in hand,
Wist nane bot God how lang that stait sould stand,
With the gentill Lord Bishop Lambertoun,
Of Sanct Androes was Dowglas of renoun,
Befoire that time young Iames wicht and wise,
To him was cume fra Scuilis of Paryse.
Ane priuat fauour the Bishope to him bair,
Bot Inglishmen was sa greit Maisters thair,
He durst not weill in plaine schaw him kindnes,
Quhill on ane day he tuik sum hardines,
Dowglas he callit and can to Striuiling fair,
Quhair King Edward was deiland lands thair,
He profferit him vnto the Kings seruice,
To bruik his awin: fra he wist in this wise,
Dowglas he was, than he forsuik plainly,
Sweirs be Sanct George he bruiks na lands of me,

His Father was in contrair of my Crown,
Thairfore as now he byds in our preſoun.
To the Biſhop na vther anſwere he maid,
Bot as he pleaſit delt on thair hands braid.
To the Lord Soullis all haill the Mers gaue he,
And Captaine als of Berwick for to be,
Oliphant than that he in Striuiling fand,
Quhen he him had he wald not keip his band.
The quhilk he maid or he Striuiling him gaue,
Deſaitfullis the King couth him deſaue.
Into England ſend him in preſoun ſtrang,
In greit diſtreſſe he liuit thair full lang.
Quhen King Edward had delt this Regioun,
His leine he tuik to England made him boun,
Out of Striuiling Southwart as they can ryde,
Cummyng hapnit neir hand the Bruce to byde,
Thus ſaid he Sir and ze can keip counſall,
I can zou leir quhilk may zou beſt availl.
The Bruce anſweirit, quhat euer ze ſhaw to me,
As for my pairt ſall weill concealit be,
Lord Cummyng ſaid, Sir ze knaw not this thing,
Of all this realme ze ſould be richteous King.
Than ſaid the Bruce ſuppois I righteous be,
I ſe na tyme to take ſic thing on me.
I am halden into my enemies hand,
Under greit aith quhen I come in Scotland,
To part not fra him for proffit nor requeſt,
Nor for na ſtrenth bot gif dead me arreſt.
He hecht againe to gine this land to me,
Now find I weill it is bot ſubtiltie.
For this thou ſeis he deals my heritage,
To Sutheroun part and ſum to tratours wage,
Than Cummyng ſaid will ze thairto conſord,
Of my lands and ze like to be Lord.
Ze ſall them haue for zour richt and the Croun,
Or and ze lyke, Sir for my warryſoun,
I ſall zou helpe with power at my micht.

The

The Bruce answerit I will not sell my richt,
Bot on this wyse quhat Lordship thou wald crave,
For thy supplie I herht thou sall it have.
Cum fra yone King Sir with sum jeopardie,
Now Edward hes all Galloway given to me,
My Nevoy Soullis that keips Berwik toun,
At your command his power sall be boun.
My Nevoy als ane man of mekill micht,
The Lord of Lorne hes greit rowme in the heicht.
My thrid Nevoy ane Knicht of greit renoun,
Will ryse with vs of Brechin the Barroun,
Than said the Bruce sell thair sa fair ane chance,
That we micht get agane Wallace from France.
Be wit and force he couth this kinrik wyn,
Allace we have bene ouir lang haldin in twyn.
To that language Cummyng maid na record,
For auld done deids did in his minde remord.
The Bruce and he compleitit furth thair band,
Syne that same nicht sellit it with their hand,
This ragement left the Bruce with Cummyng thair,
With Edward King in England hame couth fair.
And thair remanit while this ragement was knawin,
Thrie zeir and mair or Bruce preillit to his awin,
Sum men deimis Cummyng the ragement send,
Sum men again the contrair dois defend.
Nane may say weill that Cummyng was faikles,
Becaus his wife was Edwards Cusinges,
He seruit dead be richt law of his King,
Sa reckleslie mysketpit sik ane thing,
Had Bruce pall by but baid to Sanct Iohnstoun,
Be haill assent and had resault his Croun.
On Cummyng syne he micht have done the law
He couth not thole fra tyme that he him saw.
Thus Scotland left in hard perplexitie,
Of Wallace mair in sum pairt speik will we.

THE TWELFT BOOKE DECLA-res, how Wallace Conqueſt the land of Guyan, and how he was made Lord thereof. Chap. I.

The ſair travell, the earneſt buſineſſe,
The fell labour he had in monie place.
To win the land that the gude King him gaue,
Into his reigne he wald na Sutheron ſaue.
In Guyan land Wallace was ſtill at weir,
Of Scotlands loſe it did his heart greit deir,
Of trew Scots in minde he had greit pittie,
He thocht to help his tyme quhen he micht ſée.
Of ſet battels fyne he diſcomfeiſt haill,
With jeopardie and monie ſtrang aſſaill.
Syne they forſuith and durſt him not abyde.
The Sutheroun fled from thence on ather ſyde.
To Burdeous into greit multiplie,
The toun they ſtuff with vittals be the ſey.
All Guyan land Wallace tuik to his peace,
To Burdeous he paſt or he wald ceaſe.
On out biggings full greit graithrie he maid,
Still twentie dayes at ſtrang aſſailzeing baid.
Fortis and wark that wer without the toun,
Thay brak and brint and put to confuſioun.
Hedgis and allayes be labour that was thair,
Fuilzeit and ſpilt, they wald na fruits ſpair.
The Inglíſmen maid greit defence againe,
With ſhot and caſt, that mekill wer of maine.
Of gunnis they wer and ganezeis ſtuffit weill,
All artailzie and wapins of fyne ſteill.
With men and meit within was buſkit bene,
The greit Captaine was wiſe cruell and kene,
Of Gloceſter the huge Lord and Heire,
The Erle had bene ay vſit into weir.
Keipit his men be wit and hardiment.

Without

Without the toun there durst nane fra him went.
The land without was neir wastit away,
Weirmen sa lang into the entrie lay,
In Wallace Oist sic skant was of vittaill,
They micht not byde na langer to assaill.
Than this wyse Lord the Duke of Orlyance,
To Wallace said, sir ze sould ken this chance.
It stands ouir weill with this false Sutheron blude,
For on na wyse can we now stop their fude.
The hauin they haue and ships at their will,
Fra England cummis vittaill aneuch them till.
The land is poore of vittaill sould vs hield,
And ze see weill that they forfaik the field.
Ze may with peice pleneis thir lands wyde,
They will nocht fecht thoch ze all zeir sould byde.
My counsell is in plaine anent this thing,
That ze wald pas with worship to the King.
Be his assent ze may at laiser waill,
With prouision against them to assaill.
Wallace inclynit, and thankit this wise Lord,
Than they returnit all in ane gude accord.
Past vp in France with honour to the King,
And shew him haill the veritie of this thing,
And he thairof in heart was wonder glad,
Frenche men befoir that hundreth zeir nocht had,
Of Guyan halfe sa mekill in thair hand,
Wrytting be than was new cumming of Scotland.
Fra pairt of Lords and gude Bishop Sinklair,
Besocht the King into thir termes fair:
Of his gentrice and of his gudely grace,
For their supplie to counsell gude Wallace.
To cum againe and bring them fra bandoun,
And take to weir the Croun of that Regioun.
This wryte as than he wald nocht to him shaw,
Richt laith he was for friendship, feid or aw,
Wallace sould pas sa soone fra his presence,
And dwelling place he tuik to his residence.

In Shemone still Wallace his dwelling maid,
And held about richt lykand lands braid.
Ane kene Captaine than claimit in heritage,
Office of it and greit lands into wage.
Thairfoir he thocht gude Wallace for to sla,
Under cullour sik maistrie for to ma.
Lang time he socht to get ane day and place,
Said he desyrit than seruice with Wallace.

ANe tryst they set with fyftene on the syde,
Fourtie thair by he gart in bushment byde.
Of men in armes: quhen he with Wallace met,
Richt awfullie he bad them on him set.
Na armour had Wallace men in that place,
Bot sword and knyfe thay bure on them throw cace.
Part of his men left neir ane Forrest syde,
Richt bousteouslie the Captaine said that tyde:
That Wallace held of his lands vnricht,
Richt soberlie he said to that French Knicht:
I haue na land bot quhilk the King gaue me,
My selfe thairfoir hes bene in jeopardie.
The Knicht answerit, thy lyfe sall be forlorne,
Or ellis that land the contrair quha had sworne.
Abake he lap and out ane sword he drew,
The bushment brake quhen he that takin shew.
Gude Wallace thocht that matter stude not weill,
He grippit soone ane sheirand sword of steill.
And at ane straik the Knicht to deith he draue,
About saxtene than lappit all the laue.
Wallace and his sa worthely hes wrocht,
Full feill they slew that sairest on them socht,
The Knichts brother that stalwart was and strang,
And thocht they sould be vengit or they gang,
Of Wallace men sum pairt he woundit sair,
Mawand thair was into ane midow thair.
Nyne stout Carles all seruands to that Knicht,
Sythis thay hint and ran in all their micht.
To the fechtars or they come neir that place,

Bot

Bot them perſauit richt weill hes gude Wallace.
Sa awfull thing of ſik he neuer ſaw,
Them to reſiſt himſelfe can to them draw.
Into that ſtour left his men fechtand ſtill,
To meit thay Carlis that come with eger will.
The firſt let draw at Wallace with his ſyth,
Delyuer he was and hich ouirlap the ſwyth.
Ane akwart ſtraik hit the Churle on the heid,
Perſlie on ground he hes him left for deid.
The vther he met ouirlap the ſyth ſa keine,
On the ſhoulder als ſtrake him in that teine.
Throw all the coiſt the nobill ſword throw ſhair,
The third he met with ane full awfull fair.
The groundin ſyth at Wallace he let draw,
This gude Chiftane cleinlie ouirlap them aw.
With his gude ſword he maid ane hiddeous wound,
Left him for deid ſyne on the feird can ſound.
On the rig bane in greit ire can him ta,
Cleuit the coiſt richt cruellie in twa.
Thare formeſt ſythis gude Wallace ouirlap,
And four he ſlew thay ſaw ſik was their hap.
For ane man ay he ſlew at euerilk ſtraik,
The laſt fled firſt thus can their power ſlaik.
Wallace fall followit and ſone the fyft ouirtais,
Strak him to deith that na further he gais.
Syne ſped him ſone vnto his men againe,
Be than they had the Knichts brother ſlaine.
Fyftie and ſax perſlie to death was dicht,
Except ſeuin men that fled out of thair ſicht.
Fyue Wawars als that VVallace ſelfe with met,
To French men ſen ſyne na ſik tryft was ſet.
Becaus that they him brocht to ſik ane cace,
The King heard tell weill chaipit was VVallace,
Send for him ſone, ſyne prayit him to be
Of his houſhald and liue in gude ſaikty,
For weill he ſaw they had him at enuy,
Still with himſelfe he gart him byde for thy.

Twa zeirs thair Wallace with mirth abaid,
Still into France, monie gude iourney made.
The King him pleisit in all his gudrie mane,
Fra him he thocht he ſould not part agane.
Lords and Ladyes honozit him reuerently,
Wretchis and ſhrewis ay held him at inuy.

How Wallace ſlew the twa Campions. Chap. II.

TWa Campiouns that time dwelt with the King,
Had greit deſpite at Wallace in all thing.
Togidder zeid ay thir twa Campiouns,
Of felloun fozce and thrawart conditiouns,
Richt greit deſpyte thay ſpake ay of Scotland,
Quhill on ane day it hapned vpon hand:
Wallace and they war lowit them allane,
Be auenture into ane hous of ſtane.
Thay wist to beir na wapins in that hall,
They trowit thairfoze amis they micht not fall,
Thair commonit thay of Scotland ſcornefullie,
Than Wallace ſaid ze wrang vs vtterlie,
Sen we are bound in freindſhip to zour King,
And he of vs is pleaſit at all thing.
Als Scottiſmen hes helpit this realme fra dreid,
We think ze ſould giue gude word fo2 gude deid.
Quhat may ze ſpeik of zour enemies bot euill:
In lichtlines they maid anſweir thairtill,
And him diſpytit in their language als,
Ze Scots they ſaid hes euer zit bene fals,
Wallace tuik ane on the face in his tene,
With his gude hand quhill mouth neis and ene,
Thzow the braith blaw all bulhit out of blude,
Gruoflingis to ground he ſmat him quhair he ſtude.
The vther hint to Wallace in that ſteid,
Fo2 weill he weind his fellow had bene deid.
And he againe in greif him gripped fair,
Quhil his ſpreit failzeit that he micht do na mair
The firſt freik fais and ſmot on Wallace ſark,

Baith

Baith to the deith he brocht them at the laſt,
Upon ane pillar thair harnis out he dang,
And with his hands out at the dure them ſlang.
And ſaid quhat deuill mouit zone Carlis at me,
Lang time in France I wald haue lattin them be.
Traiſt weill in trueth thus war they gane in deid,
Thoch French men now not likes thairof to reid.
Als I will ceas and put it out of Ryme,
Better it is quha richt can luik in tyme.
Sonye greit Lord was diſpleiſit in France,
Bot the gude King that knew all the haill chance,
Richt greit diſpyte of Scotland ſpokin had they,
This paſſit ouir quhill that vpon ane day,
Was nane of them that durſt it vndertake,
He had done wrang or thairfore battell make.

How Wallace ſlew the Lyoun in the Barrace. Chap. III.

THis Royall Roy ane hie worſhip him gaue,
As conquerour him honourit ouir the laue.
Ane fell Lyoun this King gart be brocht,
Within Barrace for greit harme that he wrocht,
Tyrliſit in tyne na mair power him gaue,
Of wodnes he exceidit all the laue.
Bot he was fair and richt felloun in deid,
In that ſtrang ſtrength he gart men him feid,
Keipit him cloſe for men and beſtiall,
In court thair dwelt twa Squyeris of greit vaill,
That Cuſſings were to the Campiouns twa.
The quhilk before Wallace hapnit to ſla.
Ane band they maid in tyrinie concluſioun,
At their power to worke his confuſioun:
Be ony meane through fraud and ſubtiltie,
Efter thairfore they thocht not for to die.
To death or ſhame ſa that they might him bring,
Upon ane time they went vnto the King,
This Scot they ſaid that they ſa weill fair make,
He feis not heir bot he wald vndertake,

Be his greit force to put to confusioun,
Now he desires to fecht with zour Lyoun,
And bad vs ask at zou this Battell strang,
Ze grant him leaue in the Barres to gang,
Hadlie again to them answerit the King,
Sair me forthinks he desyres sik ane thing,
Bot I will nouther for richt nor zit pleasance,
Deny Wallace quhat he desyris in France.
Then went they furth & sone met with Wallace,
Ane figurat taill thay tauld him in that cace.
Wallace thay said the King desyris that ze,
Direnze battell sa cruell for to se.
And chargis zou to fecht with this Lyoun,
Wallace answerit in haistie conclusioun,
And I sall do quhat be the kings will,
At my power richt gladlie to fulfill,
Than passit he vnto the King but mair,
Ane lord of court quhen he approachit thair,
Unwysely speirit without prouisioun,
Wallace dar ze ga fecht with our Lyoun?
And he said zea, Ia the king suffer me,
Or with zour selfe gif ze ought better be,
Quhat will ze mair this thing admitit was,
That Wallace sould vnto the Lyoun pas.
The King chargit to bring him gude harnes,
And he said nay God scheild me fra sik cace,
I sould it take gif I faucht with ane man,
Bot for ane dogge that nocht of armes can,
I will haue nane bot single as I ga,
Ane greit mantle about his hand can ta,
And ane gude sword with him he tuik na mair,
Abandounlie in Barrace enterit thair.
Greit chainis was wrocht in the zet with a gin,
And pullit to quhen Wallace was thairin.
The wod Lyoun on Wallace quhair he lude,
Rampand he brayit for he desyrit blude,
With his round pollis in the mantill wrocht sa,

Athwart

Athwart the bak gude Wallace can him ta,
With his gude ſword that was of birneiſt ſteill,
His body in twa it cuttit euerilk deill.
Syne to the King he raikit in greit ire,
And ſaid on lowd, was this all your deſire,
To wair ane Scot this lichtlie into vaine,
Is there ma doggis that ze wald zit haue ſlane?
Ga bring them furth ſen I man doggis quell,
To do bidding quhill that I with zou dwell.
It gains me weill to graith me in Scotland,
For greitter deids thair men hes tane on hand,
Than with ane dog in battell to encheiue,
At zou and France for euer I take my leaue.
The King perſauit that Wallace greuit was,
Sa earneſtlie he aſkit leaue to pas,
Rewit in his minde that it was hapniſs,
Sa leud ane deid to let him vnderta,
Knawand the worſhip and the greit nobilnes,
Of him quhilk ſprang that time in mony place,
Hamelie he ſaid it ſould diſpleaſe zou nocht,
Zit ze deſyrit, it bred neuer in my thocht,
And be the faith I aw the croun of France,
I thocht neuer to charge zou to ſik chance.
Wot men of baill that aſkit it for zou.
Wallace anſwerit to God I make ane vow,
I lykit neuer ſik battell to be in,
Vpon ane dog na worſhip is to win,
The King conſauit how this falſet was wrocht,
The Squyars baith was to his preſence brocht.
Could not deny quhen they come him before.
All their treſpas they tauld withoutin more,
The King commandit they ſould be done to deid,
Smot of their heids without any remeid.
The Campeouns lo for Inuy cauſſes,
To ſudden deith Wallace them brocht throw cais
The Squyars als fra their falſnes was kend,

Inuy

Inuy them haith brocht to ane ſuddane end.
Lords behald Inuy the euill Dragoun,
In cruell fire he birnis this Regioun.
For he is not that abounds in Inuy,
To ſum miſcheiſe it brings him haſtily,
Forſaik Inuy thou ſall the better ſpeid,
Heirof as now I will na farther reid.
Bot in my mater that I before began,
I ſall declair als plainly as I can.

When Wallace ſaid they had him at Inuy,
Langer to byde he couth not than plainly,
Better him thocht in Scotland for to be,
And auenture take outher to line or die.
To helpe his awin he had far mair pleaſance,
Than thair to byde with all the wealth in France,
Than his haill mynde manheid and courage,
Was plainlie ſet to win out of bondage,
Scotland againe fra paine and meikill ſchoir,
He wowit he ſould or els to die thairfore,
The King hes ſein how gude Wallace is ſet,
The letter than him gaue withouttin let,
The quhilk of lait fra Scotland was him ſend,
Wallace it ſaw and weill their harmes kend.
Be the firſt write thairto accordiall,
Them to ſupplie he thocht he wald not faill.
Quhairfore ſould I heirof lang proces make,
Wallace of France ane gudlie leaue can take.
The King hes ſene it wald not els be,
To Chalmer went behald him micht not he,
For greit langour quhen Wallace can remoue,
The King to him keipit kyndnes ay and loue.
Iolwellis and gold his worſhip for to ſaue,
He bad them giue as meikill as they wald haue.
Lords and Ladyis weipit wonder faſt,
Quhen Wallace thair ſa tuik his leaue and paſt,
Na man he tuik bot quhom he hither brocht,

Agane

Againe with him Longoueill furth socht.
For pans nor blis that gude knicht left him neuer,
For cace befell quhill death made them dissener.
Toward the Sluce in gudlie feir past he,
Ane veschell gat and maid him to the se.
Aucht shipmen feyit and gudelie kuge them gaue,
To Scotland fure the Firth of Tay they haue.

How Wallace come in Scotland againe at the Battell of Elchok park. Chap. IIII.

VPon the Nicht Wallace the land hes tane,
At Ernismouth and is to Elchok gane,
He gart the Schip in couert saill away,
Sa out of sicht they war or it was day,
At Elchok dwelt ane Wallace Cuising deir,
That Craufurd hecht the hous quhen they come neir,
On the bak syde Wallace ane window fand,
And in he callit, then Craufurd come at hand.
Fra time he wist that it was gude Wallace,
Into his Barne he ordainit them ane place.
Ane mow of corne he biggit them about,
And closit it weill nane micht perseue thairout,
Bot at ane place quhair meit was to them brocht,
And bedding to as gudlie as he mocht.
Ane derne holl furth on the North syde they had,
Unto the water quhair of Wallace was glad.
Four dayes or fyue in rest soiournit thair,
Quhill meit was gane than Craufurd bownit for mair.
To Sanct-Iohnstoun their purueyance to by,
Inglismen thocht he tink mair aboundantly,
Than he was wont in any tyme before,
Thay haue him tane put him in presoun soir.
Quhat gaists he had to tell maid him request,
He said it was bot to ane kirking feist.
Zit they presumit the cummin of Wallace,
Knawledge to get they set ane subtill cace,
They let him pas with thing that he had bocht,

Syne efter soone in all the haist they mocht.
To harnesse zeid the power of the toun,
Aucht hundreth men with Buttellar maid them boun,
Followit on dreichquhill that this man come hame,
Wallace him saw and said he seruit blame.
In my sleiping ane fell visioun me tauld,
Till Inglismen that thou sould me haue sauld.
Craufurd then said he had bene tormentit sair,
With Inglismen that had him at dispair.
Thairfore ryse vp and soone sum succour see
I dreid full sair they set watchis on me,
The worthy Scots graithed them in gude speid,
Thair wapins tuik syne off that hous they zeid.
Thus suddainlie feill Sutheroun they saw,
Too few they were to fecht agains them aw,
That kenely come with zoung Buttellar the Knicht,
Then Wallace said in plaine land is not richt,
Bot Elchok Park that is neir heir besyde,
The first sailzie we think thair to abyde,
Nynteine they wer and Craufurd with gude will,
The twentie man the number to fulfill.
The Park they tuik Wallace ane place hes sene,
Of greit Holing that grew baith heich and grene,
With thortour treis ane maner of strenth maid he,
Or that war win they thocht to gar feill die,
The wood was thik bot littill of breid and lenth,
And they had meat they thocht to hald that strenth.
The Inglismen then past to Craufurds place,
Fand in the barn the ludging of Wallace,
Than Craufurdis wife in hands they haue tane,
And askit at hir quhat way the Scots is gane?
Richt weill they trowit that Wallace sould thair be,
Fra France to Tay he was cummit throw the sea,
Scho wald not tell for boist nor zit reward,
Then Buttellar said ouer lang thou hes bene spaird,
Thairwith he grew in matalent and ire,
And gart them big ane full braid birnand fire,

The

The Sutheroun swore thairin sho sould brint be,
Than Wallace said scho sall not end for me,
Greit sin it wer zone saikles wicht to sla,
Or scho sould end in faith thair sall die ma.
He left the strenth and the plaine feild can ta,
On loude he cryit and said lo heir thy fa.
Thinks thou na shame for to torment ane wife,
Come first to me and make end of our strife,
Fra Butteller had on field gude Wallace sene,
For auld malice he wore neir wood for tene.
Upon the Scots, they schuip all with greit mane,
Gude Wallace soone the strenth he tuik agane.
Ane fell bicker the Inglismen began,
Assailzeit sair with monie cruell man,
Bot they within were noble of defence,
Maid greit debait with force and violence.
At the entrie fysteene they put to deid,
Then all the laue remoued fra that steid.
Zeid to array, agane to sailzie new,
Wallace beheld quhilk weill in weir him knew,
Fellowes he said agane all at this place,
They will nocht faill bot this standis the cace,
Zon knicht thinks for to deuyde his men,
In seir places the suith ze sall weill ken,
Agane on vs to preiue how it may be,
As now behoues sum vther way to see,
Contrair thair micht ane gude defence to make,
Now Longoueill thou sall sax with thee take,
VVilliame my Eme als mony sall with zou ga,
And fyue with me as now we haue na ma.
Knicht Buttellar than partit his men in thrie,
Wallace vesyit quhair Buttellar schuip to be.
Thither than past that entrie for to weir,
Quhilk syd they did assailzie with greit feir,
Wallace leit pairt on the entrie begin,
Bot nane zeid out that on the Scots come in,
Seuin formest was that in the front first zeid,

Wallace fyue men that douchtie wer in dreid.
Ilk ane slew ane and Wallace gart twa die,
Buttellar was neist and said this will not be,
Abake he drew and leit his courage staik,
The worthy Scots preuit weill for Scotlands saik,
Gude Longoueill his counter maid sa sair,
And Craufurd als they sailzeit them na mair,
Richt neir be than approachit to mirk nicht,
And sterns to appeir began into their sicht,
Sutheroun set watchis and to their Supper went,
The Buttellar was sair greiuit in his intent;
Zit fure they weill of gude stufe aill and breid,
Wallace and his thay wist of na remeid,
Bot cald watter that ran out throw ane strand,
In that ludging nane vther fude they fand.
Than Wallace said gude fellowis think not lang,
Will God we sall be soone out of this thrang.
Suppois we fast ane day or zit ane nicht,
Take all in thank this pane for Scotlands richt.
The Erle of Zork was in Sanct Iohnstoun still,
To Buttellar send and bad him byde at will.
To him full soone there fould cum new power,
And als him selfe thus tauld the messenger,
Buttellar wald faine Wallace had zeilden bene,
Or the Erle come and for this caus was sene.
His Grandsher and his father baith he slew,
This Knicht thairwith towart the Parke him drew.
Quhat cheir they maid vpon the Scottis he cald,
Than Wallace said far better then thou wald,
The Buttellar said I wald faine speik with thee,
Wallace answerit thou may for littill fee.
Wallace he said thou hes done me greit skaith,
My father and my Grandschir thou slew baith
Than Wallace said for that state thou art in,
It wer my det for to vndo thy kin.
And I think als as God of heauen me saue,
That my twa hands sall graith thee to thy graue.

The

The Buttellar said that is not likelie now,
Bot we thee haue we sall gar syds sow.
Of this I aske and thou wald make me grant,
Quhat I thee hecht that thing thou sall not want,
Say furth quod he be thy desire ressounabill,
I sall it grant withouttin any fabill,
The Buttellar said Wallace thou knawis richt,
Thou may not chaip be power nor be slicht,
And sen thou seis it may na better be,
For thy gentrice thou wald thée zeild to me.
Than Wallace said thy will vnskilfull is,
Thou wald me doe quhilk is ouer hie ane mis,
Zolden I am, to better I can proue,
To quhom: he askit, to the greit God aboue.
For euer ilk day sen I had wit of man,
Before my worke to zeild me I began,
And als at euin quhen that I failzeit licht,
I me betaucht to the maker of micht.
The Buttellar said, me think thou hes done weill,
Zit of ane thing I pray thée let me feill,
For thy manheid this to me manifest,
Quhen that thou seis thou may na langer lest,
On this ilk place quhilk I haue tane to weir,
That thou cum furth and all vther forbeir,
Than Wallace leuch at his cruell desyre,
And said I sall thocht thou war wood as fyre,
And all England the contrairie had sworne,
I sall cum out at that ilk place the morne,
Or els this nicht traist weill that I thee say,
I byde nocht heir quhill nyne hours of the day.
Buttellar send furth the chake watch on the syde,
In that ilk place baldlie he bownit to byde,
Thus still they baid, quhill day began to peir,
Ane thick mist fell the Planeit was not cleir.
Wallace assayit, all that place about,
Leit as he wald at sum ane place break out,
Quhill Buttellaris men away fra him couth ga,

To help the lane, quhen they saw it was sa,
Wallace and his, fast sped them to that steid,
Quhair Buttellar baid feill men they brocht to deid.
The worthy Scots swne past throw that mellee,
Craufurd thair with was fair hurt in the knee.
At eird he was, gude Wallace turneit againe,
And at ane straik he hes the Buttellar slaine.
Hynt vp that man vnder his arme sa strang,
Defendand him out of that fellonn thrang.
Gude roume he maid amang them quhair he gais,
With his richt hand he slew fyue of his fais,
Bure out Craufurd by force of his persoun,
Nyne aiker braid or euer he set him doun,
The Sutheroun fand that thair Captaine was deid,
Semblit him about bot than was na remeid.
Threttie with him of the wichtest he brocht,
Deid on that place quhairat the Scots out socht,
Wallace and his be than was fra thair sicht.
Sutheroun baid still for greit lose of that knicht,
The myst was mirk, that Wallace lykit weill.
Him selfe was glaid and said to Longoueill:
At Methuen wod is my desyre to be,
For their is bestiall to get in greit plentie:
Be than they were weill cummin to the heicht,
The mist slaikit the sunne schynit fair and bricht.
Swne war they war ane lytill space them by,
Of four and threttie in ane company,
Than Wallace said be zone freind or fa,
We will them see sen that they are na ma.
Quhen they come neir ane Nobill knicht it was,
The quhilk to name herght sir Hew of Dundas,
And Sir Iohn Scot ane wise and worthie Knicht,
Into Stratherne ane man of mekill micht:
For there he had greit pairt of heritage,
Dundas sister he had in Mariage.
Passand thay war and micht na langer lest,
To Inglismen their fewtie for to fest,

The

The Lord of Brechin ſik cunnand had them maid,
Of King Edward to hald their lands braid.
Bot fra they ſaw that it was wicht Wallace,
Held vp thair hands and thankit God of grace.
Of his great help quhilk he had ſend them thair,
To Methuen wood with ane aſſent they fair,
Soone gat them meit of Beſtiall that they fand,
Reſtit that day, quhen nicht wes cummin on hand.
To Birnane wood but reſting are they gane,
Quhair they haue found the ſupar gude Ruthuene,
In outlaw vſe he had lang lanit thair.
Of beſtiall quhill he micht get na mair.
They tarryit not bot into Athoill zeid,
Quhair meit was ſcant thair Wallace had greit dreid,
Paſſit to Lorne richt littill fand he thair.
Of wilde and tame that countrie was maid bair,
Bot in the ſtrenths thair ſude was leanit nane,
Thir worthy Scots than maid ane piteous mane,
Sir Iohn Scot ſaid he had far rather die,
Into gude name and leaue his airs free,
Then for to byde as bound in ſubiectioun,
Quhen Wallace ſaw thir gude men of renoun,
With hunger ſtad almaiſt micht line na mair,
Wit ze for them he ſichit wonder ſair.
Gude men he ſaid I am the caus of this,
At zour deſyre I ſall amend this mis,
Or leaue zou free ſum cheuiſance for to ma,
All him allane he bounit for to ga.
Prayit them byde quhill he micht cum agane,
Out ouir ane hill he paſſit into plaine.

OVt of thair ſicht into ane Forreſt ſyde,
He ſet him doun vnder ane Aik to byde,
His bow and ſword he leanit to ane tre.
In anguiſh greit on grouf then turnit he,
This piteous mane was for his men ſa wrocht,
That of him ſelfe littill thing then he rocht.

O wretch he said that neuer could be content,
Of our greit micht that the greit God thæ lent.
Bot thy feirs minde willfull and variabill,
With greit lordschip thou couth not sa bide stabill
And wilfull wit, for to make Scotland frée,
God lykis not that I haue taken on me.
Far worthier than I of birth was borne,
Throw my defyre, for hunger are forlorne,
I ask at God them to reskoir againe
I am the cause, I sould haue all the paine.
Quhile studyand thus, quhile flytand with him sell,
Quhill at the last vpon sleiping he fell.
Thrée dayes befoir thair had him followit fyue,
The quhilk was bound, or els to lose their lyue.
The Erle of Zork bad them sa greit guard doun,
That they be thift thocht to put Wallace doun.
Thrée of them was borne men of England,
And twa was Scots that tuik the deid on hand.
And some men said, the third brother betraisit,
Kyndrome eall, quhair greit sorrow was raisit.
Ane Chyld they had quhilk helpit to beir meit,
In wildernes amang the mountaines greit.
They had all séene the diffeuering of Wallace,
Fra his gude men, and quhair he baid on race.
Amang thick wood in couert held them law,
Quhill they persauit he could on sleiping fall.
And than thir fyue approchit Wallace neir,
Quhats best to do at vther fall they speir.
Ane man said thus, it were an hie Renoun,
And we micht quik leid him to Sanct Iohnstoun.
Lo how he lyis, we may our grippis waill,
Of his wapins he sall haue nane auaill.
We sall him bind in contrair of his will,
And leid him thus on back syde of zone hill.
Sa that his men sall nathing of him knaw,
The vther four assentit to his saw.
And than thir fyue maid them vnto Wallace,

And

And thocht throw force to binde him in that place.
Quhat? trowit thir men for to had VVallace doun?
The manliest man, the starkest of persoun
Liuand he was: als stude into sic richt,
We traist weill God his deeds hes in sicht.
They grippit him, and out of fleip he braid.
Quhat meinis this? then sadly VVallace said.
About he turnit and vp his armes thrang,
On thay traitours with knichtly feir he dang.
The starkest man into his hand hint he,
And all his harnis he dang out on ane trie.
His sword he gat soone efter that he rais,
Campioun lyke amang the four he gais.
Euer ane man he gart die at ane dint,
Quhen twa was deid, the vther thrée wald not stint.
Maid them to flée, bot then it was na bute,
Was nane liuand micht fra him pas on fute,
He followit fast, and soone to deith them brocht,
Than to the Chyld sadly againe he socht.
Quhat did thou heir? the Chyld with ane paill face
On knées fell, and askit VVallace grace.
With them I was, and knew nathing their thocht,
Into seruice as they me bad I wrocht.
Quhat beiris thou thair? bot meit the Chyld can say,
Ga tak it vp, and pas with me away.
Meit in this tyme is far better nor gold.
VVallace and he furth foundit on the fold.
Quhat brocht VVallace from his enemies bald?
Quha? bot greit God that hes this warld to hald.
He was his help in monie felloun thrang,
With glad cheir thus, vnto Erne can he gang,
Baith rostit flesh there was, als breid and cheis,
To succour them that was in point to leis,
And he it dealis to four men and fyftie,
Quhilk had befoir fastit ouir dayes thrée.
Syne tuik his part, he had fastit als lang,
Quhair heard ze euer ony in sik thrang?

In hunger ſa ſleipand and wapinles,
Sa theill recouerit as Wallace did in cais.
Plainly be force vincuiſt his enemies fyue,
Yen of wit this queſtioun now deſcryue.
Withouttin gloſe I will tell furth my taill.
How come this meit? the fellowſhip aſkit haill,
To thair deſyre Wallace na anſwer zald,
Quhair fyue was deid he led them furth and tald.
Greitly diſpleiſit was all that Chevalry,
To ane Chiftane they held it fantaſie,
To walk allane, Wallace with ſobir mude,
Sayes heirof hes cum nathing bot gude.
To the law land againe full faſt they ſocht,
Speirit at this Chyld, gif he couth with them ocht.
Quhair they micht beſt of purueyance for to win,
Of nane he laid was that countrie within.
For all about in als far as I knaw,
Quhill that ze cum doun to the Rannoch haw.
That Lord hes ſtuff, baith aill, breid and vernage,
Of King Edward he takis full meikill wage,
Than Wallace ſaid my ſelfe ſall be zour gyde,
I knaw that ſteid, about on ather ſyde.
Thrdw the wyld land he gydit them full richt,
To Rannoch hall he brocht them that ſame nicht.
Ane watch was out, and that full ſone they ta,
He was ane Scot, zit Wald he nocht him ſla.
Bot gart him tell the maner of that place,
Thus enterit they within a lytill ſpace.
The zet they wan, for Caſtell was their nane,
Bot mud wall wicht, withouttin lyme or ſtane,
Wallace in haiſt ſtrak vp the Chalmer dure,
With his richt fute that ſtalwart was and ſture.
Then they within awakinit ſuddanly,
The Lord gat vp, and mercie can he cry.
Fra tyme he wiſt that gude Wallace was thair,
He thankit God ſyne ſaid thir wordis mair.
True man I was, and yit againſt my will,

With

With Inglismen, suppois I lykit ill.
All Scots we are that in this hous is now,
At zour command all baldlie fall we bow.
Of our Natioun gude Wallace had pittie,
Tuik aithis of them, and syne meit askit he,
Gude cheir they maid quhill licht day on the morne.
This true man then soone semblit him beforne.
Thrée sonnis he had that stalwart wer and bald,
And tuentie men of kin in his houshald.
VVallace was blyith they maid him sik supplie,
Said I thank God that we thus multiplie.
All that day ouir, in gude lyking they rest,
Watchis they waill, to keip them that couth best.
Upon the morne the licht day quhen they saw,
Then VVallace said our power for to knaw.
We will take field, and vp our Banner rais,
In richt of Scotland, and contrair of our fais.
We will na mair now vs in couert hyde,
Power to vs will sembill on ilk syde.
Then hors they gat the best that could be thair,
Towart Dunkeld the gainest way they fair.
The Bishop then gat him to Sanct Iohnstoun,
The Scottis stew that was of their Natioun.
Baith poore and rich, and seruands that they fand,
Left nane on lyfe that was borne of England,
The place they tuik, and maid them weill to fair,
Of purueyance that Bishop had brocht thair.
Jewels they gat, baith gold and siluer bricht,
With gude cheir there fyue dayes sojournit richt.
On the sixt day Wallace to counsell went,
Gart call the best, and shew them his intent.
Na men we haue to sailzie Sanct Iohnstoun,
Into the North therefoir let vs make boun.
In Ros ze knaw gude men ane strenth hes maid,
Hear they of vs, they cum withouttin baid,
Als into Bute is gude Bishop Sinklair,
Fra he get wit, he cummis withouttin mair.

Gude westland men, of Arrane and Rauchlie,
Fra thay be warnit they will all cum to me.
Thus purpose tuik and in the North they ryde,
Na Inglishmen durst in thair gait abyde,
Quhom Wallace tuik they knew the auld ransoun,
Fra he come hame to flee they make them boun,
And Scottismen semblit to Wallace fast,
In awfull feir out throw the land they past,
Strenths was left wit ze all desolat,
Aganes thir folk na man durst make debait.
In rapit battell they raid to Abirdene,
In haill number sextie thousand than was sene.
Wot Inglismen had left the toun all waist,
On euer ilk syde away than can them haist,
In all that land left nouther mair nor les,
Lord Bewmont tuik the sey at Buchane Nes.
Throw Scotland than was manifest in plaine,
The Lords that fled in heart was wonder faine.
The Knicht Clement of Ros come suddainlie,
In Murray land with thair gude Chevalrie,
The hous of Narne that gude Knicht weill hes tane,
Slew the Captaine and gude men mony ane.
Out of Murray and Buchane land come they,
To seik Bewmont, bot he was past away.
Than thir gude men to Wallace passit richt,
Quhen Wallace saw Sir Iohn Ramsay the Knicht,
And vther gude men that had bene fra him lang,
Greit courage than was raised them amang.
The land he reullit as that him lykit best,
To Sanct-Iohnstoun, syne rade or they wald rest,

The Seige of Sanct Iohnstoun.

At euerilk port ane stalwart watch he maid,
Confirmit ane seige, and steidfastly abaid,
Bishop Sinklar in all gude haist him dicht,
Come out of Bute, with semlie men be sicht,
Out of the Ilis of Rauchly and Arrane,

Lind-

Lyndſay and Boyde with gude men mony ane,
Adame Wallace Barroun of Richardtoun,
Full ſadlie ſocht to Wallace of renoun,
At Sanct Iohnſtoun baid at the Hailzie ſtill,
For Sutheroun men, thay micht weill pas at will,
For in thair way thair durſt na enemie be,
Bot fled away, be land and alſo be ſe.
About that toun thus ſemblit they but moir,
For they had bene with gude Wallace befoir,
Setoun Lawder, gude Richard of Lundie,
In ane gude Barge they paſſ about be ſe.
In Sanct Iohnſtoun hauin, thair ankers haue they ſet,
Twa Inglis ſchips they tuik withouttin let.
The tane they brynt, and ſtuffit the vther weill,
With artailzie and ſtalwart men in ſteill,
To keip the port thair ſould cum na battaill,
Into the toun nor men that micht availl.
Fra South and North, mony aff Scotland fled,
Left Cattellis waiſt feill left thair lifes in wed.
The Sutheroun Biſhop that before left Dunkell,
To Londoun paſſ and tauld Edward him ſell.
In Scotland thair had fallen ane greit miſchance,
Then ſend he ſone for Aymeir the Wallance.
And aſkit him quhat than was beſt to do,
He hecht to pas and tak greit gold thairto,
Into Scotland ſum meanis for to make,
Aganis Wallace, on hand this can he take.
He ſaid he wald vndo king Edwards Croun,
Except he micht throw treſſoun put him doun,
King Edward hecht quhat thing that VVallange band,
He ſould it keip thairto he gaue his hand,
Wallange tuik leiue and into Scotland went,
To Bothwell come, ſyne reſt in his intent.
Quhat man their was micht Wallace beſt begyle,
And ſone he fand within ane lytill quhyle.
Schir Iohn Menteith that Wallace Goſſop was,
Ane Yellynger Sir Aymeir heagart pas,

At Ruglyn Kirk thir twa toggidder met,
Him to betray the bargan thair was set,
Than Wallange ſaid Sir Iohn thou knawis this thing,
Wallace again rylis contrair the King,
And thou may haue quhat lordſchip thou will waill,
And thou wald wirk as I wald giue counſall,
Zone tyrane haldis the realmes at troubill baith,
To thriftie men it dois full mekill ſkaith.
He traiſts thée, thou may full weill him take,
Of this mater I reid ane end thou make,
War he away we micht at lyking ring,
As Lords all, and liue vnder ane king,
Then Menteith ſaid he is our gouernour,
For vs he bald in mony ſeltoun ſtour,
Nocht for him ſelf bot for our heritage,
To ſell him thus it wer ane foull outrage.
Then VVallange ſaid and thou weill vnderſtude,
Greit merite it war, he ſpillis ſa mekill blude,
Of chriſten men puts ſaullis in perreil,
I bind me als, he ſall be haldin haill,
As for his life and keipit in preſoun,
King Edward wald haue him in ſubiectioun,
Then Menteith thocht ſa thay wald keip cunnand,
He wald full ſane haue had him off Scotland.
VVallange ſaw him into ane ſtudy be,
Thre thouſand pound of fyne gold leit him ſee.
And hecht he ſould the Lennox haue at will,
Thus treaſonablie Menteith grantit thair till.
Ane Obligation with his awin hand he maid,
Syne tuik the gold, and Edwardis ſeill ſa braid,
And gaue them his, quhen he his time micht ſe,
To take Wallace, ouir Sulway giue him frée.
To Inglismen, be this treaſonabill conemd,
Sir Iohn ſould be of all the Lennox Lord.
Thus Wallace ſould in England keipit be,
Sa Edward micht make Scotland to him frée.
Thair couetiſe was ouer greit maiſter ſene.

Nane

Nane exempill takis how ane vther hes bene,
For couetise put in painis strang and fell,
For couetise the Serpent is in hell.
For couetise gude Hector tuik the deid,
For couetise their can be na remeid,
Throw couetise gude Alexander was loist,
And Iulius als for all his reik and boist.
Throw couetise dieit Arthur of Britane,
For couetise their hes dieit mony ane,
For couetise the tratour Ganilioun,
The floure of France he put to confusioun,
For couetise they poysonit gude Godefray,
In Antioch as the authour will say,
For couetise Menteith vpon fals wayes,
Betrailed Wallace that was his Gossop thryis,
Wallange in haist, with blyth will and gude hart
To London past, and schew to King Edward.
Of thair contract he had far mair pleasance,
Than of fyne gold geuin in Ballance,
Of greiter wecht than his ransoun michtbe,
Of Wallace furth zit speik sum pairt will we.

AT Sanct Iohnstoun zit was the seiging still,
In ane morning the Sutheroun with gude will,
Fyue hundreth men in armis richt egerlie,
Wbey Ischit furth to make ane Ieopardie.
At the south port vpon Scot and Dundas,
Quhilk in thair tyme richt wyse and worthy was.
Agains thair fais richt sharply faucht and fair,
In that counter seuin scoir to death they bair,
Zit Inglismen that cruell was and kene,
Full derfly faucht quhair douchtie deid was sene.
Fra the wall zet drew all the Scots haill,
To the fechtaris, quhen they saw nocht anaill,
Bot in agane full fast they can them speid,
The Knicht Dundas full douchtie preuit in deid.
Duir neir the zet full handounlie he baid,

With ane gude sword full greit maistrie he maid.
Nocht wittand weill his fellowes was him fra,
In at the zet, the Sutheron can him ta.
Unto the Erle they led him haistilie,
Quhen he him saw he said he sould not die.
To slay this ane it may vs lyttill remeid,
He send him furth to VVallace in that steid,
Unto the North his battellis hes he brocht.
Quhill he him saw of this he wist richt nocht.
Send to the Erle and thankit him larglie.
Hecht for to quyte quhen he sik cause micht see
Bot zit thairfoir souerance he wald not grant,
Thocht thay wer zoldin and cum recryant.
For golde nor gude he wald na tribute tak,
Ane greit assault than he began to mak.
The Erle of Fyfe dwelt vnder trewes lang,
Of King Edward and than he thocht it wrang.
That VVallace sa was seigeand Sanct Iohnstoun,
Bot gif he come in richt help of the Croun,
To Inglishmen he wald not keip that band,
Than he come soone with gude men of the land.
And Iohn Wallange was than Schiref of Fyfe,
To VVallace past and starkit him in that stryfe.
The Erle was cummin of gude true nobill blude.
Of the auld Thane quhill in his tyme was gude,
Than all about to Sanct Iohnstoun thay gang,
The felloun sault was hiddeous sharp and strang,
Full feill faggaldis into the dyke thay cast,
Hadder and hay wound about staikkis fast.
With treis and eird ane greit passage they maid,
Out ouer the wallis they zeid in battell braid.
The Sutheroun then maid greit defence againe,
Quhill at the wallis thair was ane thousand slane.
VVallace zeid in and his rayit battel richt,
All Sutheroun men derflie to deith they dicht
To saue the Erle VVallace the herald send,
Gude Iop him selfe the quhilk besore him kend.

For Dundas saik he said he sould not die,
Wallace him self thus ordainit for to be,
Ane small haikney to him he gart be take,
Silver and gold his costs for to make.
Set on his cloake ane takin for to see,
Ane Lyoun in wars that sould his conduct be.
Conuoyit him furth and na man him withall,
Wemen and bairnes Wallace gart freith them all,
And syne he cryit true Scots to thair awin,
Peneill the land quhilk lang had bene ouerthrawin,
Then Wallace past the South land for to see,
Edward the Bruce in his time richt worthy,
That zeir before he had in Ireland bene,
And their with him were cruell men and kene.
Fiftie in feir wer of his Mothers kin,
At Kirkcubricht in Galloway enterit in,
With thay fyftie he had vincuit nine scoir,
And syne he past withouttin tarie moir,
To Wigtoun sone and that Castell hes tane,
Sutheroun was fled and left it all allane.
Wallace him met with true men reuerently,
To Lochmabane went all that Cheualrie:
They maid Edward baith Lord and leader there,
This conditioun Wallace him maid but mair,
Bot ane short tyme to byde Robert the King,
Gif he come not in this regioun to Ring,
That Edward sould reskaue the Croun but faill,
This hecht Wallace and all the barnage haill.
In Lochmabane Prince Edward leyndit still,
And Wallace past to Cumnok with gude will,
At the Blakboge quhair he was wont to be,
Upon that steid ane royall hous held he.
Inglis wardanis to London past but mair,
And tauld the King of all their greit miskair:
How Wallace can Scotland fra them reduce,
And how he had reskaued Edward Bruce.
The Commouns swoir they sould cum neuer mair,
Upon Scotland and Wallace liuand wair,

Then Edward wrait to Menteith priuely,
Prayit him to haist, the tyme was passed by,
Of the promeis to quhilk he was boundin,
Sir Iohn Menteith into his wit hes foundin:
How he sould best his purpose to fulfill
His Sisters Sonne in haist he callit him till,
And ordainit him in dwelling with Wallace,
Ane aith agane he gart him make oncace,
Quhat time he wist Wallace in quyet draw,
He sould him warne quhat auenture micht faw.
This man grantit that sik thing sould be done,
With Wallace thus he was in seruice sone.
Bot of tresloun Wallace had lytill thocht,
His laborous minde in vther matters wrocht.
Thus VVallace thryse hes maid all Scotland fre,
Then he desyrit in lestand peace to be.
For as of weir he was in sum pairt irk,
He purposit then to serue God and the Kirk.
And for to liue vnder his richteous King,
That he desyrit abone all earthly thing.

How Wallace was betraisit be Sir Iohne Menteith, and had in England, and martyrit thair, Chap. V.

The Herald Iop in England sone he send,
And wrait to Bruce richt hartly his commend.
Beseikand him to cum and take his croun,
Nane sould gainstand Clerk Burges nor Barroun,
The Herald past quhen Bruce saw his credence,
Thairof he tuke ane perfite great plesance,
With his awin hand againe wrait to Wallace,
And thankit him of lawtie and kyndnes,
Beseikand him this matter to conceill,
For him behouit out of England to steill.
For lang before was keipit the Ragement,
Quhilk Cummyng had to byde the Parliament.
Into Londoun and gif they him accuse,
To cum fra them he sould make sum excuse.
He prayit Wallace on Glasgow mure to waik,

The

The nixt ſirſt nicht of Julie for his ſaik,
And bad he ſould bot into quyet be,
For he with him micht bring few Chevalrie,
Wallace was blyth quhen he this wrytting ſaw,
His houſhald ſone he gart to Glaſgow drauw,
That moneth thair he ordainit them to byde,
Keirlie he tuik ilk nicht with him to ryde.
And this zoung man that Menteith to him ſend,
Wiſt nane bot thair quhat way that Wallace wend,
The quhilk gart warne his Eme the auchtene nicht,
Sertie full ſone Sir Iohn Menteith gart dicht,
Of his awin kyn and allya was borne,
To his treſſoun he gart them all be ſworne.
Fra Dumbartane they ſped them haſtilie,
Neir Glaſgow Kirk they buſkit them priuilie,
Wallace paſt furth quhair that the tryſt was ſet,
Ane ſpy they maid and followit him but let,
Robert Ralſtoun was neir the way beſyde,
And bot ane hous quhair Wallace bled to byde,
He woke on fute, quhill paſſit was midnight,
Keirlie and he then for ane ſleip them dight,
They bad this man that he ſould walk his pairt,
And walkin Wallace come men fra ony airt.
Quhen they ſleipit the tratour tuik guid heid,
He met his Eme and bad him haue na dreid,
On ſleip he was and with him bot ane man,
Ze may him haue for ony craft he can,
Without the hous thair wapins laid them fra.
For weill they wiſt gat VVallace ane of tha,
And on his feit his ranſoun ſould be ſauld,
Thus ſemblit they about this febill hauld.
This tratour watch fra VVallace then he ſtall,
Baith knyfe and ſword his bow and arrowes all,
Efter midnight in hands they haue him tane,
Slummerit on ſleip with him na man bot ane.
Keirlie thay tuke and led him fra that place,
Did him to deith withouttin langer ſpace,
They thocht to bynd VVallace with ſtrenths ſtrang,

On fute he gat thay fell tratoures amang.
He gripped about bot na wapin he fand,
Zit with ane stule that did beside him stand,
The bak of ane he bristit in that thrang,
And of ane vther the harnis out he dang,
And als mony as hands couth on him lay,
Be force him hint for to haue him away.
Bot that power ane fute micht not him leid,
Out of that hous quhill they or he wer deid.
Sir Iohn saw weill be force it micht not be,
Or he wer tane rather he thocht to die.
Menteith bade ceis and then spak to Wallace,
Syne shew him furth ane full richt subtill cace,
Ze haue sa lang heir vsit zou allane,
Quhill wit thairof is into England gane.
Thairfore hear me and sober zour courage,
The Inglismen with ane full greit barnage.
Are semblit heir and set this hous about,
That ze be force on na wayis may win out,
Suppois ze had the strenth of gude Hector,
Amang this Dist ze may not lang endure,
And they zou take in haist zour death is dicht,
I haue spokin with Lord Cliffurd that Knicht,
Thair Chiftane is, and well meanit for zour life,
They ask na mair bot be quite of zour strife,
To Dumbartane ze sall passe furth with me,
Syne in zour hous ze may in saiftie be.
Sutheroun sik vse with Menteith lang had they,
That Wallace trowit sum pairt that he wald say,
Menteith said sir lo wapinnis we nane haue,
We come in traist zour life gif we micht saue.
VVallace trowit weill and he his Gossop thryis,
That he wald nocht be na maner of wayis,
Him to betrais for all Scotland sa wyde,
Ane aith of him he askit in that tyde.
Thair wantit wit, quhat sould his aiths more,
Forsworne to him he was long time before.
The aith he made, Wallace come in his will,

Richt

Richt fraudfullie all thus he shewit him till,
Gossop he said as Presoner they mon zow se,
Or els throw force they will take zou fra me,
Ane courch with slicht vpon his hands they laid,
And vnder syne with sikker cords they braid.
Baith scharp and teuch and fast togither drew,
Allace the Bruce micht sair that bynding rew.
Quhilk maid Scotland soone brokin vpon cace.
Be Cummyngis death and lose of gude Wallace.
They led him furth in feir amang them aw.
Keirlie he mist and syne the Sutheroun saw.
Than wist he weill that he betraisit was,
Towart the South with him quhen they can pas.
Zit they him said in trueth he sould not die,
King Edward wald keip him in gude saiftie.
For the honour of weir that he had wrocht.
Bot the sair bands sa troublit all his thocht:
Credence thairto forsuith he could not giue,
That he wist weill they wald not let him liue.
Ane fals foull cais that Menteith hes him fald,
Quhen on this wise gude Wallace he was cald,
Sum men sayis it was to saue his Lord,
They leyit all out that maid that fals record,
At the Falkirk the gude Stewart was slaine,
Our Chronickles reheirsis that in plaine.
On Magdalane day the auchtene zeir befoir,
Cummyngis deith thairfore it witnessis more.
And at Restoun Wallace was tressonablie,
Thus falslie stollin fra his gude Cheualrie.
In Glasgow lay and wist not of this thing,
Thus he was loist in byding of his King,
South they him led ay haldand the waist land,
Delyuerit him in haist ouir Sulway sand.
The Lord Cliffurd and VVallange tuik him thair,
To Cairleill toun full fast with him they fair,
In presoun him set that was ane greit dolour,
That hous efter they callit Wallace Tour.
Sum men syne said that knew not weill the cace

In Berwik toun to deith they put Wallace.
Contrair is knawin be this opinioun,
That Sutheroun men had not then Berwik toun.
To Scotland free it wes till Soullis it gaue,
For Lord Cummyng to England with the laue.
Ane vther point is, the tratours durst not pas,
That sauld him sa quhair Scottismen maister was.
The third point is, the commonis of England,
Quhat they deny they will not vnderstand,
That thing be done for witnes that may be,
Nor credence giue farther then they may sée,
To see him die Edward had mair desyre,
Then to be Lord of all the haill Empyre.
And for this caus they keipit him sa lang,
Quhill the commonis micht vnto Londoun gang.
¶ Alace Scotland to quhome sall thou complaine?
Alace fra paine quha can thee now refraine?
Alace thy help is falslie brocht to ground,
Thy best Chiftane in braith bands is bound,
Alace thou hes now lost thy gyde of licht,
Alace quha sall defend thée in thy richt?
Alace thy paine approachis wonder neir,
With sorrow soone thou man be left on steir.
Thy gratious gyde thy greitest gouernour.
Alace ouer neir hes cum thy fatall hour.
Alace quha sall now beit thée of thy baill?
Alace quhen sall of harmes thou be haill?
Quha sall defend? quha sall thée now make frée?
Alace in weir quha sall thy helper be?
Quha sall thée keip? quha sall thee now redeme?
Alace quha sall the Sayounis fra thee fleme?
I can na mair bot beseik God of grace,
Thee to restore in haist to welth and peace.
Sen gude Wallace may succour thee na mair,
The lois of him incressis mekill cair.
Now of his men in Glasgow still they lay,
Quhat sorrow rais, quhen they missit him away,
The cruell paine the wofull complening,

Thairof

Thairof to tell it were ane heauie thing.
I will let be and ſpeik thairof na mair,
Lytill reheirſe is ouer mekill of cair.
And principallie quhair redemptioun is nane,
It helps not to tell thair piteous mane,
The deid thairof is zit in remembrance,
I will lat ſlaik of ſorrow the ballance.
Bot Longoueill to Lochmabane can pas,
And thair hecht he quhair gude prince Edward was.
Out of Scotland he ſould pas neuer mair,
Loſe of Wallace ſocht to his hairt ſa ſair.
The realme of France he bowit neuer to ſé,
Bot reuenge Wallace or ellis thairfore to die.
Thair he remainit quhill cumming of the King,
With Bruce in weir this gude Knicht furth did ring,
Remembrance ſyne is in the Bruces buik,
Secund he was quhen they Sanct Iohnſtoun tuik,
Followit the King at winning of the toun,
The Bruce thairfore gaue him full greit guardoun.
All Charteris lands the gude King to him gaue,
Charteris ſenſyne of him cummit are the laue,
Quhairto ſould I far in this ſtorie wend?
Bot of my buik to make ane finall end.
Robert the Bruce come hame on the third day,
In Scotland efter that Wallace was away.
To Lochmabane quhair he fand gude Edward.
Quhairof he was greitlie reioyſit in heart,
Bot fra he wiſt Wallace away was led,
Sa mekill baill into his breſt was bred,
Neir off his wit he worthit for that deid,
Edward full ſone then to his brother zeid.
Ane ſuddane chance this was in wa fra weill,
Gude Edward ſayis this helpis not a deill,
Let murning be it may be na remeid.
Ze haue him tint ze ſould reuenge his deid,
Bot for zour caus he tuik the weir on hand,
In zour defence and thrys hes fred Scotland.
The quhilk was tint fra vs and all our kin,

Wer not Wallace we had neuer enterit in.
Pirrour he was of lawtie and manheid,
In weir the beſt that euer ſall power leid.
Had he lykit for to haue tane your Croun,
Wald nane him let, that is in this Regioun.
Had not bene he ze ſould had na entreſſe,
Into this Realme for treſſoun and falſeneſſe.
That ſall ze ſé the traitour that him ſald,
Fra zon he thinks Dumbartane for to hald.
Sum comfort take and let ſlaik of this ſorrow,
The King chargit Edward vpon the morrow.
Redyes to take of wrang that wrocht him was,
To Dalſwyntoun he ordainit him to pas.
And men of armis gif they fand Cumming thair,
Put him to deith for na dreid they wald ſpair,
They fand him nocht, the King him eftir ſlew.
Into Drumfreis quhair witnes wer anew.
That hapnit wrang ouir great haiſt in ane King,
To wirk by law it may ſkaith mekill thing.
I neid not heir na farther for to ſchaw,
How that was done is knawin to zon aw.

BOt zoung Dowglas ſtill to the King can pas,
In all his weir that wicht and worthy was.
Nor how the King hes tane on him the Croun,
Of all that heir I mak bot ſchort mentioun.
Nor how Lord Soullis gaue Berwick toun away,
How eftir ſone als tint was Galloway.
How Iohn of Lorne againſt his richt King rais,
On ather ſyde how Bruce had monie fais.
How bald Brechin contrair the King couth ryde,
Richt few was than in weir with him to byde.
Nor how the North was giuen fra the gude King,
Quhilk maid him lang in painefull weir to ring.
Bot true to him was Iames the gude Dowglas,
For Bruces richt bald weill in monie place.
Under the King he was the beſt Chiftane,
Bot Wallace I ſe t ane Chiftane him allan.

Thair

Thairfoir to him is na comparisoun,
As of ane man, saue reuerence of the Croun.
Bot sa monie as of the Dowglas hes bene,
Gude of all thing was neuer in Scotland sene.
Comparisouns I can not weill declair,
Of Bruces buik, as now I speik na mair.
Maister Iohn Barbour, quhilk was ane cunning Clerke,
Hes of the Bruce said mekill in his warke.
In this mater I am prolixt almaist,
To my purpois brieflie I will me haist.
How gude Wallace was set amang his fais,
To Londoun with him Clifforde and Wallange gais,
Quhair King Edward was richt faine of that fang,
They haue him set fast in ane presoun strang.
Of Wallace end my selfe wald leaue for dreid,
To say the warst, bot richteousnes me leid.
We find his lyfe was all sa verray trew,
His fatall hour I will not fenzie now.
Menteith him sauld, and that ouir weill was knawin,
Feill of that kin in Scotland then was sawin.
Chargit to byde vnder the greit Iudgement.
That King Robert actit in his Parliament:
Thairof I make na langer continuance,
Bot Wallace end in warld was displeasance.
Thairfoir I ceis, and puttis not into Ryme:
Scotland may think the blissit happie tyme
That he was borne, be principall points twa,
This is the first, or that we farther ga.
Scotland he fred, and brocht it fra thirlage,
And now in heauin he hes his herberage.
Quhairof we haue richt sikker confidence,
Sen for his countrie he maid sa greit defence.

BEcause that the maist part of thir things following, seemes sumquhat superstitious, and not very agreabill with the treuth of Gods word, we haue thocht it expedient to admonish thee (good Reader) that albeit we haue insert them after the forme of our Coppie: Zit notwithstanding we doe not meane to allowe or approoue them

haillie

haillie for infallibill treuth. But rather on the ane part we haue reteinit them still, to shaw the blindnesse and errour of that time, quhairin men were greitly inclynit to credit sik vanities and dreames: that now they may be stirrit vp to giue thankes to the Eternall our God, that hes opinit their eyes, and deliuerit them fra ignorance, that they micht cleirlie discerne betweene licht and darknesse, richt and wrang. On the vther part to satisfie the appetites of ony that could not easily permit ony thing to bee tane away or alterit in this warke: quhairin we haue borne with that, altering almaist nathing heerein, least they should judge vs rashe and haistie in doing thereof, at our libertie and pleasure. Zit notwithstanding it is maist sure, that oft-times it pleaseth God of his greit mercie, for deliuerance of miserabill and oppressed peopill, to raise vp valiant and notabill personages, quhom he endewis with extraordinar force, baith of minde & bodie. Quhais faithfull diligence, in executing Gods purpose, for the reliefe of their natiue Countrie and brethren, as we doubt not bot it is acceptabill in Gods sicht: sa we are certain their names shall remaine in honour and estimation in al ages, present and to come: As is easilie to bee seene in the Histories of diverse Nations, if ony list peruse the same.

ANe Monke there was in Burie Abbay than,
Into that tyme ane richt Religious man:
Ane zoung man als, with him in ordour stude,
Quhilk knew his lyfe was cleane perfyte and gude.
This Father Monke was vesyit with soiknes,
Out of the warld, as he sould pas on cais.
His brother saw his sprit lyklie to pas,
Ane band of him richt earnestlie couth he as,
To cum againe and shaw him of the meid,
That he sould ask of God for his gude deid.
He grantit him at his power to prieue,
And cum againe gif God wald giue him leaue,
His spreit changit out of this warlds paine,
In that same tyme come to the Monke againe.

Sik

Sik thing hes bene, and is be voyce and sicht,
Quhair he appeirit thair shynit mekill licht,
Lyke to lanternis they illuminat sa cleir,
That warldlie licht thair to micht be na peir.
Ane voyce said this, God hes me grantit grace,
That I sall keip my promise in this place.
The Monke was blyith of this cleane figure fair,
Bot ane fyrebrand in his fore-heid he bair.
And that him thocht mislykit all the laue,
Quhair art thou spreit. Answerit, sa God me saue,
In Purgatorie. How lang sall thou byde thair?
Bot halfe ane houre to cum and lytill mair.
Purgatorie is I let thée weill to wit,
In onie place quhair God will it commit.
Ane houris space I was thair judgit to be,
And that passis suppois I speik with thée.
Quhy hes thou that, and all the laue sa haill,
For in science I thocht me maist of vaill.
Quha prydis thairin thair labour is in waist.
For science cummis bot of the halie Gaist.
Efter thy hour quhair is thy passage euin?
Quhen tyme cummis he said to lestand heauin.
Quhat tyme is that? I pray zou now declair?
Twa ar on lyfe, man be befoir me thair.
Quhilk twa are they, the veritie me ken?
The first hes bene ane greit slayer of men.
Now they him kéepe to martyr in Londoun toun,
On Wedinsday, befoir the King and Commoun.
Is nane on lyfe that hes sa monie slaine.
For slauchter is to God abominabill.
Then said the spreit, forsuith this is na fabill.
He is Wallace defender of Scotland,
For richteous weir that he tuik vpon hand.
Richteousnes thair is louit ouir the laue,
Therefoir in heuin he sall that honour haue.
Syne ane poore Priest is mekill to commend,
He tuik in thankis quhat thing that God him send,

For godlynes and gude deuotioun,
Heauin he sall haue to lastand warysoun,
I am the third grantit throw Gods grace.
Brother he said, tell I this in our place.
They will bot deme I ather dreame or rave.
Then said the Spreit, this witnes thou sall haue.
The bellis sall ring for ocht that ze domay,
Quhen they him slay halfe ane hour of the day.
And sa they did, the Monk will quhat they aillit,
Throw braid Bartane the word thairof was scaillit.
The spreit tuik leiue at Gods will to be,
Of Wallace end to hear is greit pitie.

AND I wald not put men in greit dolour,
Bot lichtlie pas out ouir this fatall hour.
On Wednisday fals Sutheroun furth him brocht,
To martyr him as thay befoir had thocht.
VVallace was martyrit, the trueth to you to tell,
As wer Oiwald, Edmond, Edward with panis fell.
Of men in armis led him ane full greit rout,
With ane bald spreit then Wallace blent about,
Ane Preist he askit for him that deit on tre,
King Edward then commandit his Clergie.
And said I charge in pane of lose of lyfe,
Nane be sa bald zone tyrane for to schryfe:
He hes rung lang in contrair of my hienes,
Ane blissit Bischop lone present in that place,
Of Canterberie he than was richteous Lord,
Aganis the King he maid his richt record.
And said my selfe sall hear his confessioun,
Gif I haue micht in contrair of thy Croun.
Or thou throw force sall stop me fra this thing.
I vow to God quhilk is my richteous King.
Or all England I sall then Interdyte,
And make it knawen thou art ane heretike.
The Sacrament of Kirk I sall him giue,
Syne take thy chois to serue or lat him liue.
It wer mair vaill in worschip of thy Croun,

To

To keip ſik ane on life in thy bandoun,
Then all the land and gude that thou hes reft,
Bot couetiſe thee ay fra honour dreſt.
Thou hes thy lyfe rung in all wrangous deid,
That ſall be ſene on thé or on thy ſeid.
The King gaue charge they ſould the Biſhop ta,
Bot wyſe Lords counſaillit to let him ga.
All wyſe men ſaid that his deſyre was richt,
To Wallace than he raikit in thair ſicht.
And ſadlie heard his confeſſioun to end,
Humbly to God his ſpirit he did commend,
Lawlie him ſeruit with hartis deuotioun,
Upon his knées and ſaid ane Oriſoun,
His leiue he tuik, and to Weſtminſter raid,
The Cleuchmen thair thay buir Wallace but baid,
Unto ane place his martyrdome to take,
For to his deith he willit them furthering make.
Fra the firſt nicht he was tane in Scotland,
They keipit him into the ſamin band.
Nathing he had that wald haue done him gude,
Bot Inglifmen him ſeruit of cairfull fude.
This warldly life deſyris the ſuſtenance,
Thoch he it gat in contrair of pleſance.
Thay thirttie dayes his bands they durſt not ſlaik,
Quhill he was bound to ane ſcampll of aik,
With yron cheinzeis that wer baith ſtark and kene,
Ane Clerk they ſet to heare quhat he wald mene,
Thou Scot he ſaid that ſa greit wrang hes done,
Thy fatall hour thou ſeis approachis ſone.
Thou ſould in mynd remember thy miſdeid,
That Clerks may quhen they thair Pſalmes reid,
For Chriſtin ſaullis quhilk oft makes them to pray,
In thair number thou may be ane of thay,
For now thou ſeis on force thou man deceis.
Then Wallace ſaid for all thy round reheirs,
Thou hes na charge ſuppoſe thou had done mis,
Sone bliſſit Biſhop hes hecht I ſall haue blis,
And I trow weill that God ſall it admit,

Thy

Thy ſimulate wordis ſall not my conſcience ſmit.
Comfort I haue of way that I ſould gang,
Maiſt paine I feill that I byde heir ſa lang.
Then ſaid this Clerke our King oft ſend thee till,
Thou micht haue had all Scotland at thy will.
To hald of him, and ceaſeit of thy ſtrife,
Sa as ane Lord to rungin furth thy lyfe,
Than VVallace ſaid thou ſpeiks of michtis thing,
Had I laſſit and gottin my richteous King,
And worthy Bruce reſſauit had his croun,
I thocht haue maid England at his bandoun,
That vtterlie it ſould bene at his will,
Quhat pleiſit him to ſaue or elſe to ſpill.
Weill ſaid the Clerk I ſee thou repents nocht,
Of wickitnes thou hes ane felloun thocht.
Is nane in warld that hes ſa mony ſlaine,
Thairfore to aſke me think thou ſould be baine,
Grace at our King and ſyne at his barnage,
Then Wallace ſmplit a lytill at his language.
I grant he ſaid ſum Inglilmen I ſlew,
In my quarrell me thocht not halfe anew,
I mouit na weir bot for to wyn our awin,
Baith God & man the richt full weill hes knawin
Thy fruſtrat wordis dois nocht bot tyres me,
I thee command in Gods name let me be,
Ane Shiref gart this clarke ſone fra him paſſe,
Richt as they ourſt grantit quhat he wald aſſe.
Ane Pſalter Buik Wallace had on him euer,
Fra his Child heid with it he wald not ſeuer
The better he trowit in voyage for to ſpeid.
Bot quhen he was diſpuilzeit of his weid,
This grace he aſkit at Lord Cliffurd that knicht,
To lat him haue his Pſalter buik in ſicht.
He gart ane Preiſt opin before him hald,
Quhil they to him had done quhat that they wald
Stedfaſt he read for ocht they did him thair,
Feill Suthcroun ſaid that VVallace feit na fair.
Gude deuotioun ſa was his beginning,

Con-

Continuit thairwith and swa was his ending.
Quhill speich and Spreit atains all can fair,
To lestand blis we trust for euer mair,
I will not tell how he deuydit was,
In fyue parts and ordanit for to pas:
Zit his Spreit thus be liklines was weill,
Of Wallace life quha hes ane better feill,
May shaw furth mair with wit and eloquence,
For I to this haue done my diligence,
Efter the Prose giuen fra the Latine buke,
Quhilk maister Blair in his tyme vndertuke,
In fair Latine compylled to ane end.
With gude witnes quhilk mair is to commend,
Bishop Sinclair that Lord was of Dunkell,
He gat this buik and confirmit it him sell.
For very trueth thairof he had na dreid,
Him selfe had heard great pairt of Wallace deid.
His purpose was to haue send it to Rome,
Our Father of Kirk thairin to giue his dome.
Bot Maister Blair and als Sir Thomas Gray,
Efter Wallace they liuit mony ane day.
Thir twa knew best of Sir Williams deid,
Fra sextene zeir quhill nyne and twentie zeid.
Fourtie and fyue Wallace of age was cald,
That time that he was to the Sutheroun sauld.
Thoch this mater be nocht to all pleasance,
His suithfast deid is worthie to auance.
All worthie men that reids this rurall dyte,
Blame not the buik thoch I be imperfyte,
I sould haue thank sen I na trauel spaird,
For my trauell na man hecht me reward.
Nor charge I had of King nor vther Lord,
Greit harme I thocht this gude deid sould be smord,
I haue said heir neir as the proces gais.
And fenzeit nocht for freinds nor zit for fais.
For coistis heirof was na man bound to me,
In this sentence I had no will to sée.
Bot in als mekill as I reheirsit nocht,

Sa worthelie as Nobill Wallace wrocht.
Bot in ane point I grant I said ane mis,
Thir twa Knichts sould blamit be of this.
The Knicht Wallace of Craigie richteous Lord,
And Lydda ill als gart me make wrang record,
On Allarroun mare the Croun he tuik ane day,
To get battell as mine authour will say.
Thir twa gart me say on an vther wyse,
To Maister Blair we did part of suppryse.

GO Nobill buik fulfillit of sentence,
I suppose thou be barren of Eloquence,
Go worthie buke fulfillit of worthie deid,
Bot thee to helpe of language thou hes neid,
Quhen gude makers rang weill into Scotland,
Greit harme it was that ane of them thou fand.
Zit thair is paint that can thee weill auance,
Now byde the tyme, and be in remembrance.
I zou beseik of zour benevolence,
Quha will nocht loif, lak nocht my eloquence,
It is weill knawin I am ane rurall man,
And heir hes done als gudlie as I can.
My young dis neuer ornate termis embrace,
I beseik God that giuer is of grace:
Baith hell and erd and set the heauen abune,
That he till vs grant his deir lestand lone.

Thus endis Williame Wallace wicht,
Behind him left noe sik a Knicht:
Be worthines and deid of hand,
From thraldome vnder he fred this land.

FINIS.